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# PSALMS AND HYMNS,

26

ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

AND

APPROVED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

THE LATTER BEING

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SUBJECTS,

TOGETHER WITH

TITLES PREFIXED TO EACH,

AND  
DIRECTIONS FOR MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

PHILADELPHIA:

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P93

## APPROVAL.

I do hereby certify, that the use of this Edition of Psalms and Hymns, adapted to public worship, is authorized and approved by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

EZRA STILES ELY, *Stated Clerk.*

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## PREFACE.

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THE attention of the religious community is humbly solicited in relation to the design of this work. It has been undertaken with other feelings, than a desire for innovation, or a desire to interfere with the pecuniary advantages which may accrue to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, from their copyright for the different editions of their last approved Psalmody. The completion of the Assembly's selection of Psalms and Hymns, was anticipated with much interest and anxiety, during the several years that the subject occupied the time and labour of the committees appointed for that purpose. The imperfect state, however, in which the Assembly's compilation appears, was a matter of great disappointment and regret. Having been accustomed to see the Hymns, in various selections, arranged according to some principle of classification, and having felt the inconvenience of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns in consequence of the want of such classification, it was hoped, that, when the new Psalmody made its appearance, it would, in every respect, be worthy of comparison with that of other denominations. When the Assembly's Psalmody was found defective in this respect, objections were made by many against its adoption. This circumstance suggested the idea of attempting what had been neglected, and improving the new Psalmody in such way as to secure its more extensive circulation. Had it been in contemplation by the Assembly to perfect their Psalmody, and to give the churches a book of the same *practical* utility with those enjoyed by other denominations, nothing in this matter would have been attempted. But, if it were practicable to make such improvements as would promote the circulation and use of their compilation, and exclude others which had not received the approbation of the Assembly, it was thought that these considerations of more advantage to the Presbyterian Church, than the pecuniary profits which might arise from the sale of the original work.

being undertaken with such views, it was

thought desirable to render it valuable in other respects, and if possible, prepare the way for a more careful and scientific attention being given to the subject of sacred music, than is in very many Presbyterian Churches. No improvement has been designed in relation to the *lyric character of the Hymns*. How far the compilers of the Assembly's Psalmody may have been influenced by a respect to the nature and office of poetry, in making their selection, and how far, by the popularity of particular hymns, the judicious reader will be able to perceive. On this subject nothing further need be remarked, than that the Hymns, designed for sacred worship, should contain sentiments adapted to express or excite emotion,—should be clothed in language, and employ imagery congenial with the taste and habits of the age,—should teem with import—possess unity—and, unlike the levity and wantonness of popular songs, should maintain a gravity and dignity becoming the august character of the Almighty Being who is addressed and lauded. Many of the Hymns in the collection will be found to be of this character. Yet their effect may be wholly lost by an injudicious style of music, and the neglect of a proper adaptation of tunes to the sentiments expressed. To prevent this, has been one design of this work.

The reader will observe that the following improvements have been attempted, which give to this work a character of its own, and render it better calculated for the general use designed by the Assembly to be made of their compilation :—

1st. A special title has been given to each Psalm and Hymn, indicating its character and contents.

2d. A general classification of the Hymns upon principles which adapt the compilation better to the purposes of both public and social worship.

3d. A designation of particular tunes adapted to the character of each Psalm and Hymn.

4th. Marks of musical expression, designed to indicate the proper manner of performance.

5th. An accurate designation of the Metre.

The marks of musical expression employed are generally found in music-books, so that the reader will not be embarrassed by any arbitrary signs, as in the edition of Worcester's Watts'. For the benefit

may not have access to the common glossaries, the following table is given :—

- ad.* adagio—with a slow movement.
- af.* affetuoso—with tenderness and deep emotion.
- al.* allegro—brisk, sprightly, lively, and distinct.
- an.* andante—slow and distinct.
- cr.* crescendo—increasing or swelling the sound.
- di.* divoto—in a solemn devout manner.
- dim.* diminuendo—with a decreasing sound.
- dl.* dolce—sweetly, gently.
- do.* doloroso—plaintive.
- f.* forte—loud.
- ff.* fortissimo—very loud.
- le.* lentado—with increasing slowness.
- m.* moderato—between *ad.* and *al.* and between piano and forte.
- p.* piano—soft.
- pp.* pianissimo—very soft.

When two terms are placed together, attention must be paid to the meaning of both: as,

- ad.f.* adagio-forte—slow and loud.
- al.f.* allegro-forte—brisk and loud.

Where there is a mark of expression only at the beginning of the first line, it is intended as descriptive of the character of the whole Psalm or Hymn. Where there are several marks of expression to a Psalm or Hymn, each one takes effect *until the next occurs*. These explanations are deemed sufficient.

The marks for musical expression have been prefixed with much care, although it is not claimed that they will always be found correct. The expression will sometimes vary according as the Psalm or Hymn is sung to one or another tune, and according as peculiar circumstances at the time may give a greater or less degree of intensity to the emotions excited. Nothing but hints on this subject are of real value. The emotions excited or expressed in the worship of God, are of such various kinds, and in such different degrees, all of which require corresponding variations of the manner of performance, that it would be in vain to attempt any thing like a perfect directory for the musical execution. The person who sings ought to understand the general nature and design of music,—be acquainted with the character and language of the different

passions and affections—possess a susceptibility of emotion, and a good taste and judgment—comprehend fully the sentiments of the Hymn, and himself feel the emotions it expresses,—and withal have a voice sufficiently disciplined, and an ear sufficiently correct, to modulate the tones at will, if he would produce the entire effect designed by sacred music. In the absence of scientific knowledge and skill on this subject, the best and only substitute that can be provided is a heart warmed with the spirit of devotion, joined to sufficient practical knowledge of music to exert the voice and indulge the emotions as they flow forth in their natural channel,—appropriate musical tones. The spirit of devotion to *feel* the sentiments of a hymn, united with ordinary skill in music, will often secure an expression, and produce an effect, which the most studied cadences and accents will fail to secure. Nothing can remedy the want of this ; and every one who undertakes to sing in the worship of God should see to it that his own heart is fired with the spirit of devotion ; else musical performances may become theatrical, and produce no other than a theatrical effect.

In designating tunes, those which have stood the test of time, and obtained the award of public estimation, have been, generally, selected. There may be others that will, according as the tastes of men differ, be thought more appropriate to one and another hymn. The name of the tune printed may be understood to designate not only the particular tune, but any one of the whole class which possess the same character. The most of the tunes designated will be found in the different standard music-books of the country. To afford every facility, however, to those disposed to avail themselves of it, a work of sacred music, entitled “*Evangelical Music*,” has been published simultaneously with this work, in which all the tunes marked in this book will be found.

With these remarks the work is given to the public, not as asserting lofty claims, but as the result of much care and labour, and at a great expense, for the purpose of securing a more extensive use of a collection of Hymns approved by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and of promoting an improvement, and in some places perhaps a reformation, in the style in which a very important and interesting part of divine worship is executed.



## PSALMS.

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### 1. 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Martin's. Peterborough*

The Blessedness of the Christian.

*al* **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat :

2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has placed his chief delight;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,  
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,  
Shall his profession shine;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.

*af* 5 Not so the impious and unjust;  
What vain designs they form!  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.

*m* 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Among the sons of grace,  
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand,  
Appoints his saints a place.

*al* 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
His heart approves it well;

*af* But crooked ways of sinners lead  
Down to the gates of hell.

1. 2D PART. S. M.—*Shirland. Sutton.*

The same.

- al* **T**HE man is ever blest  
 Who shuns the sinners' ways,  
 Among their councils never stands,  
 Nor takes the scorner's place :
- 2 But makes the law of God  
 His study and delight,  
 Amidst the labours of the day,  
 And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
 With waters near the root ;  
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;  
 His works are heavenly fruit.
- an* 4 Not so th' ungodly race ;  
 They no such blessings find :  
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
 Before that judgment-seat,  
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
 In full assembly meet ?
- f* 6 He knows, and he approves  
 The way the righteous go :
- an* But sinners and their works shall meet  
 A dreadful overthrow.

1. 3D PART. L. M.—*Alfreton. Wareham.*

The same.

- al* **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet  
 Shun the broad way where sinners go,  
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,  
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light  
 Among the statutes of the Lord ;  
 And spends the wakeful hours of night,  
 With pleasure, pondering o'er the word.

- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
 Shall flourish in immortal green;  
 And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,  
 On every work his hands begin.
- an* 4 But sinners find their counsels crossed;  
 As chaff before the tempest flies,  
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost  
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand  
 In judgment with the pious race;  
 The dreadful Judge, with stern command,  
 Divides him to a different place.
- f* 6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod;  
 I blessed the path, and drew it plain;  
*an* But you would choose the crooked road;  
 And down it leads to endless pain."

2. 1ST PART. S. M.—*St. Thomas. Durham.*

Rulers' Opposition to Christ in vain.

- m* **M**AKER and sovereign Lord  
 Of heaven, and earth, and seas,  
 Thy providence confirms thy word,  
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold  
 By David, are fulfilled;  
 When Jews and Gentiles join to slay,  
 Jesus, thine Holy Child.
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,  
 And Jews with one accord  
 Bend all their counsels to destroy  
 Th' anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree  
 To form a vain design;  
 Against the Lord their powers unite,  
 Against his Christ they join.

*f* 5 The Lord derides their rage,  
 And will support his throne;  
 He that hath raised him from the dead  
 Hath owned him for his Son.

**2.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Watchman.*

The Ascension and Dominion of Christ.

*al* **O**UR Lord's ascended high,  
 And rules the subject earth;  
 The merit of his blood he pleads,  
 And pleads his heavenly birth.

2 Beneath his sovereign sway  
 The Gentile nations bend;  
 Far as the world's remotest bounds  
 His kingdom shall extend.

*m* 3 The nations that rebel  
 Must feel his iron rod:  
*cr* He'll vindicate these honours well,  
 Which he received from God.

4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
 And worship at his throne;  
 With trembling joy, ye judges, bow  
 To God's exalted Son.

*an* 5 If once his wrath arise,  
 Ye perish on the place;  
*f* Then blessed is the soul that flies  
 For refuge to his grace.

**2.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Barby. Newton.*

Christ exalted, and his Enemies warned.

*af* **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
 The Lord's anointed Son?  
 Why did they cast his laws away,  
 And tread his gospel down?

*f* 2 The Lord that sits above the skies  
 Derides their rage below;  
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
 And strikes their spirits through.



3 "I call him my eternal Son,  
And raise him from the dead;  
I make my holy hill his throne,  
And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
The utmost heathen lands;  
Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
The rebel that withstands."

*an* 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
Obey th' anointed Lord;  
Adore the King of heavenly birth,  
And tremble at his word.

*p* 6 With humble love address his throne;  
*dim* For if he frown, ye die:  
*an* Those are secure, and those alone,  
Who on his grace rely.

### 3. 1ST PART. C. M.—*Rochester. Marlow.*

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

*af* **MY** God, how many are my fears  
How fast my foes increase!  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade  
There's no relief in heaven,  
And all my growing sins appear  
Too great to be forgiven.

*an* 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread,  
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.

*al* 4 I cried, and from his holy hill  
He bowed a listening ear;  
I called my Father, and my God,  
And he subdued my fear.

- p* 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes :  
I woke, and wondered at the grace  
That guarded my repose.
- f* 6 What though the hosts of death and hell,  
All armed, against me stood :  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;  
My refuge is my God.
- di* 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,  
While I thy glory sing :
- f* My God hath broke the serpent's teeth,  
And death hath lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
His arm alone can save :  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

**3.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Wells. Wareham.*

A morning Psalm.

- af* **O** LORD, how many are my foes,  
In this weak state of flesh and blood !  
My peace they daily discompose,  
But my defence and hope is God.
- m* 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,  
To thee I raise an evening cry ;  
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,  
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure :  
Not death should make my heart afraid,  
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- f* 4 But God sustained me all the night ;  
Salvation doth to God belong :  
He raised my head to see the light,  
And makes his praise my morning song.

4. 1ST PART. L. M.—*Kingsbridge.*

God our Portion and Christ our Hope.

- af* **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,  
 Hear and attend when I complain;  
 Thou hast enlarged me in distress,  
 Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try  
 To turn my glory into shame;  
 How long will scoffers love to lie,  
 And dare reproach my Saviour's name?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints  
 From all the tribes of men beside;  
 He hears and pities their complaints,  
 For the dear sake of Christ that died.
- m* 4 When our obedient hands have done  
 A thousand works of righteousness,  
 We put our trust in God alone,  
 And glory in his pardoning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,  
 "Who will bestow some earthly good?"  
 But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;  
 Our souls desire this heavenly food.
- al* 6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice  
 At grace divine, and love so great;  
 Nor will I change my happy choice  
 For all their wealth and boasted state.

4. 2D PART. C. M.—*Bedford. Romney.*

An Evening Psalm.

- af* **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;  
 I am for ever thine:  
 I fear before thee all the day,  
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- m* 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
 From cares and business free,  
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
 And when my work is done,  
 Great God, my faith and hope relies  
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,  
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
 And will my slumbers keep.

5. C. M.—*Colchester. Warwick.*

A morning Psalm for the Sabbath.

*al* **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high ;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.

*an* 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand ;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

*al* 4 But to thy house will I resort  
 To taste thy mercies there ;  
 I will frequent thy holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.

*af* 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness !  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.

6 My watchful enemies combine  
 To tempt my feet astray ;  
 They flatter with a base design  
 To make my soul their prey.

*ad.f* 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,  
 And all his plots destroy ;

*al.f* While those that in thy mercy trust  
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favour as a shield.

6. 1ST PART. C. M.—*Bangor. Burstal.*

Complaint in Sickness.

*af* **I**N anger, Lord, do not chastise ;  
Withdraw the dreadful storm ;  
Nor let thine awful wrath arise  
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bowed down with heavy care  
My flesh with pain opprest ;  
My couch is witness to my tears,  
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ;  
I waste the night with cries,  
And count the minutes as they pass,  
Till the slow morning rise.

*di* 4 Shall I be still afflicted more ?  
My eyes consumed with grief ?  
How long, my God, how long before  
Thine hand afford relief ?

*al* 5 He hears his mourning children speak,  
He pities all our groans,  
He saves us for his mercy's sake,  
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word  
Restores our fainting breath ;  
For silent graves praise not the Lord,  
Nor is he known in death.



6. 2D PART. L. M.—*Windham.*

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

- af* **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,  
 When thou with kindness dost chastise;  
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,  
 O let it not against me rise!
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,  
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;  
 The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,  
 O let thy gentler touches heal!
- 3 See how in sighs I pass my days,  
 And waste in groans the weary night:  
 My bed is watered with my tears;  
 My grief consumes, and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!  
 How long, Almighty God, how long?  
 When shall thine hour of grace return?  
 When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,  
 My thoughts are tempted to despair;  
 But graves can never praise the Lord,  
 For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;  
 And all despairing thoughts depart;  
 My God, who hears my humble moan,  
 Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

7. C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Mear.*

God's Care of his People against Persecutors.

- an* **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,  
 My hope in thee, my God;  
 Rise, and my helpless life defend  
 From those that seek my blood.
- af* 2 With insolence and fury they  
 My soul in pieces tear,  
 As hungry lions rend the prey  
 When no deliverer's near.

3 If e'er my pride provoked them first,  
 Or once abused my foe,  
 Then let them tread my life to dust,  
 And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,  
 I know thy piercing eyes;  
 I should not dare appeal to thee,  
 Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,  
 Their pride and power control;  
 Awake to judgment, and command  
 Deliverance for my soul.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage  
 Be humbled to the dust;  
 Shall not the God of truth engage  
 To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,  
 He will defend th' upright;  
 His sharpest arrows he ordains  
 Against the sons of spite.

8 Though leagued in guile, their malice spread  
 A snare before my way;  
 Their mischiefs on their impious head  
 His vengeance shall repay.

9 That cruel persecuting race  
 Must feel his dreadful sword:

*al* Awake, my soul, and praise the grace  
 And justice of the Lord.

8. 1ST PART. S. M.—*Old Leeds. Thessalia.*

God's Condescension to Men.

*al* O LORD, our heavenly King,  
 Thy name is all divine;  
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

- m* 2 When to thy works on high  
 I raise my wondering eyes,  
 And see the moon complete in light  
 Adorn the darksome skies :
- 3 When I survey the stars,  
 In all their shining forms,  
*di* Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
 Akin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,  
 That thou shouldst love him so ?  
 Next to thine angels he is placed,  
 And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,  
 While beasts like slaves obey,  
 And birds that cut the air with wings,  
 And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !  
 And wondrous are thy ways :  
 Of dust and worms thy power can frame  
 A monument of praise.

8. 2D PART. L. M.—*German Air. Seasons.*

Christ and Adam compared.

- af* **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,  
 Adam the offspring of the dust,  
 That thou shouldst set him and his race  
 But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,  
 And make him lord of all below ;  
 Make every beast and bird submit,  
 And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- al* 3 But O, what brighter glories wait  
 To crown the second Adam's state !  
 What honours shall thy Son adorn  
 Who condescended to be born !

- an* 4 See him below his angels made,  
Behold him numbered with the dead,  
To save a ruined world from sin,  
But he shall reign with power divine.
- f* 5 The world to come, redeemed from all  
The miseries that attend the fall,  
New made and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

9. 1ST PART. C. M.—*Rochester. Liverpool.*

- an* WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;  
Thou, Sovereign Judge of right and wrong,  
Wilt put thy foes to shame.
- al* 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;  
My God prepares his throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make his justice known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all the poor opprest,  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust  
In thy abundant grace ;  
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,  
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,  
Who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Who executes his threatening word,  
And doth his grace fulfil.

9. 2D PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Dundee.*

- an* WHEN the great Judge, supreme and  
just,  
Shall once inquire for blood,  
The humble souls that mourn in dust  
Shall find a faithful God.

- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death  
Does his own children raise ;  
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,  
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet  
Into the pit they made ;  
And sinners perish in the net  
That their own hands have spread.
- p* 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God !  
Are thy deep counsels known ;  
When men of mischief are destroyed  
In snares that were their own.
- do* 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;  
Thy wrath devour the lands  
That dare forget thee, or rebel  
Against thy known commands.
- af* 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,  
And wait, and long complain,  
Their cries shall never be forgot,  
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- di* 7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,  
To judge and save the poor ;  
Let nations tremble at thy feet,  
And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,  
And put their hearts to pain,  
Make them confess that thou art God,  
And they but feeble men.

**10.** C. M.—*China. St. Stephen's.*

- af* **W**HY doth the Lord depart so far,  
And why conceal his face,  
When great calamities appear,  
And times of deep distress ?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride  
Thy justice and thy laws ?



Shall they advance their heads in pride,  
And slight the righteous cause?

3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,  
And then insult the poor ;

They boast, in their exalted height,  
That they shall fall no more.

*di* 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,  
Attend our humble cry ;

*an* No enemy shall dare to stand  
When God ascends on high.

*p* 5 Why do the men of malice rage,  
And say, with foolish pride,

*an* "The God of heaven will ne'er engage  
To fight on Zion's side?"

*f* 6 But thou for ever art our Lord ;  
And mighty is thy hand,  
As when the heathen felt thy sword,  
And perished from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
And cause thine ear to hear ;

*di* Accept the vows thy children pay,  
And free thy saints from fear.

*an* 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the just ;  
And mighty sinners shall confess  
They are but earth and dust.

## 11. L. M.—Wells.

God the Saint's Protection and the Sinner's Dread.

*m* **M**Y refuge is the God of love ;  
Why do my foes insult and cry,  
"Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,  
To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,  
And fit their arrows to the string ;  
To lay the men of virtue low,  
In secrecy their darts they fling.

- 3 If government be once destroyed,  
 (That firm foundation of our peace,)  
 And violence make justice void,  
 Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- f* 4 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne.  
 His eye surveys the world below;  
 To him all mortal things are known,  
 His eyelids search our spirits through.
- p* 5 If he afflicts his saints so far,  
 To prove their love and try their grace,  
*an* What may the bold transgressors fear?  
 His soul abhors their wicked ways.
- 6 On impious wretches he will rain  
 Sulphureous flames of wasting death,  
 Such as he kindled on the plain  
 Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- dl* 7 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,  
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;  
 And with a gracious eye beholds  
 The men that his own image bear.

**12.** C. M.—*Buckingham. Burford.*

Religious Declension and prevailing Impiety.

- af* **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
 Religion loses ground;  
 The sons of violence prevail,  
 And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,  
 Yet act the flatterer's part;  
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,  
 And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,  
 They scorn our faithful word!  
 "Are not our lips our own," they cry,  
 "And who shall be our Lord?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on every side,  
 Where a vile race of men

Is raised to seats of power and pride,  
And bears the sword in vain.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is rarely to be found,  
And love is waxing cold,

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?  
Hast thou not given the sign?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine?

*f* 7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,  
And make th' oppressors flee;  
I shall appear to their surprise,  
And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times tried  
Through ages shall endure;  
The men that in thy truth confide  
Shall find thy promise sure.

**13.** C. M.—*Bangor. Burstal.*

Importunity in Prayer.

*af* **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?  
My God, how long delay?  
When shall I feel those heavenly rays  
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul  
Wrestle and toil in vain?  
Thy word can all my foes control,  
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries  
All his malicious arts;  
He spreads a mist around my eyes,  
And throws his fiery darts.

*di* 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,  
My soul in safety keep;  
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed  
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,  
Should I become his prey?  
Behold the sons of hell grow proud  
To see thy long delay.

*Rochester. Romney.*

*al.f* 6 But they shall flee at thy rebuke,  
And Satan hide his head;  
He knows the terrors of thy look,  
And hears thy voice with dread.  
7 Thou wilt display thy sovereign grace,  
Whence all my comforts spring;  
I shall employ my lips in praise,  
And thy salvation sing.

**14.** C. M.—*Bangor. Crowley.*

Practical Atheism.

*m* **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say  
That all religion's vain;  
"There is no God that reigns on high,  
Or minds th' affairs of men."  
2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane  
Corrupt discourse proceeds;  
And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.  
3 The Lord from his celestial throne  
Looked down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.  
4 By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same;  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name.  
5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit;  
Their slanders never cease;  
How swift to mischief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
 In every heart are found ;  
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
 Till grace refine the ground.

*di* 7 O that salvation might proceed  
 From Zion's sacred place,  
 Till Israel's captives all are freed  
 And sing recovering grace !

**15.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Peterboro. Pennsylvania*  
 Christian Characteristics.

*p* **WHO** shall inhabit in thy hill,  
 O God of holiness ?  
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
 So near his throne of grace ?

*al* 2 The man that walks in pious ways,  
 And works with righteous hands ;  
 That trusts his Maker's promised grace,  
 And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,  
 Nor slanders with his tongue ;  
 Will scarce believe an ill report,  
 Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,  
 Loves all that fear the Lord ;  
 And though to his own hurt he swears,  
 Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,  
 And never wrong the poor ;

*f* This man shall dwell with God on earth,  
 And find his heaven secure.

**15.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Portugal. Evening Hymn*  
 The same.

*p* **WHO** shall ascend thy heavenly place,  
 Great God, and dwell before thy face ?  
*an* The man that minds religion now,  
 And humbly walks with God below .



- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;  
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,  
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt:  
Sinners of state he can despise,  
But saints are honoured in his eyes.
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good;  
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 5 He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold:  
While others scorn and wrong the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays  
For those that curse him to his face;  
And doth to all men still the same  
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone:  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

**16.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Bath. Calvary.*

The Christian insufficient, and Christ all sufficient.

- af* **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;  
For succour to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead;  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest  
How empty and how poor I am;  
My praise can never make thee blest,  
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good we do;

These are the company I keep,  
 These are the choicest friends I know.

4 How fast their guilt and sorrows rise  
 Who haste to seek some idol-god !

*an* I will not taste their sacrifice,  
 Their offerings of forbidden blood.

*al* 5 My God provides a richer cup,  
 And nobler food to live upon ;  
 He for my life has offered up  
 Jesus, his best beloved Son.

6 His love is my perpetual feast ;  
 By day his counsels guide me right ;  
 And be his name for ever blest,  
 Who gives me sweet advice by night.

7 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
 At my right hand he stands prepared  
 To keep my soul from all surprise,  
 And be my everlasting guard.

**16.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Stonefield. Brewer.*

Courage in Death, and Hope of Resurrection.

*al* **W**HEN God is nigh my faith is strong,  
 His arm is my almighty prop :  
 Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,  
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

*p* 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
 My soul for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

*al* 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;  
 Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way  
 Up to the throue above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,  
 And full discoveries of thy grace  
 (Which we but tasted here below)  
 Spread heavenly joys through all the place

**17.** L. M.—*Pilesgrave. German Air.*

The Christian's Hope, or the Resurrection.

- p*     **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
       My faith, my patience, and my love :  
       When men of spite against me join,  
       They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- an*    2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
       'Tis all the happiness they know,  
       'Tis all they seek, they take their shares,  
       And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value I resign ;  
       Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
*al*     I shall behold thy blissful face,  
       And stand complete in righteousness.
- an.p* 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
*al*     But the bright world to which I go,  
       Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
       When shall I wake and find me there ?
- al.f* 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
       I shall be near, and like my God ;  
       And flesh and sin no more control  
       The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- p*     6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
*al*     Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
       Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
       And in my Saviour's image rise.

**18.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Moreton. German Air.*

Temptations overcome by Prayer.

- al*     **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
       My rock, my tower, my high defence ;  
       Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
       For I have found salvation thence.
- af*    2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,  
       Stood round me with their dismal shade ;  
       While floods of high temptation rose,  
       And made my sinking soul afraid.

- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,  
 With endless pains and sorrows there,  
 (Which none but they that feel can tell,)  
 While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,  
 When I could scarce believe him mine ;  
*al* He bowed his ear to my complaint,  
 And proved his saving grace divine.
- 5 With speed he flew to my relief,  
 As on a cherub's wing he rode ;  
*mæ* Awful, and bright as lightning, shone  
 The face of my deliverer, God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,  
 The blast of his Almighty breath :  
 He sent salvation from on high,  
 And drew me from the deeps of death.
- an* 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
 Much was their strength, and more their  
 rage ;  
*al* But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,  
 In all the wars the proud can wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record  
 That terrible, that joyful hour ;  
 And give the glory to the Lord  
 Due to his mercy and his power.

**18.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Calvary. Portugal.*

Sincerity professed.

- af* **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
 Hast made thy truth and love appear ;  
 Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
 And thou hast owned my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learned thy holy ways,  
 I've walked upright before thy face :  
 Or if my feet did e'er depart,  
 Thy love reclaimed my wandering heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest !  
 What wars and strugglings in my breast !

But through thy grace that reigns within,  
I guard against my darling sin.

4 That sin that close besets me still,  
That works and strives against my will;  
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power  
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

al 5 With an impartial hand the Lord  
Deals out to mortals their reward;  
The kind and faithful souls shall find  
A God more faithful and more kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,  
Thou art more pure, more just than they:  
And men that love revenge shall know  
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

**18.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Litchfield. Stonefield.*

The Christian rejoicing in God.

an **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word;  
Great rock of my secure abode;  
Who is a God beside the Lord?  
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield;  
And, while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign,  
The God of my salvation lives;  
The dark designs of hell are vain,  
While heavenly peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,  
I will exalt my Father's name;  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage  
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

al 5 To David and his royal seed  
Thy grace for ever shall extend;  
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,  
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

19. 1ST PART. S. M.—*Peckham. St. Thomas.*

The Light of Nature and of Revelation.

- dl*    **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky  
       Declares its maker, God !  
 And all the starry works on high  
       Proclaim his power abroad.
- m*    2 The darkness and the light  
       Still keep their course the same ;  
 While night to day, and day to night,  
       Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land  
       Their general voice is known ;  
 They show the wonders of his hand,  
       And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,  
       Here he reveals his word ;  
 We are not left to Nature's voice  
       To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands  
       Are set before our eyes ;  
 He puts his gospel in our hands,  
       Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,  
       His truth without deceit ;  
 His promises for ever sure,  
       And his rewards are great.
- dl*    7 Not honey to the taste  
       Affords so much delight ;  
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed  
       So much allures the sight.
- al*    8 While of thy works I sing,  
       Thy glory I proclaim ;  
 Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
       In my Redeemer's name.



19. 2D PART. S. M.—*Old Leeds. Thessalia*

The Perfection of the Scriptures.

**B**EHOLD, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.

*cr* 2 But where the gospel comes,  
 It spreads diviner light ;  
*f* It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.

*di* 3 How perfect is thy word !  
 And all thy judgments just ;  
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord :  
 And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
 Are thy directions given !  
 O may I never read in vain,  
 But find the path to heaven !

5 I heard thy word with love,  
 And I would fain obey :  
 Send thy good Spirit from above  
 To guide me lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find  
 The errors of his ways ?  
 Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,  
 I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,  
 Forgive my secret faults ;  
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread thy praise abroad ;  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God.

**19.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Meineke. Old Hundred.*

The Gospel excelling Nature.

- m* **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
 In every star thy wisdom shines;  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days, thy power confess;  
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
 So when thy truth began its race,  
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
 Till through the world thy truth has run;  
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
 That see the light, or feel the sun.
- di* 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

**19.** 4TH PART. L. P. M.—*New Court.*

The Glory of God in Creation.

- di* **G**REAT God, the heavens' well-ordered  
 frame  
 Declares the glories of thy name;
- f* There thy rich works of wonder shine:
- dl* A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear
- f* Of boundless power, and skill divine.

- m* 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light,  
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read :
- p* With silent eloquence they raise  
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need.
- an* 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
Far as the journeys of the sun,  
And every nation knows their voice :
- f* The sun like some young bridegroom drest,  
Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God ;  
All nature joins to show thy praise :  
Thus God in every creature shines ;  
Fair is the book of nature's lines ;  
But fairer is the book of grace.

**19.** 5TH PART. L. P. M.—*Creation. Martin's Lane.*

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

- af* **I** LOVE the volumes of thy word ;  
What light and joy those leaves afford
- cr* To souls benighted and distress !  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of thy law  
The perfect rules of life I draw ;  
These are my study and delight :
- p* Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed,
- f* Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- p* 3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies ;
- cr* But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
 And gives a free, but large reward.

*f*  
*af* 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
 My God, forgive my secret faults,  
 And from presumptuous sins restrain;  
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
 That I have read thy book of grace,  
 And book of nature, not in vain.

**20.** L. M.—*Ellanthorpe. Litchfield.*

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

*di* **NOW** may the God of power and grace  
 Attend his people's humble cry!  
*al* Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
 And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,  
 When bucklers fail and brazen walls;  
 He from his sanctuary sends  
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,  
 His love exceeds our best deserts;  
 His love accepts the sacrifice  
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.

*f* 4 In his salvation is our hope,  
 And in the name of Israel's God  
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.

*m* 5 Some trust in horses trained for war,  
 And some of chariots make their boasts;  
*f* Our surest expectations are  
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

*di* 6 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
 Now let our hopes be firm and strong;  
*f* Till thy salvation shall appear,  
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

**21.** C. M.—*Arlington. Broomsgrove*

Our Country the Care of Heaven.

*al* **O**UR land, O Lord, with songs of praise  
 Shall in thy strength rejoice;  
 And, blest with thy salvation, raise  
 To heaven a cheerful voice.

**2** Thy sure defence, through nations round,  
 Hath spread our country's name;  
 And all her humble efforts crowned  
 With freedom and with fame.

**3** In deep distress a patriot band  
 Implored thy power to save;  
 For liberty they prayed; thy hand  
 The timely blessing gave.

*an* **4** Most righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes  
 Shall quake through all their train;  
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those  
 Who hate thy gracious reign.

**5** On thee, in want, in wo or pain,  
 Our hearts alone rely;  
 Our rights thy mercy will maintain  
 And all our wants supply.

**6** Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,  
 And still exalt thy fame;

*al* While we glad songs of praise prepare,  
 For thine Almighty name.

**22.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Martin's. Abridge.*

Christ Suffering and Reigning.

*di* **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,  
 "O Lord, protect thy Son,  
 Nor leave thy darling to engage  
 The powers of hell alone."

*an* **2** Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,  
 With mighty cries and tears;

*alf* God heard him in that dreadful day,  
 And chased away his fears.

- 3 Great was the victory of his death,  
His throne exalted high;  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise  
From his expiring groans;  
They shall be reckoned in his eyes  
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread;  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our incarnate God,  
And nations yet unborn profess  
Salvation in his blood.

**22.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Wyndham. Lockport.*

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

- af* **N**OW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
When he complained in tears and blood  
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,  
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;  
“He rescued others from the grave,  
Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 This is the man did once pretend  
God was his father and his friend!  
If God, the blessed, loved him so,  
Why doth he fail to help him now?”
- 4 O savage people! cruel priests!  
How they stood round like raging beasts,  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their power.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
Till streams of blood each other meet;



By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he died.

*al* 6 But God his father heard his cry ;  
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high ;  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

**23.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Alfreton. Hamilton.*

God our Shepherd.

*al* **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord ;  
Now shall my wants be well supplied ;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake ;  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

*an* 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell  
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine  
To see my table spread so well,  
With living bread and cheerful wine.

*al* 7 How I rejoice, when on my head  
Thy spirit condescends to rest !  
'Tis a divine anointing, shed  
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord  
 Attend his household all their days:  
 There will I dwell to hear his word,  
 To seek his face, and sing his praise.

**23.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Clarendon. St. John's.*

The same.

*al* **M**Y shepherd will supply my need,  
 Jehovah is his name;  
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
 Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back  
 When I forsake his ways,  
 And leads me for his mercy's sake  
 In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
 Thy presence is my stay;  
 One word of thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days;  
*di* O may thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,  
 (While others go and come,)  
 No more a stranger, or a guest,  
 But like a child at home.

**23.** 3D PART. S. M.—*Shirland. Cambridge*

God's tender Care of his People.

*al* **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supplied;  
 Since he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's  
dark shade,  
My shepherd's with me there
- 5 Amid surrounding foes  
Thou dost my table spread,  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

**24.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Oldham. Newmark.*

Dwelling with God.

- al*    **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,  
With Adam's numerous race;  
He raised its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.
- p*    2 But who among the sons of men  
May visit thine abode?
- an*    He that has hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take  
The blessings of his grace;  
This is the lot of those that seek  
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers  
 To meet the Lord prepare,  
 Lift up their everlasting doors,  
 The King of glory's near.

*f* 5 The King of glory! who can tell  
 The wonders of his might?  
 He rules the nation; but to dwell  
 With saints is his delight.

**24.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Litchfield. Pilesgrave.*

Christians rejoice in the Triumph of their anointed Lord.

*al* **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
 And men and worms, and beasts and  
 birds;

He raised the building on the seas,  
 And gave it for their dwelling place.

*f* 2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;  
*p* Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
 And dwell so near his maker, God?

*cr* 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,  
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,  
*f* Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,  
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,  
 That seek the God of Jacob's face;  
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
 And dwell in everlasting light.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,  
 Behold the King of glory nigh,  
*p* Who can this King of glory be?  
*f* The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

*mæ* 6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,  
 To make the Lord, the Saviour way:  
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
 The conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Raised from the dead in royal state,  
 He opens heaven's eternal gate,  
 To give his saints a blest abode,  
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

**25.** 1ST PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury. Kersall.*

The Plea of Faith.

*af* **I** LIFT my soul to God,  
 My trust is in his name;  
 Let not the foes that seek my blood  
 Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell  
 Would tempt me to despair;  
 Lord, make me know thy covenant well,  
 That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light  
 Till evening shades arise,  
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
 With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,  
 And lead me in thy truth:  
 Forgive the sins of riper days,  
 And follies of my youth.

*al* 5 The Lord is just and kind,  
 The meek shall learn his ways;  
 And every humble sinner find  
 The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake  
 He saves my soul from shame;  
 He pardons (though my guilt be great)  
 Through my Redeemer's name.

**25.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Watchman. Eastburn.*

Divine Instruction.

*m* **W**HERE shall the man be found  
 That fears t' offend his God,  
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
 And trembles at the rod.

- an 2 The Lord shall make him know  
 The secrets of his heart,  
 The wonders of his covenant show,  
 And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his power  
 Are truth-and mercy still,  
 With such as keep his covenant sure,  
 And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease  
 Before their Maker's face,  
 Their seed shall taste the promises  
 In their extensive grace.

**25.** 3D PART. S. M.—*Stoke. Little Marlborough.*

Backsliding and Desertion.

- af **MINE** eyes and my desire  
 Are ever to the Lord,  
 I love to plead his promised grace  
 And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,  
 Bring thy salvation near;  
 When will thy hand release my feet  
 Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace  
 Of my forgiving God,  
 Restore me from those dangerous ways  
 My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 With every morning light  
 My sorrow new begins:  
 Look on my anguish and my pain,  
 And pardon all my sins.
- 5 O keep my soul from death,  
 Nor put my hope to shame,  
 For I have placed my only trust  
 In my Redeemer's name.
- 6 With humble faith I wait  
 To see thy face again;



*f* Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.

**26.** L. M.—*Angel's Hymn. Newry.*

Evidence of Christian Character.

*af* **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my  
ways,

And try my reins, and try my heart;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With men of vanity and lies;  
The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

*al* 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear  
Arrayed in robes of innocence;  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
'The temple where thine honours dwell;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.

*af* 5 Let not my soul be joined at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have past  
Among the saints, and near my God.

**27.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Arlington. Broomsgrove.*

The Church our Delight and Safety.

*al* **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.

*an* 2 One privilege my heart desires;  
O grant me mine abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,  
 And see thy beauty still,  
 Shall hear thy messages of love,  
 And there inquire thy will.

*p* 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,  
 There may his children hide;  
*f* God is a strong pavilion, where  
 He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
 Above my foes around,  
 And songs of joy and victory  
 Within thy temple sound.

**27.** 2D PART. C. M.—*St. Martin's. Jordan.*

Instant Obedience.

*an* **S**OON as I heard my Father say,  
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"  
 My heart replied, without delay,  
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

*af* 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away;  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God will make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
 Had not my soul believed,  
 To see thy grace provide relief;  
 Nor was my hope deceived.

*al* 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
 And keep your courage up;  
 He'll raise your spirit while it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

**28.** L. M.—*Accomack. Limehouse.*

Prayer answered.

- af* **T**O thee, O Lord, I raise my cries ;  
 My fervent prayer in mercy hear ;  
 For ruin waits my trembling soul,  
 If thou refuse a gracious ear.
- 2** While suppliant toward thy holy hill  
 I lift my mournful hands to pray,  
 Afford thy grace, nor drive me still  
 With impious hypocrites away.
- 3** To sons of falsehood, that despise  
 The works and wonders of thy reign,  
 Thy justice gives the due reward,  
 And sinks their souls to endless pain.
- an* **4** For ever blessed be the Lord,  
 Whose mercy hears my mournful voice !  
 My heart, that trusted in his word,  
 In his salvation shall rejoice.
- 5** Let every saint, in sore distress,  
 By faith approach his Saviour, God ;
- di* **Then** grant, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,  
 And feed thy church with heavenly food.

**29.** L. M.—*New Sabbath. Pilesgrove.*

God speaking in the Thunder.

- mæ* **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the Lord renown and power ;  
 Ascribe due honours to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2** The Lord proclaims his power aloud  
 Through every ocean, every land ;  
 His voice divides the watery cloud,  
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3** He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind  
 Lay the wide forest bare around ;  
 The fearful hart and frightened hind  
 Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,  
And lo, the stately cedars break;  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,  
The Thunderer reigns for ever king;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language, there the Lord  
The counsel of his grace imparts:  
Amidst the raging storm his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

**30.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Evening Hymn. Seasons.*

Sickness healed and Sorrow removed.

**I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high:  
At thy command diseases fly:  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove  
How large his grace, how kind his love:  
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace  
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;  
His love is life and length of days:  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning star restores the joy.

**30.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Calvary. Kingsbridge.*

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

**FIRM** was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long;

Soon as thy face began to hide,  
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,  
“What canst thou profit by my blood?  
Deep in the dust can I declare  
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?”

4 “Hear me, O God of grace,” I said,  
“And bring me from among the dead :”  
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,  
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

*f* 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,  
Are turned to joy and praises now ;  
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Shall ne’er be silent of thy name ;  
Thy praise shall sound through earth and  
heaven,  
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

**31.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Abridge. St. Martin’s.*

Deliverance from Death.

*af* **T**O thee, O God of truth and love,  
My spirit I commit ;  
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,  
And saved me from the pit.

2 My times are in thy hand, I cried,  
Though I draw near the dust :  
Thou art the refuge where I hide,  
The God in whom I trust.

3 O make thy reconciled face  
Upon thy servant shine,  
And save me, for thy mercy’s sake,  
For I am wholly thine.

4 ’Twas in my haste my spirit said,  
“I must despair and die,

I am cut off before thine eyes ;"  
But thou hast heard my cry.

5 Thy goodness, how divinely free !  
How sweet thy smiling face  
To those that fear thy majesty,  
And trust thy promised grace !

*f* 6 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,  
And sing his praises loud ;  
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,  
And recompense the proud.

**31.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Marlow. St. Stephen's.*

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

*al* MY heart rejoices in thy name,  
My God, my heavenly trust ;  
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,  
Mine honour from the dust.

*af* 2 " My life is spent with grief," I cried,  
" My years consumed in groans ;  
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,  
And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name  
A proverb vile was grown,  
While to my neighbours I became  
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side  
Seized and beset me round :  
I to thy throne of grace applied,  
And speedy rescue found.

*f* 5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought  
Before the sons of men !  
The lying lips to silence brought,  
And made their boasting vain !

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues  
Shall thy pavilion hide,  
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,  
And crush the sons of pride.



*af* 7 Within thy sacred presence, Lord,  
 Let me for ever dwell;  
 No fenced city, walled and barred,  
 Secures a saint so well.

**32.** 1ST PART. S. M.—*St. Thomas. Beveridge*

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

*al* **O** BLESSED souls are they  
 Whose sins are covered o'er;  
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
 Imputes their guilt no more.

*m* 2 They mourn their follies past,  
 And keep their hearts with care;  
 Their lips and lives without deceit  
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

*p* 3 While I concealed my guilt,  
 I felt the festering wound,  
*cr* Till I confessed my sins to thee,  
 And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
 Let saints keep near the throne;  
*f* Our help, in times of deep distress,  
 Is found in God alone.

**32.** 2D PART. L. M.—*New Sabbath. German Air.*

Repentance, Justification, and Sanctification.

*al* **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,  
 And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment-seat, the Lord  
 No more permits his crimes to rise;  
 He pleads no merit or reward,  
 And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,  
 His humble joy, his holy fear,  
 With deep repentance well agree,  
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through all his life appears and shines.

**33.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Bath Chapel.*

Works of Creation and Providence.

- al* **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you :  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,  
Those heavenly arches spread,  
Bade starry hosts around them shine,  
And light the heavens pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
Bade raging seas their limits know,  
And still their station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand ;  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.
- an* 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs ;  
His counsel stands through every age,  
And in full glory shines.

**33.** 2D PART. P. M.—*Martin's Lane.*

The same.

- al* **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,  
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;

Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,

*f* How wise, how holy, just, and true !

2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends

His goodness flows, his truth extends ;

His power the heavenly arches spread ;

His word, with energy divine,

Bade starry hosts around them shine,

And light the circling heavens pervade.

3 His hand collects the flowing seas ;

Those watery treasures know their place,

And fill the storehouse of the deep.

He spake, and gave all nature birth ;

And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,

His everlasting orders keep.

*ad.p* 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore

A God of such resistless power,

Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :

Vain are your thoughts, and weak your  
hands,

*f* But his eternal counsel stands,

And rules the world from age to age.

**34.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Carr's Lane. Melody.*

God's Care of his Saints.

*al* **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still

My heart and tongue employ.

2 My soul shall make her boast in him,

And celebrate his fame ;

Come magnify the Lord with me,

With me exalt his name.

*an.p* 3 The hosts of God encamp around

The dwellings of the just ;

*f* Deliverance he affords to all

Who on his succour trust.

- an* 4 O! make but trial of his love;  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest they are, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Come, make his service your delight;  
 He'll make your wants his care.

**34.** 2D P RT. L. M.—*Effingham. Morning.*

Deliverance by Prayer.

- al* **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,  
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;  
 My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come magnify the Lord with me,  
 Let every heart exalt his name;  
 I sought th' eternal God, and he  
 Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief;  
 My secret groaning reached his ears:  
 He gave my inward pains relief,  
 And calmed the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes;  
 With heavenly joy their faces shine;  
 A beam of mercy from the skies  
 Fills them with light and love divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
 Around the men that serve the Lord;  
 O fear and love him, all his saints,  
 Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- f* 6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain  
 And hunger, roar through all the wood;  
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
 Nor want supplies of real good.

**34.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Portugal. Luton.*

Address to Youth.

*m* **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge  
young,

Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mortal state,  
Restrain your feet from impious ways,  
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,  
His ears are open to their cries;  
He sets his frowning face against  
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts  
God with his grace is ever nigh;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts  
When men in deep contrition lie.

*anf* 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death;  
His Spirit heals their broken bones,  
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

**34.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*St. John's. Warwick.*

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

*al* **I'**LL bless the Lord from day to day;  
How good are all his ways!  
Ye humble souls that use to pray,  
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,  
How a poor sufferer cried;  
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,  
Nor was his suit denied.

3 O sinners, come and taste his love,  
Come, learn his pleasant ways,  
And let your own experience prove  
The sweetness of his grace.

- al* 4 He bids his angels pitch their tents  
Round where his children dwell;  
What ills their heavenly care prevents  
*p* No earthly tongue can tell.
- 5 O love the Lord, ye saints of his;  
His eye regards the just:  
How richly blessed their portion is  
Who make the Lord their trust!
- m* 6 Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar  
And famish in the wood;  
*f* But God supplies his holy poor  
With every needful good.

35

C. M.—*Abridge.*

Love to Enemies.

- p* **BEHOLD** the love, the generous love,  
That holy David shows:  
Behold his kind compassion move  
For his afflicted foes.
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,  
And seems to feel the smart;  
'The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,  
As for a brother dead!  
And, fasting, mortified his soul,  
While for their life he prayed.
- if* 4 They groaned and cursed him on their bed,  
Yet still he pleads and mourns;  
And double blessings on his head  
The righteous God returns.
- f* 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!  
Thus Christ the Lord appears;  
*af* While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
And pities them with tears.
- al* 6 He, the true David, Israel's king,  
Blest and beloved of God,



To save us rebels, dead in sin,  
Paid his own dearest blood.

**36.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Winchester. German Air.*

Perfection, Providence, and Grace of God.

*mæ* **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep :  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace !  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord,  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

**36.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Dundee. Jordan.*

The Wickedness of Men, and Justice of God.

*af* **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,  
And yet a God they own,  
My heart within me often says,  
“ Their thoughts believe there’s none.”

- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,  
 (Whate'er their lips profess,)  
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,  
 Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!  
 But there's a hastening hour,  
 When they shall see, with sore surprise,  
 The terrors of thy power.
- mas 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,  
 Though mountains melt away;  
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
 A deep unfathomed sea.
- 5 Above these heavens' created rounds  
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend;  
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds  
 Where time and nature end.
- an 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,  
 Nor overlooks the beasts;  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
 Thy children love to rest.
- al 7 From thee, when creature-streams run low  
 And mortal comforts die,  
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,  
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,  
 And death close up our eyes,  
 Thy presence makes eternal day,  
 Where clouds can never rise.

**37.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Edgware. Romney.*

Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief.

- an **WHY** should I vex my soul, and fret  
 To see the wicked rise?  
 Or envy sinners waxing great,  
 By violence and lies?
- 2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,  
 Before the evening fades,

So shall their glories vanish soon,  
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
And practise all that's good;  
So shall I dwell among the just,  
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,  
And cheerful wait his will;  
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet  
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,  
And make thy judgments known,  
Fair as the light of dawning day,  
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,  
And are the heirs of heaven;  
True riches, with abundant peace,  
To humble souls are given.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,  
Nor let your anger rise,  
Though Providence shall long delay  
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,  
And plot, and rage, and foam;  
The Lord derides them, for he sees  
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,  
Have bent the murderous bow,  
To slay the men that fear the Lord,  
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn  
Their persecuting darts,  
Shall their own swords against them turn,  
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

**37.** 2D PART. C. M.—*St. John's. Irish.*

Traits of Christian Character.

- W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay;  
The saint is merciful, and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives  
Amongst the sons of need;  
His memory to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His soul abhors discourse profane,  
To slander or defraud;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learned of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand  
Preserved from every snare;  
They shall possess the promised land,  
And dwell for ever there.

**37.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Oldham. St. David's.*

Christians the Objects of Divine Care.

- M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
Are ordered by thy will:  
Though they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.

- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,  
 Their portion and their home;  
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
 Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,  
 Nor fear when tyrants frown;  
 Ye shall confess their pride was vain  
 When justice casts them down.
- an* 5 The haughty sinner have I seen  
 Not fearing man nor God,  
 Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,  
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo, he vanished from the ground,  
 Destroyed by hands unseen;  
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found  
 Where all that pride had been.
- al* 7 But mark the man of holy fear,  
 How blest is his decease!  
 He spends his days in duty here,  
 And leaves the world in peace.

### 38. C. M.—*Burford. Walsal.*

The convicted Sinner confessing his Guilt.\*

- af* **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,  
 Restore thy servant, Lord,  
 Nor let a father's chastening prove  
 Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,  
 My flesh is sorely prest;  
 Between the sorrow and the smart  
 My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,  
 And o'er my head are gone;  
 Too heavy they for me to bear,  
 Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea  
 That sinks my comforts down;

And I go mourning all the day  
Beneath my father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,  
None of my powers are whole;  
The inward anguish makes me roar,  
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desires to thee are known,  
Thine eye counts every tear;  
And every sigh, and every groan  
Is noticed by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;  
My God will hear my cry,  
My God will bear my spirit up  
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice, whene'er I slide,  
To see my virtue fail;  
They raise their pleasure and their pride  
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

9 To thee will I confess my guilt,  
And thus will plead with thee;  
*di* "Was not the blood of Jesus spilt  
To set the sinner free?"

10 My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be for ever nigh;  
O Lord of my salvation, haste  
Before thy servant die.

**39.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Bedford. Marlow.*

Christian Circumspection and Zeal.

*m* **THUS** I resolved before the Lord,  
"Now will I watch my tongue,  
Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 Whene'er constrained a while to stay  
With men of lives profane,  
I'll set a double guard that day,  
Nor let my talk be vain.



3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
 The pious thoughts I feel,  
 Lest scoffers should occasion take  
 To mock my holy zeal.

*an* 4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,  
 I'll not be overawed;  
 But let the scoffing sinners hear  
 That I can speak for God.

**39.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Burstal. Funeral Thought.*

The Shortness and Frailty of Life

*di* **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time:  
 Man is but vanity and dust  
 In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move  
 Like shadows o'er the plain;  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
 Some dig for golden ore,  
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
 And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth and dust?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recall;  
 I give my mortal interest up,  
 And make my God my all.

**39.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Crowley. Bangor.*

Submission in Sickness.

- af* **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command;  
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word  
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead, with humble cries,  
Remove thy sharp rebukes:  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust;  
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,  
As all my fathers were;  
May I be well prepared to go,  
When I the summons hear!
- cr* 6 And if my life be spared a while  
Before my last remove,  
*f* Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

**40.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Rochester. Greensburg.*

Praise for Deliverance from Affliction.

- m* **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,  
He bowed to hear my cry;  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay,  
And from my bonds released my feet—  
Deep bonds of miry clay.

- al* 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.
- af* 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!  
We have not words, nor hours enough,  
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,  
And light and peace depart,  
*cr* My God beholds my heavy wo,  
*f* And bears me on his heart.

**40.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Clarendon.*

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

- m* **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,  
Give your burnt-offerings o'er,  
In dying goats and bullocks slain  
My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,  
My God, to do thy will;  
Whate'er thy sacred books declare  
Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,  
I keep it near my heart;  
Mine eyes are opened with delight  
To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
Th' eternal Son appears,  
And at th' appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares.

- 5 Much he revealed his Father's grace,  
And much his truth he showed,  
And preached the way of righteousness  
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touched his heart,  
He pitied sinners' cries,  
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.
- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed  
Could wash the conscience clean ;  
But the rich sacrifice he paid  
Atones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,  
And Satan's kingdom shook ;  
Thus by the woman's promised seed  
The serpent's head was broke.

**40.** 3D PART. L. M.—*German Air. Hamilton.*

Christ our Sacrifice.

- an*    **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought :  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- f*    2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;  
But thou hast set before our eyes  
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- al*    3 Lo ! thine eternal Son appears,  
To thy designs he bows his ears ;  
Assumes a body well prepared,  
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 " Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,  
With love and duty in his eyes ;  
" I come to bear the heavy load  
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,  
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,

I must fulfil the Saviour's part,  
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,  
And rebels to obedience draw,  
When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show  
What thou hast done, and what I do;  
The wondering world shall learn thy grace  
And all creation tune thy praise."

#### 41. L. M.—*Alfreton.*

The merciful Man.

*p* **B**LEST is the man whose heart can move,  
And melt with pity to the poor,  
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief  
More good than his own hands can do;  
He, in the time of general grief,  
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

*al* 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head,  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth  
Around him multiply their dead.

*p* 4 Or if he languish on his couch,  
*cr* God will pronounce his sins forgiven,  
Will save him with a healing touch,  
*f* Or take his willing soul to heaven.

#### 42. 1ST PART. C. M.—*Elgin. China.*

The Christian longing for a Revival.

*af* **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look;  
So pants the hunted hart to find  
And taste the cooling brook.

- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
And meet my God again?  
So long an absence from thy face  
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast;  
The foe insults without control,  
“And where’s your God at last?”
- 4 ’Tis with a mournful pleasure now  
I think on ancient days:  
Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sink down so far  
Beneath this heavy load?  
My spirit, why indulge despair,  
And sin against my God?
- f* 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
Can all thy woes remove;  
For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love.

**42.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Antwerp. Calvary*

Hope in Affliction.

- af* **MY** spirit sinks within me, Lord,  
But I will call thy name to mind,  
And times of past distress record,  
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise  
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;  
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,  
And rising waves roll o’er my head.
- an* 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,  
When I address his throne by day;  
Nor in the night his grace remove:  
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- af* 4 I’ll cast myself before his feet,  
And say, “My God, my heavenly Rock!”



Why doth thy love so long forget  
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low ;  
Why should my soul indulge her grief?

*al* Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ,  
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;  
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,  
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,  
My God, my most exceeding joy.

**43.** C. M.—*Barby: St. Stephen's.*

The Christian's Prayer, under Oppression.

*af* **JUDGE** me, O God, and plead my cause  
Against a sinful race ;  
From vile oppression and deceit  
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends ;  
And am I left to mourn ?  
'To sink in sorrows, and in vain  
Implore thy kind return ?

3 O send thy light to guide my feet,  
And bid thy truth appear ;  
Conduct me to thy holy hill,  
To taste thy mercies there.

*al* 4 Then to thy altar, O my God,  
My joyful feet shall rise,  
And my triumphant song shall praise  
The God that rules the skies.

*p* 5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,  
Nor yield to dark despair ;

*f* For I shall live to praise the Lord  
And bless his guardian care.

**44.** C. M.—*Buckingham. Crowley.*

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

*an* **LORD**, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of power and grace,

When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days.

2 They saw the beauteous churches rise,  
The spreading gospel run;  
While light and glory from the skies  
Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a cheerful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.

*f*  
*af* 4 But now our souls are seized with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,  
Nor falsely dealt with heaven;  
Nor have our steps declined the road  
Of duty thou hast given :

6 Though dragons all around us roar  
With their destructive breath,  
And thine own hand has bruised us sore,  
Hard by the gates of death,

7 We are exposed all day to die,  
As martyrs for thy name;  
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,  
And wait the kindling flame.

8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,  
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?  
Why should we seem like men abhorred,  
Or banished from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,  
And still neglect our cries?  
For ever hide thine heavenly love  
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,  
And dies upon the ground;

Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
And all their powers confound.

- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Saviour and our God;  
We plead the honours of thy name,  
The merits of thy blood.

**45.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. John's. Devizes.*

The Glory and Government of Christ.

- al* **I**'LL speak the honours of my King,  
His form divinely fair;  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace  
Upon thy lips is shed;  
Thy God, with blessings infinite,  
Hath crowned thy sacred head.
- f* 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,  
Ride with majestic sway;  
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,  
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice;  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

**45.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Pilesgrove. Antigua.*

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

- al* **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King,  
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair  
His form! how bright his beauties are!

- 2 O'er all the sons of human race  
 He shines with far superior grace;  
 Love from his lips divinely flows,  
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
 Gird on the terror of thy sword;  
 In majesty and glory ride,  
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;  
 Or words of mercy kind and sweet  
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;  
 Thy laws and works are just and right,  
 But grace and justice thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
 His oil of gladness on thy head;  
 And with his sacred Spirit blessed  
 His first-born Son above the rest.

**45.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Rothwell. Seasons.*

Christ and his Church.

- T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,  
 Adorned with majesty and grace!  
 He comes with blessings from above  
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold  
 The Queen, arrayed in purest gold;  
 The world admires her heavenly dress;  
 Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,  
 He calls and seats her near his throne;  
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
 The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
 In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;

- Let him be loved, and yet adored,  
 For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
 To his fair palace in the skies,  
 And all thy sons, (a numerous train,)  
 Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head;  
 Let every age his praises spread;  
 While we with cheerful songs approve  
 The condescension of his love.

**46.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Park-street. Ward.*

The Church's Safety in the midst of Danger.

- an* **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
 When storms of sharp distress invade;  
 Ere we can offer our complaints,  
 Behold him present with his aid.
- mæ* 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
 Down to the deep, and buried there,  
 Convulsions shake the solid world,  
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- p* 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
*m* In sacred peace our souls abide,  
 While every nation, every shore,  
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- dl* 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God!  
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine abode.
- an* 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
 Supports our faith, our fear controls;
- dl* Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threatening hour;  
*an* Nor can her firm foundation move,  
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

**46.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred. Meineke.*

God Fights for his Church.

*al* **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice, [rise;  
*mæ* Though tyrants rage and kingdoms  
 He utters his almighty voice,  
 The nations melt, the tumult dies

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,  
 And Jacob's God is still our aid;  
 Behold the works his hand has wrought,  
 What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,  
 He makes the noise of battle cease;  
 When from on high his thunder roars,  
 He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,  
 Chariots he burns with heavenly flame.  
*p* Let earth in silent wonder hear  
 The sound and glory of his name.

*p.p* 5 Be still, and learn that he is God:  
*f* He reigns exalted o'er the lands;  
 He will be known and feared abroad,  
 But still his throne in Zion stands.

*al* 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,  
 While we so near thy presence dwell,  
 Our faith shall sit secure and sing,  
 Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

**47.** C. M.—*Harleigh. Paradise.*

Christ ascending and reigning

*alf.* **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
 To God, the sovereign King!  
 Let every land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;  
 His heavenly guards around  
 Attend him rising through the sky,  
 With trumpets' joyful sound.



3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
 Let mortals learn their strains;  
 Let all the earth his honours sing,  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

*p* 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;  
 Let knowledge guide the song;  
*p.p* Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

*m* 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
 He loved that chosen race;  
*al.f* But now he calls the world his own,  
 And heathens taste his grace.

*an* 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,  
 There Abram's God is known;  
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and  
 swords,  
 Submit before his throne.

#### 48. 1ST PART. S. M.—*Music. Fairfield.*

The Church, a Nation's Safety and Honour.

*al* **G**REAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand!  
 The honours of our native place,  
 And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known  
 A refuge in distress:  
 How bright has his salvation shone:  
 How fair his heavenly grace!

*m* 4 When kings against her joined,  
 And saw the Lord was there,  
*f* In wild confusion of the mind  
 They fled with hasty fear.

- m* 5 When navies tall and proud  
 Attempt to spoil our peace,  
*f* He sends his tempest roaring loud,  
 And sinks them in the seas.
- al* 6 Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold,  
 Where his own flocks have been.
- 7 In every new distress  
 We'll to his house repair,  
 Recall to mind his wondrous grace,  
 And seek deliverance there.

**48.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Pentonville. Silver-street.*

Evangelical Worship and Order.

- al* **F**AR as thy name is known,  
 The world declares thy praise ;  
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
 Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy thy people stand  
 On Zion's chosen hill,  
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
 And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
 The city where we dwell,  
 Compass and view thy holy ground,  
 And mark the building well :
- 4 The orders of thy house,  
 The worship of thy court,  
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;  
 And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !  
 How glorious to behold !  
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
 And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
 Will guide us till we die ;

Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

**49.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's.*

The Vanity of Wealth.

*ad*

- W**HY doth the man of riches grow  
To insolence and pride,  
To see his wealth and honours flow  
With every rising tide?
- 2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,  
Made of the selfsame clay,  
And boast as though his flesh were born  
Of better dust than they?
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure  
His soul a short reprieve,  
Redeem from death one guilty hour,  
Or make his brother live.
- 4 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,  
The ransom is too high;  
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,  
That man may never die.
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,  
The timorous and the brave,  
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet, 'tis his inward thought and pride,  
"My house shall ever stand;  
And that my name may long abide,  
I'll give it to my land."
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,  
How soon his memory dies!  
His name is buried in the dust,  
Where his own body lies.
- 8 This is the folly of their way;  
And yet their sons, as vain,  
Approve the words their fathers say,  
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,  
 Though honour raise them high,  
 Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,  
 And like the beasts they die.

10 Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,  
 Death triumphs o'er them there,  
 Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,  
 And wakes them in despair.

**49.** 2D PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's. Bedford.*

Death and the Resurrection.

*aa* **Y**E sons of pride, that hate the just,  
 And trample on the poor,  
 When death has brought you down to dust,  
 Your pomp shall rise no more.

*an* 2 The last great day shall change the scene;  
 When will that hour appear?  
 When shall the just revive, and reign  
 O'er all that scorned them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,  
 Called from the world away,  
 And break the prison of the grave,  
 To raise my mouldering clay.

*f* 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,  
 'Th' inheritance is sure;  
 Let men of pride their rage resume,  
 But I'll repine no more.

**49.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Bath. Wells.*

The rich Sinner's Death.

*m* **W**HY do the proud insult the poor  
 And boast the large estates they have?  
 How vain are riches to secure  
 Their haughty owners from the grave!

*an* 2 They can't redeem an hour from death,  
 With all the wealth in which they trust;

Nor give a dying brother breath,  
When God commands him down to dust.

*do* 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade  
Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;  
That flesh, so delicately fed,  
Lies cold and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
And leaves his glories in the tomb :  
*al* The saints shall in the morning rise,  
And hear th' oppressor's awful doom.

*p* 5 His honours perish in the dust,  
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood ;  
*f* That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode ;  
My flesh and soul shall part no more,  
But dwell for ever near my God.

**50.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Warwick. Colchester.*

The last Judgment.

*an* **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
“ Judgment will ne'er begin ; ”  
No more abuse his long delay,  
To insolence and sin.

*mæ* 3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare his way,  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come,  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.

- dl* 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,  
 "That made their peace with God  
 By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
 And sealed it with his blood.
- cr* 6 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,  
 Shall make the world confess
- f* My sentence of reward is right,  
 And heaven adore my grace."

**50.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Liverpool. St. Martin's.*

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

- m* **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,  
 And flocks and herds are mine :  
 O'er all the cattle of the hills  
 I claim a right divine.
- 2 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
 Nor bullocks burnt with fire :  
 To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
 Is all that I require.
- an* 3 Invoke my name when trouble's near  
 My hand shall set thee free ;  
 Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
 The honour due to me.
- 4 The man that offers humble praise  
 Declares my glory best ;  
 And those that tread my holy ways  
 Shall my salvation taste."

**50.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Barby. Abridge.*

A Warning to Hypocrites.

- ad* **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,  
 And saints surround their Lord,  
 He calls the nations to attend,  
 And hear his awful word.



2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain  
Will I the world reprove;  
Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,  
Without the fire of love.

3 And what have hypocrites to do  
To bring their sacrifice?  
They call my statutes just and true,  
But deal in theft and lies.

4 Could you expect t' escape my sight  
And sin without control?  
But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
With anguish in your soul."

*an.p* 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,  
Before his wrath appear;  
If once you fall beneath his sword,  
There's no deliverer there.

**50.** 4TH PART. L. M.—*Hebron. Calvary.*

Hypocrisy Exposed.

*ad* **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,  
Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
Who place their hope in rites and forms,  
But make not faith and love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name  
With lips of falsehood and deceit;  
A friend or brother they defame,  
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,  
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;  
They take his covenant on their tongue,  
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,  
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;  
By night they practise every sin,  
By day their mouths draw near to God.

- 5 And while his judgments long delay,  
 They grow secure and sin the more;  
 They think he sleeps as well as they,  
 And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 Oh dreadful hour! when God draws near,  
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!  
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,  
 And no deliverer dare to rise.

**50.** 5TH PART. 4 10s and 2 11s.—*Walworth.*

The last Judgment.

- m* **T**HE God of glory sends his summons  
 forth,  
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north;  
 From east to west the sovereign orders spread,  
 Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.  
 The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven  
 rejoices;  
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful  
 voices.
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;  
 His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;  
 Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;  
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.  
 When God appears, all nature shall adore  
 him;  
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before  
 him.
- 3 "Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all  
 things come  
 To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;  
*p* But gather first my saints, (the Judge com-  
 mands,)  
 Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."  
*al.f* When Christ returns, wake every cheerful  
 passion;  
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your  
 salvation.

- an* 4 "Behold my covenant stands for ever good,  
Sealed by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,  
And signed with all their names, the Greek,  
the Jew,  
That paid the ancient worship or the new."  
*f* There's no distinction here; join all your  
voices,  
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven  
rejoices.
- dl* 5 "Here, (saith the Lord,) ye angels, spread  
their thrones,  
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;  
Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared  
Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."  
*al.f* When Christ returns, wake every cheerful  
passion;  
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your  
salvation.
- an.p* 6 "Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise,  
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;  
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works  
amend, [friend."  
Fly to the Saviour; make the Judge your  
*al.f* Then join the saints, wake every cheerful  
passion;  
When Christ returns, he comes for your  
salvation.

**51.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Windham. Armley.*

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- di* **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean :  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

51. 2D PART. L. M.—*Kingsbridge. Limehouse.*

*The Penitent's Confession and Plea.*

- f* **L**ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
The law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true ;  
O make me wise betimes to spy  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace ;  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
No hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,

- Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow;  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;  
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

**51.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Lockport. Limehouse.*

The Penitent's Prayer and Confession.

- di*     **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight;  
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy help and comfort still afford,  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.

*Alfreton.*

- al* 7 Then I will teach the world thy ways;  
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
 And they shall praise a pardoning God
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!  
 Salvation shall be all my song;  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

**51.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Bangor. St. Mary's.*

## The Penitent's Acknowledgments.

- af* **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
 And guilt before thine eyes;  
 Against thy laws, against thy grace,  
 How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Hadst thou condemned my soul to hell,  
 And crushed me to the dust,  
 Heaven had approved thy vengeance well,  
 And earth had owned it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,  
 Unholy and unclean;  
 All my original is shame,  
 And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
 Contagion with my breath;  
 And as my days advanced, I grew  
 A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul  
 With thy forgiving love;  
 O make my broken spirit whole,  
 And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,  
 Nor drive me from thy face;  
 Create anew my vicious heart,  
 And fill it with thy grace.



*al* 7 Then will I make thy mercy known  
 Before the sons of men ;  
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
 And turn to God again.

**51.** 5TH PART. C. M.—*Mear. China.*

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

*af* O GOD of mercy, hear my call,  
 My loads of guilt remove ;  
 Break down this separating wall  
 That bars me from my love.

*al* 2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;  
 Then my rejoicing tongue  
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
 And make thy praise my song.

*an* 3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain  
 For sin could e'er atone ;  
*f* The death of Christ shall still remain  
 Sufficient and alone.

*an* 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert  
 My God will ne'er despise ;  
 An humble groan, a broken heart,  
 Is our best sacrifice.

**52.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's.*

Haughty Sinners destroyed, and Saints blessed.

*af* WHY should the mighty make their  
 boast,  
 And heavenly grace despise ?  
 In their own arm they put their trust,  
 And fill their mouth with lies.

2 Our God in vengeance shall destroy,  
 And drive them from his face ;  
 No more shall they his church annoy,  
 Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultured olive grove,  
 Dressed in immortal green,  
 Thy children, blooming in thy love,  
 Amid thy courts are seen.

*al* 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,  
 Thy saints shall rest secure;  
 And all who trust thy holy word  
 Shall find salvation sure.

**52.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Luther's. Wells.*

The Tyrant's Doom.

*al* **W**HY should the haughty tyrant boast  
 His vengeful arm, his warlike host?  
 While blood defiles his cruel hand,  
 And desolation wastes the land.

2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,  
 The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh:  
 And when the wearied sword would spare  
 His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.

3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,  
 And arms with rage his impious tongue;  
 With pride proclaims his dreadful power,  
 And bids the trembling world adore.

4 But God beholds, and with a frown  
 Casts to the dust his honours down;  
 The righteous freed, their hopes recall,  
 And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

5 How low the proud transgressor lies,  
 Who dared th' eternal power despise!  
 And vainly deem'd, with envious joy,  
 His arm almighty to destroy.

*al* 6 We praise the Lord, who heard our cries  
 And sent salvation from the skies;  
 The saints who saw our mournful days  
 Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

**53.** C. M.—*Barby. Bedford.*

Deliverance from Persecutors.

*al* **A**RE all the foes of Zion fools,  
 Who thus destroy her saints?  
 Do they not know her Saviour rules,  
 And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise,  
 For God's avenging arm  
 Shall crush the hand that dares arise  
 To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast  
 Of armies in array;  
 When God on high dismays their host,  
 They fall an easy prey.

*di* 4 O for a word from Zion's King,  
 Her captives to restore!

*f* The joyful saints thy praise shall sing,  
 And Israel weep no more.

### 54. C. M.—*Walsal. Wantage.*

A Prayer when persecuted and oppressed.

*af* **B**EHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry  
 Before thy throne ascend;  
 Cast thou on us a pitying eye,  
 And still our lives defend.

2 For impious foes insult us round;  
 Oppressive, proud, and vain;  
 They cast thy temples to the ground,  
 And all our rights profane.

*Peterborough.*

*al* 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,  
 And in thy power rejoice;  
 Thine arms shall bring our foes to dust,  
 Thy praise inspire our voice.

*an* 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand  
 Upheld us in distress,  
 Extend thy truth through every land,  
 And still thy people bless.

### 55. 1ST PART. C. M.—*Buckingham. Crowley.*

The Christian's Complaint to God when under Oppression.

**O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,  
 Behold my flowing tears;

For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levelled at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,  
To shake my hope in God.

3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound!  
I groan with every breath;  
Horror and fear beset me round  
Amongst the shades of death.

4 O were I like a feathered dove,  
And innocence had wings,  
I'd fly, and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home,  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.

*Barby.*

an 6 By morning light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry:  
The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
Nor will he long deny.

7 God shall preserve my soul from fear,  
Or shield me when afraid;  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If he command their aid.

8 I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all;  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fall.

9 My highest hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread his praise;  
While cruel and deceitful men  
Scarce live out half their days.

**55.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Hallam. Thessalia.*

The happy Choice.

- m*     **L**ET sinners take their course,  
           And choose the road to death;  
*an*     But in the worship of my God  
           I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,  
       When morning brings the light;  
       I seek his blessing every noon,  
       And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
       O my eternal God !  
       While sinners perish in surprise,  
       Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
       And no sad changes feel,  
       They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
       Nor learn to do thy will.
- al* 5 But I, with all my cares,  
       Will lean upon the Lord ;  
       I'll cast my burdèn on his arm,  
       And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
       The children of his love ;  
       The ground on which their safety stands  
*f*     No earthly power can move.

**56.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Martin's. Jordan.*

God's Care of the Christian.

- af*     **O** THOU whose justice reigns on high,  
           And makes the oppressor cease,  
       Behold how envious sinners try  
       To vex and break my peace.
- 2 The sons of violence and lies  
       Join to devour me, Lord ;  
*an*     But as my hourly dangers rise,  
       My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just, and true,  
 I have reposed my trust,  
 Nor will I fear what flesh can do,  
 The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still  
 Charge me with unknown faults;  
 Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
 And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?  
 Must their devices stand?  
 O cast the haughty sinner down,  
 And let him know thy hand.

56. 2D PART. C. M.—*York. Bedford.*

Prayer answered.

**G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints,  
 Their groans affect his ears;  
 Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
 A bottle for my tears.

2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
 The wicked fear and flee:  
 So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
 So near is God to me.

3 In thee, most holy, just, and true,  
 I have reposed my trust;  
 Nor will I fear what man can do,  
 The offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
 Thou shalt receive my praise;  
 I'll sing how faithful is thy word,  
 How righteous all thy ways.

5 Thou hast secured my soul from death:  
 O set thy prisoner free,  
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
 May be employed for thee.



57. L. M.—*Gilgal. German Air.*

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

**M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

*an* 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform;  
He sends his angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

*al.f* 4 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

58. P. M.—*Bridgeport. Eutan.*

Warning to Magistrates.

*m* **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye despise the righteous cause?  
When vile oppression wastes the land,  
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
While gold and greatness bribe your  
hand?

- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,  
That God would judge the judges too?  
High in the heavens his justice reigns,  
Yet you invade the rights of God,  
And send your bold decrees abroad,  
To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A poisoned arrow is your tongue,  
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,  
And death attends where'er it wounds;  
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears;  
So the deaf adder stops her ears  
Against the power of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God;  
Those teeth of lions, dyed in blood;  
And crush the serpents in the dust:  
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,  
Before the sweeping tempest flies,  
So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;  
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
As hills of snow dissolve and run;  
Or snails that perish in their slime,  
Or births that come before their time,  
Vain births, that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
Safety and joy to saints afford;  
And all that hear shall join and say,  
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,  
A God that hears his children cry,  
And will their sufferings well repay."

**59.** S. M.—*Aylesbury*.

Prayer for Enemies.

**F**ROM foes that round us rise,  
O God of heaven, defend,  
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,  
And with thy saints contend.

2 Behold, from distant shores  
 And desert wilds they come,  
 Combine for blood their cruel force,  
 And through thy cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade  
 Their secret plots they lay,  
 Our peaceful walls by night invade,  
 And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,  
 Regardless of our pain,  
 Permit, secure, that impious race  
 To riot in their reign?

*an.f* 5 In vain their secret guile  
 Or open force they prove;  
 His eye can pierce the deepest veil,  
 His hand their strength remove.

*di* 6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,  
 Subdue them by thy word,  
 Confound their councils with thy breath,  
 But pardoning grace afford.

*al* 7 Then shall our grateful voice  
 Proclaim our guardian God,  
 The nations round the earth rejoice,  
 And sound thy praise abroad.

**60.** C. M.—*St. Ann's. China.*

For a Day of national Humiliation in Time of War.

*af* **L**ORD, thou hast scourged our guilty  
 land;

Behold thy people mourn;  
 Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?  
 Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye  
 Earth's haughty towers decay!  
 Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,  
 And mortals melt away.

- 3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,  
And dreads thy lifted hand :  
O heal the people thou hast broke,  
And save the sinking land.
- 4 Exalt thy banner in the field,  
For those that fear thy name ;  
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,  
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Attend our armies to the fight,  
And be their guardian God ;  
In vain shall numerous powers unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,  
Shall gain a glad renown :  
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,  
And treads the mighty down.

**61.** 1ST PART. S. M.—*Sutton. Thessalia.*

— The Christian's Safety in God.

- W**HEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

**61.** 2D PART. C. P. M.—*Columbia.*

The Christian's Trust in God.

- af* **L**ORD, hear my voice, my prayer attend,  
 From earth's far distant coast I bend,  
 With supplicating cry:  
 When the dark storm o'erwhelms my breast,  
 Then lead me on the rock to rest,  
 That's higher far than I!
- an* 2 Long has my soul thy shelter found,  
 And thee I boast when foes surround,  
 The tower of my defence;  
 Still in thy presence I'll abide,  
 Beneath thy wings securely hide,  
 And none shall pluck me thence.
- 3 Thou, gracious Lord, my vows didst hear,  
 And midst the men who own thy fear,  
 My heritage ordain:  
 Thine arm has raised my Saviour high,  
 Enthroned him King o'er earth and sky,  
 And bid his years remain.
- f* 4 Eternal shall his throne endure,  
 Mercy and truth his reign secure,  
 In the bright realms of day:  
 My God, my lips exalt thy name,  
 Salvation from thy grace I claim,  
 And daily vows repay.

**62.** L. M.—*Litchfield. Moreton.*

The Folly of trusting to other than God.

- an* **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;  
 My rock and refuge is his throne;  
 In all my fears, in all my straits,  
 My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
 Pour out your hearts before his face;  
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
- f* God is our all-sufficient aid.

- an 3 False are the men of high degree,  
 The baser sort are vanity;  
 Laid in a balance, both appear  
 Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
 Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;  
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
 And not believe what God has spoke.
- f 5 Once has his awful voice declared,  
 Once and again my ears have heard,  
 "All power is his eternal due;"  
 He must be feared and trusted too.
- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,  
 Grace is a partner of the throne;  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well divide our last reward.

**63.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Barby. Jordan.*

For Sabbath Morning.

- an **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
 I haste to seek thy face;  
 My thirsty spirit faints away,  
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
 Through all thy temple shine;  
 d My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
 That vision so divine.
- an 3 Not all the blessings of a feast  
 Can please my soul so well,  
 As when thy richer grace I taste,  
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
 Can my best passions move,  
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
 I'll bless my God and King



Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

**63.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Moreton. St. Peter's.*

Desires after God.

- di* **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am thine by sacred ties;  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight,  
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- f* 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And bless the remnant of my days.

**63.** 3D PART. S. M.—*Shirland.*

The same.

- af* **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
Thy mercy does implore:

Not travellers in desert lands  
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find my place,  
Thy power and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love  
No relish can afford ;

*f* No joy can be compared with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.

*m* 5 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
*f* And he supports my steps.

**64.** L. M.—*Kingsbridge. Armley.*

An Appeal to God against Persecutors.

*af* **G**REAT God, attend to my complaint,  
Nor let my drooping spirit faint ;  
When foes in secret spread the snare,  
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within  
From treacherous foes and deadly sin ;  
May envy, lust, and pride depart,  
And heavenly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy power display,  
And scatter far thy foes away ;  
While listening nations learn thy word,  
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

*f* 4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,  
And all that love thy name rejoice ;  
By faith approach thine awful throne,  
And plead the merits of thy Son.

**65.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Hebron. Portugal.*

Public Praise; Psalm for the Commencement of public Worship.

- m*     **T**HE praise of Zion waits for thee,  
           My God, and praise becomes thy house;  
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
 And there perform their public vows.
- p*     2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,  
           To save when humble sinners pray;  
*f*     All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
           And every yielding heart obey.
- p*     3 Against my will my sins prevail,  
*f*     But grace shall purge away the stain;  
           The blood of Christ will never fail  
           To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
           And give him kind access to thee;  
           Give him a place within thy house,  
           To taste thy love divinely free.
- 5 With dreadful glory God fulfils  
           What his afflicted saints request;  
           And with almighty wrath reveals  
           His love to give his churches rest.
- 6 Then shall the flocking nations run  
           To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;  
           The rising and the setting sun  
           Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

**65.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Winchester. Seasons.*

The Goodness of Providence.

- an*     **T**HE God of our salvation hears  
           The groans of Zion mixed with tears;  
           Yet when he comes with kind designs,  
           Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,  
           Far as the earth's remotest ends,  
           Where the Creator's name is known  
           By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood  
 Address their frightened souls to God,  
 When tempests rage and billows roar  
 At dreadful distance from the shore.

*mæ* 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;  
 He calms the raging crowd to peace,  
 When a tumultuous nation raves  
 Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

*p*  
*mæ* 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,  
 He settles in a peaceful form;  
 Mountains established by his hand  
 Firm on their old foundations stand.

*m* 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,  
 New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;  
 The heathen lands, with swift surprise,  
 From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

*dl* 7 At his command the morning ray  
 Smiles in the east, and leads the day;  
 He guides the sun's declining wheels  
 Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;  
 The evening and the morn rejoice  
 To see the earth made soft with showers,  
 Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers.

9 'Tis from his watery stores on high  
 He gives the thirsty ground supply;  
 He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
 Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,  
 Abundant fruit the valleys yield,  
 The valleys shout with cheerful voice,  
 And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,  
 Their lambs and larger cattle play;  
 The larger cattle and the lamb,  
 Each in his language speaks thy name.

*f* 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine,  
 O'er every field thy glories shine;  
 Through every month thy gifts appear:  
 Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

**65.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Peterborough. Rochester.*

Prayer answered by Judgments.

*al* **P**RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,  
 There shall our vows be paid;  
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,  
 All flesh shall seek thine aid.

*af* 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,  
*cr* But pardoning grace is thine,  
 And thou wilt grant us power and skill  
 To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose  
 To bring them near thy face,  
 Give them a dwelling in thy house,  
 To feast upon thy grace.

*an* 4 In answering what thy church requests,  
 Thy truth and terror shine,  
 And works of dreadful righteousness  
 Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see  
 The Lord is good and just;  
 And distant islands fly to thee,  
 And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,  
 When signs in heaven appear;  
 But they shall learn thy holy word,  
 And love as well as fear.

**65.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Arundel. Bridgeport.*

Praise for the Blessings of Rain.

*al* **'T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
 God of eternal power;  
 The sea grows calm at thy command,  
 And tempests cease to roar.

- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade  
 Successive comforts bring ;  
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,  
 Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;  
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,  
 The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,  
 Borne by the winds around,  
 With watery treasures well supply  
 The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
 And ranks of corn appear ;  
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

**65.** 5TH PART. C. M.—*Warwick. Alexandria.*

Spring ; a Psalm for the Husbandman.

- G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly King  
 Who makes the earth his care ;  
 Visits the pastures every spring,  
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,  
 Pour out at his command  
 Their watery blessings from the sky  
 To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field  
 Permit the corn to spring ;  
 The valleys rich provision yield,  
 And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side  
 Rejoice at falling showers,  
 The meadows dressed in beauteous pride,  
 Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The thirsty clods, refreshed with rain,  
 Promise a joyful crop ;



The parched grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.

*al* 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,  
How bounteous are thy ways!  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

**66.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Clarendon. Jordan.*

Divine Power and Goodness.

*al* SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
Sing with a joyful noise;  
With melody of sound record  
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that formed the sky,  
"How terrible art thou!  
Sinners before thy presence fly,  
Or at thy feet they bow."

3 Come, see the wonders of our God,  
How glorious are his ways;  
In Moses' hand he put the rod,  
And clave the frightened seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,  
While Israel passed the flood;  
There did the church begin their joy,  
And triumph in their God.

*ad.p* 5 He rules by his resistless might:  
Will rebel mortals dare  
Provoke the Eternal to the fight,  
And tempt that dreadful war?

*al.f* 6 O bless our God, and never cease;  
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;  
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
And guides our doubtful ways.

*an* 7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,  
To make our graces shine;  
So silver bears the burning coals,  
The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways  
 We march at thy command,  
 Led to possess the promised place,  
 By thine unerring hand.

**66.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Carr's Lane.*

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

*al* **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid  
 To that Almighty Power,  
 That heard the long requests I made  
 In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
 To make his mercies known;  
 Come ye that fear my God, and hear  
 The wonders he has done.

*p* 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
 I sought his heavenly aid;  
*f* He saved my sinking soul from hell,  
 And death's eternal shade.

*pa* 4 If sin lay covered in my heart,  
 While prayer employed my tongue;  
 The Lord had shown me no regard,  
 Nor I his praises sung.

*al.f* 5 But God (his name be ever blest)  
 Has set my spirit free;  
 Nor turned from him my poor request,  
 Nor turned his heart from me.

**67.** C. M.—*St. George's. Arlington.*

Prayer for the universal Reign of Christ.

*di* **S**HINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,  
 With beams of heavenly grace;  
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
 And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name from shore to shore  
 Sound all the earth abroad;  
 And distant nations know and love  
 Their Saviour and their God?

*al.f* 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice;  
Let every tongue exalt his praise,  
And every heart rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
That sits enthroned above,  
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,  
And bids them taste his love.

5 Earth shall obey his high command,  
And yield a full increase;  
Our God will crown his chosen land  
With fruitfulness and peace.

6 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here,  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

**68.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*New Sabbath. Brewer.*

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

*an* **L**ET God arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight;  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies  
Before the rising tempest flies.

*mæ* 2 He comes, arrayed in burning flames:  
Justice and vengeance are his names:

*p* Behold his fainting foes expire,  
Like melting wax before the fire.

*mæ* 3 He rides, and thunders through the sky,  
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:

*al* Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

*p* 4 The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;

*cr* In him the poor and helpless find  
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And prisoners see the light again:

- But rebels that dispute his will  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song :  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,  
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;  
How terrible is God in arms !  
In Israel are his mercies known,  
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest ;  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest :  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

**68.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Ellenthorpe. Hamilton.*

Christ's Ascension and the Spirit's Mission.

- L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;  
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounced his holy law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent his promised Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

**68.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Effingham. Alfreton.*

Praise for natural and spiritual Mercies.

**W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with heavenly food,

- Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death:  
Safety and health to God belong;  
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love;  
But the wide difference that remains,  
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord that bruised the serpent's head,  
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;  
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- f* 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth or deeper seas,  
And bring them to his courts above;  
There shall they taste his special love.

**69.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Bangor. Buckingham*  
The Sufferings of Christ.

- af* “**SAVE** me, O God, the swelling floods  
Break in upon my soul;  
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 “I cry till all my voice be gone,  
In tears I waste the day:  
My God, behold my longing eyes,  
And shorten thy delay.
- 3 “They hate my soul without a cause,  
And still their number grows  
More than the hairs around my head,  
And mighty are my foes.

4 "Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
That men could never pay,  
And gave those honours to thy law  
Which sinners took away."

*m* 5 Thus in the great Messiah's name  
The royal prophet mourns;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.

*al* 6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find  
Salvation in my name;  
*p* For I have borne their heavy load  
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

*af* 7 "Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,  
And sackcloth was my dress,  
While I procured, for naked souls,  
A robe of righteousness.

8 "Amongst my brethren and the Jews  
I like a stranger stood,  
And bore their vile reproach, to bring  
The Gentiles near to God.

9 "I came in sinful mortals' stead,  
To do my Father's will:  
Yet, when I cleansed my Father's house,  
They scandalized my zeal.

10 "My fastings and my holy groans  
Were made the drunkard's song;  
*an* But God, from his celestial throne,  
Heard my complaining tongue.

11 "He saved me from the dreadful deep,  
Where fears beset me round;  
He raised and fixed my sinking feet  
On well established ground.

12 "Twas in a most accepted hour  
My prayer arose on high,  
And for my sake my God shall hear  
The dying sinner's cry."



**69.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Walsal. Crowley.**The same.*

- af* **N**OW let our lips, with holy fear  
And mournful pleasure, sing  
The sufferings of our great High Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;  
How high the waters rise!  
While to his heavenly Father's ear  
He sends unceasing cries.
- 3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
Nor hide thy shining face;  
Why should thy favourite look like one  
Forsaken of thy grace!
- 4 "With rage they persecute the man  
That groans beneath thy wound,  
While for a sacrifice I pour  
My life upon the ground.
- 5 "They tread my honour to the dust,  
And laugh when I complain;  
Their sharp insulting slanders add  
Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 "All my reproach is known to thee,  
The scandal and the shame;  
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,  
And lies defiled my name.
- 7 "I looked for pity, but in vain;  
My kindred are my grief;  
I ask my friends for comfort round,  
But meet with no relief.
- 8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst,  
They give me gall for food;  
And sporting with my dying groans,  
They triumph in my blood.
- 9 "Shine into my afflicted soul,  
Let thy compassion save;  
And though my flesh sink down to death,  
Redeem it from the grave.

*al.f* 10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,  
 Shall reign in worlds unknown;  
 And thy salvation, O my God,  
 Shall seat me on thy throne."

**69.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Warwick. Oldham.*

God glorified, and Sinners saved.

*al* **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,  
 I bless my Saviour's name,  
 He bought salvation for the poor,  
 And bore the sinner's shame.

*cr* 2 His deep distress has raised us high,  
 His duty and his zeal

*f* Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,  
 And finished all thy will.

*m* 3 His dying groans, his living songs,  
 Shall better please my God,  
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,  
 And set their hearts at rest;  
 They by his death draw near to thee,  
 And live for ever blest.

*f* 5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high,  
 To God their voices raise,  
 While lands and seas assist the sky,  
 And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,  
 Thy Son shall bless her gates;  
 And glory purchased by his blood  
 For thine own Israel waits.

**69.** 4TH PART. L. M.—*Kingsbridge. Poland.*

The same.

*af* **D**EEP in our hearts let us record  
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;  
 Behold the rising billows roll  
 To overwhelm his holy soul.

- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,  
And all the sons of malice, join  
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;  
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord  
The honours of thy law restored ;  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.
- af* 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live :  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

**70.** L. M.—*Armley. Calvary.*

Prayer in Time of deep Declension.

- af* **O** THOU whose hand the kingdom sways,  
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,  
To help thy chosen sons appear,  
And show thy power and glory here !
- 2 While stupid mortals, sunk in sleep,  
Slide onward to the fiery deep,  
To sense, and sin, and madness given,  
Believe no hell, and wish no heaven ;
- 3 While fools deride, while foes oppress,  
And Zion mourns in deep distress ;  
Her friends withdraw, her foes grow bold,  
Truth fails, and love is waxen cold ;
- di* 4 O haste, with every gift inspired,  
With glory, truth, and grace attired,  
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn ;  
Thou Son, whom beams divine adorn !
- 5 Assert the honour of thy name ;  
O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame ;

Bid them beneath thy footstool lie,  
Nor let their souls for ever die.

6 Saints shall be glad before thy face,  
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;  
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,  
And yield her fruits of pure delight.

ai 7 O hither, then, thy footsteps bend;  
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;  
p Mild as the sabbath's cheerful ray,  
f Till life unfolds eternal day!

**71.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Rochester. Irish.*

— The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

di **MY** God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashioned by thy power,  
With all these limbs of mine;  
And from my mother's painful hour,  
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated every year;  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

an 5 Then in the history of my age,  
f When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in every page,  
In every line thy praise.

**71.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Broomsgrove. Clifton.*

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

al **MY** Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,

Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march, with courage, in thy strength,  
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King;  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God,  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And saved me by his blood.

*f* 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

**71.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Rochester. St. Ann's.*

*The aged Christian's Prayer.*

*di* **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declared thy heavenly truth,  
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God, my strength, depart?

- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim  
Before the rising age,  
And leave a savour of thy name  
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world thy love!
- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
Unsearchable thy deeds;  
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all my praise exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,  
And oft endured the grief;  
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,  
Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known  
Thy sovereign power to save;  
At thy command I venture down  
Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,  
My flesh shall be thy care;  
These withered limbs with thee I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair.

**72.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred. St. Peter's.*  
The Kingdom of Christ.

- an* **G**REAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heaven submits to his commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;



His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

*p* 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
*cr* Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

**72.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Kent. Litchfield.*

The same.

*an* **JESUS** shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the nations, with their kings;  
There Europe her best tribute brings;  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.

*cr* 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,  
And India shines in eastern gold,  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name

- dl* 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
*f* The joyful prisoner bursts his chains,  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- an* 7 Where he displays his healing power,  
 Death and the curse are known no more;  
 In him the tribes of Adam boast  
 More blessings than their father lost.
- f* 8 Let every creature rise, and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our King;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud amen.

**73.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Ann's. Dundee.*

The Christian's Portion.

- di* **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,  
 My help for ever near,  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up  
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
 Through life's dark wilderness;  
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me;  
 And whilst this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- m* 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint,
- f* God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of every saint.
- m.p* 5 Behold! the sinners that remove  
 Far from thy presence, die;  
 Not all the idol-gods they love  
 Can save them when they cry.
- an* 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
 Shall be my sweet employ;

*f* My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

**73.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Windham.*

The Prosperity of Sinners vain.

*af* **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the wicked placed on high,  
In pride and robes of honour shine!

2 But oh! their end, their dreadful end!  
Thy sanctuary taught me so:  
On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
And fiery billows roll below.

*an* 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
I'll never envy them again,  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
*ad* Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

*m* 4 Their fancied joys how fast they flee!  
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
Too dear to purchase with my blood;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God.

**73.** 3D PART. S. M.—*Aylesbury. Stoke.*

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

**S**URE there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain;  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools with scornful eyes  
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pampered with wanton ease,  
Their flesh looks full and fair,

Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains  
That pious souls endure,  
Through all their life oppression reigns,  
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme  
The everlasting God :  
Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
And spreads their lies abroad.

*af* 6 Then I, with flowing tears,  
Allowed my doubts to rise ;  
"Is there a God that sees or hears  
The things below the skies?"

7 The tumult of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense,  
Till to thy house my feet were brought  
To learn thy justice thence.

*an* 8 Thy word with light and power  
Did my mistake amend ;  
I viewed the sinner's life before,  
But here I learned his end.

*do* 9 On what a slippery steep  
The thoughtless wretches go !  
And oh ! that dreadful fiery deep  
That waits their fall below !

*af* 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine ;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my powers are thine.

**73.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's.*

The Contrast between the Saint's and Sinner's End.

*m* **N**O, I shall envy them no more  
Who grow profanely great,  
Though they increase their golden store,  
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
 Upon this earthly clod!  
 Well they may search the creature through,  
 For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,  
 And think your life your own:  
 But death comes hastening on to you,  
 To mow your glory down.

*do* 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head;  
 Away your spirit flies;  
 And no kind angel near your bed,  
 To bear it to the skies.

*m* 5 Go now and boast of all your stores,  
 And tell how bright they shine:  
*an* Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,  
*al* And my Redeemer's mine.

**74.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Crowley.*

The Church pleading with God in Time of Persecution.

*af* **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?  
 His wrath for ever smoke  
 Against the people of his love,  
 His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
 With their Redeemer's blood;  
 Nor let thy Zion be forgot,  
 Where once thy glory stood.

*al* 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,  
 Aloud our ruin calls;

*af* See what a wide and fearful waste  
 Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches prayed and sang,  
 Thy foes profanely rage;  
 Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,  
 And there their hosts engage.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!  
 They tear the buildings down,

And he that deals the heaviest stroke  
Procures the chief renown.

- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy  
Thy children in their rest;  
“Come, let us burn at once,” they cry,  
“The temple and the priest.”
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,  
Thy presence is withdrawn;  
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,  
Thy power and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,  
But all in silence mourn;  
Nor know the times of our relief,  
The hour of thy return.

**74.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Bangor. Wantage.*

The Church's Prayer in Time of gross Corruption.

- af* **H**OW long, eternal God, how long  
Shall men of pride blaspheme?  
Shall saints be made their endless song,  
And bear immortal shame?
- 2 Canst thou for ever sit and hear  
Thine holy name profaned?  
And still thy jealousy forbear,  
And still withhold thine hand?
- 3 What strange deliverance hast thou shown  
In ages long before?  
And now no other God we own,  
No other God adore.
- 4 Thou didst divide the raging sea  
By thy resistless might,  
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,  
And then secure their flight.
- 5 Is not the world of nature thine,  
The darkness and the day?  
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,  
And mark the sun his way?



- 6 Hath not thy power formed every coast,  
 And set the earth its bounds,  
 With summer's heat and winter's frost,  
 In their perpetual rounds.
- 7 And shall the sons of earth and dust  
 That sacred power blaspheme?  
 Will not thy hand that formed them first  
 Avenge thine injured name?
- 8 Think on the covenant thou hast made,  
 And all thy words of love ;  
 Nor let the birds of prey invade  
 And vex the trembling dove.
- 9 Our foes will triumph in our blood,  
 And make our hope their jest ;  
 Plead thine own cause, almighty God,  
 And give thy children rest.

**75.** L. M.—*Bath. Kent.*

Praise for Peace.

- al* **T**O thee, most high and holy God,  
 To thee our thankful hearts we raise ;  
 Thy works declare thy name abroad,  
 Thy wondrous works demand our praise.
- an* 2 To bondage doomed, thy chosen sons  
 Beheld their foes triumphant rise ;  
 And sore oppressed by earthly thrones,  
 They sought the Sovereign of the skies.
- f* 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power  
 Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,  
 To scourge their legions from the shore,  
 And save the remnant of thy race.
- 4 Thy hand that formed the restless main,  
 And reared the mountain's awful head,  
 Bade raging seas their course restrain,  
 And desert wilds receive their dead.
- m* 5 Such wonders never come by chance,  
 Nor can the winds such blessings blow ;

*f* 'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low.

*an* 6 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful head;  
But lay their impious thoughts aside,  
And own the empire God hath made.

**76.** C. M.—*St. Ann's. Bedford.*

Divine Vengeance.

*m* **I**N Judah, God of old was known;  
His name in Israel great;  
In Salem stood his holy throne,  
— And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,  
His dwelling there he chose;  
There he received their just complaints,  
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,  
And broke that threatening spear;  
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,  
And crushed th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,  
But mighty hills of prey?  
The hill on which Jehovah dwells  
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that stopped the breath  
Of captains and their bands;  
The men of might sleep fast in death,  
That quells their warlike hands.

*an.f* 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
Both horse and chariot fell:  
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?  
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight,  
When once thy wrath appears? [light,  
When heaven shines round with dreadful  
The earth adores and fears.

- m* 8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,  
Comes down to save th' opprest,  
*cr* The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.
- an* 9 Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring;  
Ye princes, fear his frown:  
His terrors shake the proudest king,  
And smite his armies down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke  
Our haughty foes shall feel;  
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,  
But dwells in Zion still.

**77.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Walsal.*

Hope prevailing over Despondency.

- af* **TO** God I cried with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear,  
In the sad hour when trouble rose,  
And filled my heart with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,  
My soul refused relief;  
I thought on God the just and wise,  
But thoughts increased my grief.
- 3 Still I complained, and still oppressed,  
My heart began to break;  
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,  
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew  
Till I could speak no more;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And called thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I called back years and ancient times  
When I beheld thy face;  
My spirit searched for secret crimes  
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I called thy mercies to my mind,  
Which I enjoyed before;

And will the Lord no more be kind ?

His face appear no more ?

7 Will he for ever cast me off ?

His promise ever fail ?

Has he forgot his tender love ?

Shall anger still prevail ?

*Barby.*

*an* 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,

This dark despairing frame,

Remembering what thy hand hath wrought ;

Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,

And talk thy wonders o'er,

Thy wonders of recovering grace,

When flesh could hope no more.

*al* 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;

And men that love thy word,

Have in thy sanctuary known

The councils of the Lord.

**77.**

2D PART. C. M.—*China.*

Comfort from past Experience.

*af* “**H**OW awful is thy chastening rod !”  
(May thine own children say,)

“The great, the wise, the dreadful God

How holy is his way !”

*an* 2 I'll meditate his works of old ;

The King that reigns above :

I'll hear his ancient wonders told,

And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Jacob lie

With Egypt's yoke opprest :

Long he delayed to hear their cry,

Nor gave his people rest.

4 Israel, his people and his sheep,

Must follow where he calls ;

He bids them venture through the deep,

And makes the waves their walls.

- p* 5 The waters saw thee, mighty God!  
The waters saw thee come;  
*ff* Backward they fled, and frightened stood,  
To make thine armies room.
- m* 6 Strange was thy journey through the sea,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;  
Terrors attend the wondrous way  
That brings thy mercies down.
- al* 7 He gave them water from the rock;  
And safe, by Moses' hands,  
Through a dry desert led his flock  
Home to the promised land.

**78.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Barby. Abridge.*

Religious Education.

- m* **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

**78.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Burford.*

Backslidings punished.

- m* **O** WHAT a stiff, rebellious house  
Was Jacob's ancient race!  
False to their own most solemn vows,  
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,  
And did his laws despise ;  
Forgot the works he wrought, to prove  
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,  
From his avenging hand :  
What dreadful tokens of his might  
Spread o'er the stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,  
And marched with safety through,  
With watery walls to guard their way,  
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar marked the road,  
Composed of shade and light ;  
By day it proved a sheltering cloud ;  
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied ;  
The gushing waters flowed,  
And ran in rivers by their side,  
Along the desert road.

7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high  
And dared distrust his hand ;

*an* "Can he with bread our host supply,  
Amidst this barren land ?"

*f* 8 The Lord with indignation heard,  
And caused his wrath to flame ;  
His terrors ever stand prepared  
To vindicate his name.

**78.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Armley.*

Backslidings forgiven.

*di* GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove  
By turns thine anger and thy love !  
There in a glass our hearts may see  
How fickle and how false they be.

*m* 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot  
The dreadful wonders God had wrought ;



Then they provoke him to his face,  
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,  
And made their travels long and vain;  
A tedious march through unknown ways,  
Wore out their strength, and spent their  
days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,  
They mourned, and sought the Lord again,  
Called him the Rock of their abode,  
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,  
As flattering words or solemn lies,  
While their rebellious tempers prove  
False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive  
The men who ne'er deserved to live;  
His anger oft away he turned,  
Or else with gentle flame it burned.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,  
He saw temptation still prevail;  
*cr* The God of Abram loved them still,  
And led them to his holy hill.

**79.** L. M.—*Poland. Windham.*

*Complaint of Distress in Time of War.*

*af* **B**EHOLD, O God, what cruel foes  
Thy peaceful heritage invade;  
Thy holy temple stands defiled,  
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drenched in blood,  
Thy people fallen in death remain;  
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour,  
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,  
Reproach thy children to their face;  
"Where is your God of boasted power,  
And where the promise of his grace?"

- di* 4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,  
O! hear the mourning captive's sigh,  
And let thy sovereign power relieve  
The trembling souls condemned to die.
- 5 Let those who dared insult thy reign,  
Return dismayed with endless shame;  
While heathen, who thy grace despise,  
Shall from thy justice learn thy name.
- al* 6 So shall thy children, freed from death,  
Eternal songs of honour raise,  
And every future age shall tell  
Thy sovereign power and pardoning grace.

**80.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Accomack.*

The Church in the Desert.

- af* **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now;  
Shine from on high, and guide us through;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
*an* We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
- af* 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,  
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
*f* We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

**80.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Limehouse.*

The Vineyard of God.

- m* **L**ORD, thou hast planted with thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands;  
Did not thy power defend it round,  
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

- 2 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit?  
*af* But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree!
- 3 Why is her beauty thus defaced?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And every beast devours the vine.
- di* 4 Return, almighty God, return;  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

**80.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Alfreton.*

Christ the Vine.

- an* **L**ORD, when thy vine in Canaan grew,  
Thou wast its strength and glory too;  
Attacked in vain by all its foes,  
Till the fair branch of promise rose.
- 2 Fair branch, ordained of old to shoot  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;  
Himself a noble vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the tree.
- f* 3 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand,  
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;  
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest  
With power and grace above the rest.
- af* 4 O! for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches lest they die;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
- f* We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

**81.** S. M.—*Cambridge. Eastburn.*

Divine Warnings.

- al.f* **S**ING to the Lord aloud,  
And make a joyful noise;  
God is our strength, our Saviour God;  
Let Israel hear his voice.

- an* 2 "From idols false and vain  
 Preserve my rites divine;  
 I am the Lord, who broke thy chain  
 Of bondage and of sin.
- 3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,  
 And I'll supply them well;  
*ad.f* But if ye will refuse your God,  
 If Israel will rebel;
- 4 "I'll leave them (saith the Lord)  
 To their own lusts a prey,  
 And let them run the dangerous road;  
 'Tis their own chosen way.
- af* 5 "Yet O that all my saints  
 Would hearken to my voice!  
 Soon I would ease their sore complaints,  
 And bid their hearts rejoice.
- al* 6 "While I destroy their foes,  
 I'll richly feed my flock;  
 And they shall taste the stream that flows  
 From their eternal Rock."

82. L. M.—*Bath. Wells.*

Magistrates warned.

- an* **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great  
 A greater Ruler takes his seat;  
 The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys  
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- ad* 2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?  
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause?  
 When will ye once defend the poor,  
 That foes may vex the saints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,  
 Dark are the ways in which they go;  
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,  
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- di* 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
 Possess his universal throne,

And rule the nations with his rod ;  
He is our Judge, and he our God.

**83.** S. M.—*Little Marlborough.*

Complaint against Persecutors.

- af* **A**ND will the God of grace  
Perpetual silence keep ?  
The God of justice hold his peace,  
And let his vengeance sleep ?
- 2 Behold what cruel snares  
The men of mischief spread ;  
The men that hate thy saints and thee,  
Lift up their threatening head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones,  
Their counsels they employ ;  
And malice, with her watchful eye,  
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 "Come, let us join (they cry)  
To root them from the ground,  
Till not the name of saints remain,  
Nor memory shall be found."
- di* 5 Awake, almighty God,  
And call thy power to mind ;  
Make them to bow before thy will,  
And let them pardon find.
- 6 Convince their madness, Lord,  
And make them seek thy name ;  
Or else their impious rage confound,  
And turn their pride to shame.
- al* 7 Then shall the nations know  
Thy glorious, dreadful word ;
- f* Jehovah is thy name alone,  
And thou the sovereign Lord.

**84.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Blendon. Hebron.*

A Psalm for the Commencement of public Worship.

- al* **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !

- p* With long desire my spirit faints,  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;  
My panting heart cries out for God ;
- af* My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- m* 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides her nest ;
- af* But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want ?
- m.f* 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne above the sky ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the saints who find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;
- f* There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- m.f* 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
- f* God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

84. 2D PART. L. M.—*Hamilton. Castle-street.*

Grace and Glory.

- an* **G**REAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth
- f* Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- p* 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,
- f* Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- al.f* 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
 God is our shield, he guards our way  
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
 From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
 And crown that grace with glory too ;  
 He gives us all things, and withholds  
 No real good from upright souls.
- p* 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
 And devils at thy presence flee ;
- f* Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

**84.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Arundel. Pennsylvania.*

God's Presence in his Churches.

- al* **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place  
 To which thy God resorts !  
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
 Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
 His saving power displays,  
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,  
 With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove  
 Descends, and fills the place ;  
 While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
 And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy works declare  
 The secrets of thy will ;  
 And still we seek thy mercies there,  
 And sing thy praises still.
- af* 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
 While far from thine abode ;  
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
 My Saviour and my God ?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
 And suffers no remove ;



- di* O make me, like the sparrows, blest,  
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a whole eternity  
Employed in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or dwell in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right hand  
I'd give them both away.

**84.** 4TH PART. H. M.—*Amherst.*

Longing for the House of God.

- p* **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples, are!
- f* To thine abode  
My heart aspires, with warm desires  
To see my God.
- m* 2 The sparrow for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest,  
And wandering swallows long  
To find their wonted rest;  
My spirit faints,  
With equal zeal, to rise and dwell  
Among thy saints.
- al* 3 O happy souls that pray,  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!
- f* They praise thee still;  
And happy they, that love the way  
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears ;  
*al.f* O glorious seat,  
 When God our King shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet!

*m* 5 To spend one sacred day  
 Where God and saints abide,  
 Affords diviner joy  
 Than thousand days beside ;  
*f* Where God resorts,  
 I love it more to keep the door,  
 Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,  
 Our light and our defence ;  
 With gifts his hands are filled ;  
 We draw our blessings thence ;  
 He shall bestow  
 On Jacob's race peculiar grace  
 And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves ;  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves ;  
 From pure and pious souls :  
 Thrice happy he,  
 O God of hosts, whose spirit trusts  
 Alone in thee.

**85.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Calvary. Armley.*

Praying in Faith for a Revival.

*m* **L**ORD, thou hast called thy grace to  
 mind,  
 Thou hast reversed our heavy doom  
 So God forgave when Israel sinned,  
 And brought his wandering captives home.  
 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,  
 And made thy fiercest wrath abate :

- di* Now let our hearts be turned to thee,  
And our salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,  
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- f*  
*an* 4 We wait to hear what God will say;  
He'll speak, and give his people peace;  
But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

**85.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Pilesgrove. Rothwell.*

Salvation by Christ.

- al* **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord,  
And grace descending from on high  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from  
heaven;  
By his obedience so complete,  
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heavenly influence bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God;  
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps and keep the road.

**86.** C. M.—*Dundee. Peterborough.*

A Song of Praise.

- m* **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,  
There's none hath power divine;  
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring  
 Their offerings round thy throne;  
*f* For thou alone dost wondrous things,  
 For thou art God alone.

*af* 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;  
 Teach me thy heavenly ways,  
 And all my wandering thoughts unite  
 In God my Father's praise.

*f* 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue  
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,  
 How by thy grace my sinking soul  
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

**87.** L. M.—*Effingham. Seasons.*  
 God's Delight in his Church.

*al* **G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
 Foundation for his heavenly praise;  
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house  
 That pay their night and morning vows;  
 But makes a more delightful stay  
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!  
 What wonders are of Zion told!  
 Thou city of our God below,  
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew.  
 Shall there begin their lives anew:  
 Angels and men shall join to sing  
 The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account  
 Of natives in his holy mount,  
 'Twill be an honour to appear  
 As one new born and nourished there.

**88.** 1ST PART. S. M.—*Little Marlborough. Egypt.*  
 Repentance induced by Sickness.

*af* **S**TRETCHED on the bed of grief,  
 In silence long I lay;

For sore disease and wasting pain  
Had worn my strength away.

2 How mourned my sinking soul,  
The sabbath's hours divine,  
The day of grace, that precious day,  
Consumed in sense and sin.

3 The work, the mighty work  
Of life so long delayed ;  
Repentance, yet to be begun,  
Upon a dying bed !

*an* 4 Then to the Lord I prayed,  
And raised a bitter cry :  
*af* "Hear me, O God, and save my soul,  
Lest I for ever die."

*St. Thomas.*

*an.f* 5 He heard my humble cry ;  
He saved my soul from death :  
To him I'll give my heart and hands,  
And consecrate my breath.

6 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis called to-day ;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.

**88.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Kingsbridge. Armley.*

Faith triumphing over Death, in the Prospect of the Resurrection.

*af* **S**HALL man, O God of light and life,  
For ever moulder in the grave ?

Canst thou forget thy glorious work,  
Thy promise, and thy power to save ?

2 Shall spring the faded world revive ?  
Shall waning moons their light return ?  
Again shall setting suns ascend,  
And the lost day anew be born ?

3 Shall life revisit dying worms,  
And spread the joyful insect's wing ?

And O, shall man awake no more,  
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

*New Sabbath.*

- al.f* 4 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears;  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness  
sprung,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praise and wonder rung.
- 5 Him, the first-fruits, his chosen sons  
Shall follow from the vanquished grave;  
He mounts his throne, the King of kings,  
His church to quicken, and to save.
- 6 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
Unfold, to make his children way;  
They shall be clothed with endless life,  
And shine in everlasting day.
- 7 The trump shall sound; the dust awake;  
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;  
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,  
And hail their Saviour and their King.

**88.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Limehouse. Armley.*

Improvement of the present Hour necessary.

- af* **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
But soon, ah soon! approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- an* 2 While God invites, how blessed the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
- m.f* "Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God he's found.
- af* 3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear, or save.
- 4 "In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;

No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

5 No wonders to the dead are shown,  
(The wonders of redeeming love ;)  
No voice his glorious truth makes known,  
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

*pp* 6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,  
In these forgetful realms appear ;  
*do* Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb  
And hope shall never enter there.

88. 4TH PART. L. P. M.—*Bridgeport. Granby.*

Loss of Friends, and Absence of Divine Grace.

*af* **O** GOD of my salvation, hear  
My nightly groan, my daily pray'r,  
That still employ my wasting breath ;  
My soul, declining to the grave,  
Implores thy sovereign power to save  
From dark despair and lasting death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,  
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,  
While dust and silence spread the gloom ;  
My friends beloved, in happier days,  
The dear companions of my ways,  
Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As lost in lonely grief I tread  
The mournful mansions of the dead,  
Or to some thronged assembly go ;  
Through all alike I rove alone,  
While, here forgotten, there unknown,  
The change renews my piercing wo.

4 And why will God neglect my call ?  
Or who shall profit by my fall,  
When life departs and love expires :  
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord ?  
Or wake or brighten at his word,  
And tune the harp with heavenly choirs ?



5 Yet through each melancholy day,  
 I've prayed to thee, and still will pray,  
 Imploring still thy kind return—  
 But oh! my friends, my comforts, fled,  
 And all my kindred of the dead  
 Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn

**89.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*German Air. Ellenthorpe*  
 Christ "the Covenant for the People."

*al* **F**OR ever shall my song record  
 The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
*f* Mercy and truth for ever stand,  
 Like heaven, established by his hand.  
*m* 2 Thus to his Son he sware and said,  
 " With thee my covenant first is made ;  
 In thee shall dying sinners live ;  
 Glory and grace are thine to give.  
 3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;  
 Thy children shall be ever blest ;  
 Thou art my chosen King, thy throne  
 Shall stand eternal like my own.  
 4 " There's none of all my sons above,  
 So much my image or my love ;  
 Celestial powers thy subjects are,  
 Then what can earth to thee compare ?  
 5 " David, my servant, whom I chose  
 To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
 And raised him to the Jewish throne,  
 Was but a shadow of my Son."  
*al.f* 6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing  
 Jesus her Saviour and her King ;  
 Angels his heavenly wonders show,  
 And saints declare his works below.

**89.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Dundee.*  
 The Faithfulness of God.

*al* **M**Y never-ceasing song shall show  
 The mercies of the Lord ;

And make succeeding ages know  
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce  
Shall firm as heaven endure ;

And if he speaks a promise once,  
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held  
The promised Jewish throne !  
But there's a nobler covenant sealed  
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess  
A throne above the skies ;  
The meanest subject of his grace  
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are sung by saints above ;  
And saints on earth their honours raise  
To thy unchanging love.

**89.** 3D PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Bedford.*

Reverence in Worship.

*ad.p* **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands devoutly hear,  
And tremble at his word.

*f* 2 How terrible thy glories rise !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power with thee that vies,  
Or truth compared with thine !

*an* 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at thy command.

*mæ* 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boisterous deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
*p* The rolling billows sleep.

*cr* 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell;  
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine,  
When Egypt durst rebel.

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace!  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face.

**89.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Arundel. Carr's-lane.*

The Blessedness of hearing the Gospel.

*al* **BLESSED** are the souls who hear and  
know

The gospel's joyful sound!  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Through their Redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
And fills their foes with shame.

*f* 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

**89.** 5TH PART. C. M.—*Barby. Abridge.*

The Kingdom of Christ.

*m* **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercies known;  
Sinners, behold, your help is laid  
On my almighty Son.

*al* 2 "High shall he reign on David's throne,  
My people's better King:  
My arms shall beat my rivals down,  
And still new subjects bring.

3 "My truth shall guard him in his way,  
With mercy by his side:

While in my name, o'er earth and sea,  
He shall in triumph ride.

4 "Me for his Father and his God  
He shall for ever own,  
Call me his rock, his high abode,  
And I'll support my Son.

5 "My first-born Son, arrayed in grace,  
At my right hand shall sit;  
Beneath him angels know their place,  
And monarchs at his feet.

6 My covenant stands for ever fast,  
My promises are strong;  
f Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,  
His seed endure as long."

**86.** 6TH PART. C. M.—*Rochester. St. David's.*

Divine Chastisement, or God's gracious and parental Discipline.

m "YET," saith the Lord, "if David's race,  
The children of my Son,  
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
And tempt mine anger down;

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,  
And make their follies smart;  
But I'll not cease to be their God,  
Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,  
But keep my grace in mind;  
And what eternal love hath spoke,  
Eternal truth shall bind.

f 4 "Once have I sworn (I need no more)  
And pledged my holiness,  
To seal the sacred promise sure  
To David and his race.

5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise  
And spread from sea to sea,  
Long as he travels round the skies  
To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night  
His kingdom shall endure,  
Till the fixed laws of shade and light  
Shall be observed no more."

**86.** 7TH PART. L. M.—*Armley. Limehouse.*

Human Mortality. A funeral Psalm.

*af* **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life, how short its date!  
Where is the man that draws his breath,  
Safe from disease, secure from death?  
2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,  
"Must death for ever rage and reign?  
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?  
3 "Where is thy promise to the just?  
Are not thy servants turned to dust?"  
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping dust arise.  
4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honour of thy word:  
*f* Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

**89.** 8TH PART. P. M.—*Bridgeport.*

Mortality and the Resurrection.

*di* **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,  
How few his hours, how short his span,  
Short from the cradle to the grave;  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or power to save?  
2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
"The race of man was only made  
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"  
Are not thy servants, day by day,  
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?  
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

*Martin's-lane.*

*m* 3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,  
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?  
*do* But flesh and sense indulge despair :  
*al.f* For ever blessed be the Lord,  
That faith can read his holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who gives his saints a long reward,  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;  
Let all below, and all above,  
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
*ff* And each repeat their loud Amen.

**90.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

Human Mortality and the Eternity of God.

*an* **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;  
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,  
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,  
Or dust was fashioned into man ;  
And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die  
Made up of guilt and vanity :  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,  
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”

4 A thousand of our years amount  
Scarce to a day in thine account ;  
Like yesterday's departed light,  
Or the last watch of ending night.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;  
An empty tale, a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set ;  
How short the time ! how frail the state !

And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But, oh! how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years!  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!  
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

*di* 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out the span,  
Till thine own grace, so rich, so free,  
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

**90.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Walsal. Wantage.*

The Frailty of Man and Eternity of God.

*m* **O**UR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
“Return, ye sons of men;”  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising dawn.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

*af* 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.



**90.** 3D PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Mear.*

The Frailty of Life and Preparation for Death.

- af* **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,  
 And justice grows severe,  
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
 And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;  
 By one offence to thee,  
 Adam with all his sons have lost  
 Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,  
 - A fable or a song;  
 By swift degrees our nature dies,  
 Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
 To threescore years and ten;  
 And all beyond that short account  
 Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- di* 5 Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
 And not thy wrath alone;  
 O let our sweet experience prove  
 The mercies of thy throne.
- 6 Our souls would learn the heavenly art  
 T' improve the hours we have,  
 That we may act the wiser part,  
 And live beyond the grave.

**90.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Dundee. Mear.*

Prayer for the Bliss of Heaven.

- af* **R**ETURN, O God of love, return;  
 Earth is a tiresome place:  
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
 Our absence from thy face?
- an* 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,  
 Let sin and sorrow cease;  
 And in proportion to our tears,  
 So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thy own work complete;

*f* Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
In all thy beauty, Lord;  
And the poor service we have done  
Meet a divine reward.

**90.** 5TH PART. S. M.—*Little Marlborough. Egypt.*

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

*af* **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame!  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
'That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay  
That built our body first!  
And every month, and every day,  
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,  
Our feeble powers decay:  
Swift as a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

*an* 4 Yet, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
*f* Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

**91.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Newry. Moreton.*

Safety in Times of public Distress.

*al* **H**E that hath made his refuge God  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.

- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power  
Shall be my fortress and my tower;  
I, that am formed of feeble dust,  
Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,  
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as the hen protects her brood  
From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,  
And endless life be their reward.
- m* 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire;  
*f* God is their life, his wings are spread,  
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- an* 6 If vapours, with malignant breath,  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
*f* Israel is safe; the poisoned air  
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.
- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,  
Around thy path ten thousand died,  
Thy God his chosen people saves  
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 The sword, the pestilence, or fire  
Shall but fulfil their best desire;  
*af* From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

**91.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Clarendon.*

Safety during the Prevalence of Pestilence.

- m* **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,  
Exposed to every snare,  
*al* Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,  
And try and trust his care.
- an* 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;  
Or if the plague come nigh,

- And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
*f* 'Twill raise the saints on high.
- al* 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
 Your feet in all their ways;  
 To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
 And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hand shall bear you, lest you fall  
 And dash against the stones;  
 Are they not servants at his call,  
 And sent to guard his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions you shall tread,  
 The tempter's wiles defeat;  
 He that hath bruised the serpent's head,  
 Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 "Because on me they set their love,  
 I'll save them," saith the Lord;  
 "I'll bear their joyful souls above  
 Destruction and the sword.
- 7 "My grace shall answer when they call,  
 In trouble I'll be nigh:  
 My power shall help them when they fall,  
 And raise them when they die.
- 8 "Those that on earth my name have known,  
 I'll honour them in heaven;  
*f* There my salvation shall be shown,  
 And endless life be given."

**92.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Hamilton. Antigua.*

A Psalm for the Sabbath.

- dl* **SWEET** is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

- al.f* 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- an* 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.
- al* 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- f* 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

**92.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Seasons. Effingham*

Growth in Grace.

- dl* **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thy hand;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thine influence from above;  
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,  
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;  
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show  
The Lord is holy, just, and true;

None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

**93.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Winchester. Litchfield*

God sovereign and eternal.

*mæ* **JEHOVAH** reigns; he dwells in light,  
Begirt with majesty and might:  
The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.

*an.f* 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies;  
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!

*dim* At thy rebuke the billows die.

*f* 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;  
Thy promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

**93.** 2D PART. 10s and 11s.—*Walworth.*

The same.

*mæ* **THE** Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on  
high;

His robes of state are strength and majesty:  
This wide creation rose at his command,  
Built by his word, established by his hand,  
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,  
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation

2 God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain  
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise  
And roar, and toss their waves against the  
skies;

Foaming at heaven they rage with wild  
commotion,  
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling  
ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still,  
And thou, mad world, submissive to his will;  
Built on his truth his church must ever stand:  
Firm are his promises and strong his hand;  
*p* See his own sons, when they appear before  
him,  
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

**93.** 3D PART. S. P. M.—*Dalston.*

*The same.*

*mæ* **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crowned;  
Arrayed in robes of light,  
Begirt with sovereign might,  
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands,  
And skies and stars obey thy word;  
Thy throne was fixed on high  
Ere stars adorned the sky;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

*an.f* 3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar;  
In vain with angry spite  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their power engage;  
Let swelling tides assault the sky;  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down;  
Thy throne for ever stands on high.



5 Thy promises are true,  
 Thy grace is ever new,  
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;  
*p* Thy saints with holy fear  
 Shall in thy courts appear,  
 And sing thine everlasting love.

**94.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Barby. St. Stephen's.*

Instructive Afflictions.

*ad.f* **O** GOD! to whom revenge belongs,  
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud;  
 Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,  
 Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;  
 When will the vain be wise?  
 Can he be deaf who formed their ears  
 Or blind, who made their eyes?"

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
 And they shall feel his power;  
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain  
 In some surprising hour.

*an* 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
 Thou hast a gentler rod;  
 Thy providence, thy sacred book  
 Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
 And to his duty draw;  
 Thy scourges make thy children wise  
 When they forget thy law.

*f* 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
 Nor his own promise break;  
 He pardons his inheritance,  
 For their Redeemer's sake.

**94.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Mear. China.*

Divine Protection and Aid.

*af* **W**HO will arise and plead my right  
 Against my numerous foes?

While earth and hell their force unite,  
And all my hopes oppose.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
Sustained my fainting head,  
My life had now in silence dwelt,  
My soul among the dead.

an 3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried;  
Thy promise bore me up;  
Thy grace stood constant by my side,  
And raised my sinking hope.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts  
Within my bosom roll,  
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

f 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,  
And frame pernicious laws;  
But God my refuge rules the skies,  
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,  
Let bold blasphemers scoff;  
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,  
And cut the sinners off.

**95.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Clarendon. Melody.*

A Psalm of Praise for the Commencement of public Worship.

al **SING** to the Lord Jehovah's name  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honour sing;  
f The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
ff The whole creation's King.

an 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high, and gods below,  
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.

*p* 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face ;  
O may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace !

6 Now is the time he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
*cr* Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,  
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

**95.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Music. Silver-street.*

The Guilt and Danger of Unbelief.

*al.f* **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his works, and not our own ;  
He formed us by his word.

*an* 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race :

*f* 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear,

“You that despise my promised rest,  
Shall have no portion there”

**95.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Litchfield. Moreton.*

The Danger and Doom of the Impenitent.

- al* **C**OME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise :  
*an* God is a sovereign King ; rehearse  
His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who framed our nature with his word :  
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our hardened hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew :
- p* 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,  
Tempted their Maker to his face ;  
A faithless, unbelieving brood,  
That tired the patience of their God.
- an* 5 Thus saith the Lord, “How false they prove !  
Forget my power, abuse my love ;  
Since they despise my rest, I swear  
Their feet shall never enter there.”
- p* 6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead ;  
Attend the offered grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- m* 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to Zion’s heavenly gates ;  
*cr* Believe, and take the promised rest ;  
*f* Obey, and be for ever blest.

**96.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Marlow. Broomsgrove.*

The joyful Reign of Christ.

- al* **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue ;

His new discovered grace demands  
A new and nobler song.

*al.f* 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,  
His glorious train display;  
Ye mountains, sink! ye valleys, rise!  
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless  
The nations as their God;  
To show the world his righteousness  
And send his truth abroad.

6 His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,  
And bid the world draw near;

*ad.p* But how will guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear!

**96.** 2D PART. P. M.—*New Court.*

The universal Prevalence of the Worship of God.

*al* **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;  
His glory let the heathen know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord,  
The wondering nations read thy word;  
But here Jehovah's name is known:  
Nor shall our worship e'er be paid  
To gods which mortal hands have made:  
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,  
 He made the shining worlds on high,  
 And reigns complete in glory there;  
 His beams are majesty and light;  
 His beauties how divinely bright!  
 His temple how divinely fair!

*f* 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving power,  
 And barbarous nations fear his name:  
 Then shall the race of men confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

**97.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Luther's. Meineke.*

The Reign of Christ.

*al.f* **H**E reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns!  
 Praise him in evangelic strains:  
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
 And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;  
 But grace and truth support his throne;  
 Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.

*mæ* 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,  
 Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs,  
 Before him burns devouring fire,  
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.

*an* 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day;  
*f* Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

**97.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Litchfield. Gilgal.*

Christ's Incarnation.

*an.f* **T**HE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim  
 His birth; the nations learn his name

An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound ;  
*al.f* But Zion shall his glories sing,  
And earth confess her sovereign King.

**97.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Winchester. Ellenthorpe.*

Grace and Glory.

*an.f* **TH'** Almighty reigns, exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

*p* 2 O ye that love his holy name,  
Hate every work of sin and shame ;  
*cr* He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.

*al* 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown,  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

**97.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Foundling. Jordan.*

The Incarnation of Christ and final Judgment.

*al.f* **LET** earth, with every isle and sea,  
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns :  
His word, like fire, prepares his way,  
And mountains melt to plains.



- p* 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,  
*cr* And makes the valleys rise ;  
*p* The humble soul enjoys his smiles,  
*dim* The haughty sinner dies.
- an* 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim ;  
 The idol-gods around  
 Fill their own worshippers with shame,  
 And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth  
 Make the Redeemer known ;  
 Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
 And angels guard his throne.
- mæ* 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
 And hills and seas retire ;  
 His children take their upward flight,  
 And leave the world on fire.
- al* 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown  
 For saints in darkness here,  
 Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,  
 And a rich harvest bear.

**98.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Peterborough. Oldham.*

Praise for the Gospel.

- al* **T**O our almighty Maker, God,  
 New honours be addressed ;  
 His great salvation shines abroad,  
 And makes the nations blest.
- 2 To Abrah'm first he spoke the word,  
 And taught his numerous race ;  
 The Gentiles own him sovereign Lord,  
 And learn to trust his grace.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim  
 With all her different tongues ;  
 And spread the honour of his name  
 In melody and songs.

**98.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Devizes. Jordan.*

Christ's Coming and Kingdom.

*al.f* **J**OY to the world, the Lord is come !  
 Let earth receive her King ;  
 Let every heart prepare him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !  
 Let men their songs employ ; [plains,  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground :  
 He comes to make his blessings flow,  
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

**99.** 1ST PART. S. M.—*Cambridge. Silver-street.*

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

*dl.f* **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,  
 Let all the nations fear ;  
*p* Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
 And saints be humble there.

*f* 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
 Let earth adore its Lord ;  
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,  
 His honours are divine ;  
 His church shall make his wonders known,  
 For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name !  
 How terrible his praise !  
 Justice, and truth, and judgment join  
 In all his works of grace.

**99.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Music. St. Thomas.*

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

*al.f* **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
 And worship at his feet ;  
 His nature is all holiness,  
 And mercy is his seat.

*m* 2 When Israel was his church,  
 When Aaron was his priest,  
 When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,  
 He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
 Nor would destroy their race ;  
 And oft he made his justice known,  
 When they abused his grace.

*f* 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
 Whose grace is still the same ;  
 Still he's a God of holiness,  
 And jealous for his name.

**100.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Meineke. German Air.*

Praise to God our Creator.

*al* **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice  
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King,  
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone  
 Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
 We are his work, and not our own ;  
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
 With praises to his courts repair ;  
 And make it your divine employ  
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

*p*  
*f* 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
 And the whole race of man shall find  
 His truth from age to age endure.

**100.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred.*

The same.

- an* **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- p* 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:  
 What lasting honours shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to thy name!
- f* 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise:  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- ff* 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
- dim* When rolling years shall cease to move.

**101.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Portugal. Ellenthorpe.*

Psalm for Magistrates.

- al* **M**ERCY and judgment are my song;  
 And since they both to thee belong,  
 My gracious God, my righteous King,  
 To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- an* 2 If I am raised to bear the sword,  
 I'll take my counsel from thy word;  
 Thy justice and thy heavenly grace  
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
 And let my God with me reside:  
 No wicked thing shall dwell with me,  
 Which may provoke thy jealousy.

- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,  
 Shall be companions of my life :  
 The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
 Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 I'll search the land, and raise the just  
 To posts of honour, wealth, and trust :  
 The men that work thy holy will,  
 Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
 By flattering or malicious lies ;  
 Nor, while the innocent I guard,  
 Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.

**101.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Howard's. Irish.*

Psalm for the Heads of Families.

- al* **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
 And pay my God my vows :  
 Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,  
 Teach me to rule my house.
- an* 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
 And make thy servant wise ;  
 I'll suffer nothing near me there  
 That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,  
 By falsehood or by force,  
 The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,  
 I'll banish from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
 And will their help enjoy ;  
 These are the friends that I shall trust,  
 The servants I'll employ.
- 5 I'll purge my family around,  
 And make the wicked flee ;  
 So shall my house be ever found  
 A dwelling fit for thee.

**102.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Bangor. Buckingham.*

A Prayer for the Afflicted.

- af* **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,  
But answer, lest I die :  
Hast thou not built a throne of grace  
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air ;  
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag like withering grass  
Burnt with excessive heat ;  
In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope  
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,  
Where beasts of midnight howl ;  
Where the sad raven finds her place  
And where the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,  
Dwell in my troubled breast ;  
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast ;  
My daily bread, like ashes, grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel thy frown ;  
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high  
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like withered leaves appear ;  
And life's declining light

Grows faint as evening shadows are,  
That vanish into night.

*Devizes.*

*al.f* 10 But thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,  
That long-expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,  
And by mysterious ways  
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,  
And fills their tongues with praise.

**102.** 2D PART. C.M.—*Pennsylvania. Broomsgrove*

*Signs and Proofs of a coming Revival.*

*al* **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice;  
Behold the promised hour:  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes t' exalt his power.

*m* 2 Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes;  
*cr* Those ruins shall be built again,  
*f* And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
*dim* And kings attend with fear.

*an* 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes;  
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death,  
And when his saints complain,



- f* It sha'n't be said, that praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain.
- m* 6 This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record ;
- f* That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust and praise the Lord.

**102.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Bath. Winchester.*

Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity.

- ad* **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;  
Disease and death, at his command,  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- af* 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon !
- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;
- m.f* "Our Father and our Saviour live :  
Christ is the same through every age."
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;  
Heaven is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heavens shall  
fade,  
And all be changed at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside :
- f* But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be raised again.

**103.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Uxbridge. Newry.*

Thanksgiving for Favours received.

- an* **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
 Let all the powers within me join  
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
 His favours claim the highest praise;  
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
 Be lost in silence and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
 To die for crimes which thou hast done:  
 He owns the ransom, and forgives  
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
 And cures the pains that nature feels;  
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
 Our wasting lives from threatening graves.
- 5 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;  
 His mercy crowns our growing years:  
 He fills our store with every good,  
 And feeds our souls with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,  
 And often gives the sufferers rest;  
 But will his justice more display  
 In the last great rewarding day.
- al* 7 His power he showed by Moses' hands,  
 And gave to Israel his commands;  
 But sent his truth and mercy down  
 To all the nations by his Son.
- f* 8 Let the whole earth his power confess,  
 Let the whole earth adore his grace;  
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
 In work and worship so divine.

**103.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Evening Hymn. Hamilton.*

The tender Mercies of God toward his People.

*al*     **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!  
How firm his truth! how large his  
                 grace!

He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.

*f*     2 Not half so high his power hath spread  
The starry heavens above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

*p*     3 Not half so far hath nature placed  
The rising morning from the west,  
*f*     As his forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those he loves.

*ad*    4 How slow his awful wrath to rise!  
*al*     On swifter wings salvation flies;  
*an*     And if he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

*af*    5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;  
His strokes are lighter than our sins;  
And while his rod corrects his saints,  
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,  
With gentle hands and melting eyes;  
The children weep beneath the smart,  
And move the pity of their heart.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,  
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,  
And will no heavy loads impose  
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,  
Blasted by every wind that flies;  
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,  
*dim*    Or morning flowers, that fade at noon.

*anf* 9 But his eternal love is sure  
 To all the saints, and shall endure :  
 From age to age his truth shall reign,  
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

**103.** 3D PART. S. M.—*Silver-street. Margate.*

A Psalm of Praise.

*al* **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul;  
 Let all within me join,  
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
 Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
 Nor let his mercies lie  
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
*dim* And without praises die.

*al* 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
 When ransomed from the grave;  
 He that redeemed my soul from hell  
 Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;  
 He gives the sufferers rest;  
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
 And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
 He made by Moses known;  
 But sent the world his truth and grace  
 By his beloved Son.

**103.** 4TH PART. S. M.—*St. Thomas. Hallam.*

The same.

*al* **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great;

Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

*af* 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

*m* 3 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
*cr* So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

*an* 4 His power subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

*af* 5 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath ;

*an.f* His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.

*af* 7 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower :  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;

*an.f* And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

**103.** 5TH PART. S. M.—*Pentonville. Shirland.*

God's universal Reign.

*al* **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,  
Hath fixed his throne on high ;  
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.

- an* 2 Ye angels great in might,  
 And swift to do his will,  
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait  
 The orders of their King,  
 And guard his churches when they pray,  
 Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wondrous works  
 Through his vast kingdom show  
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,  
 Shalt sing his praises too.

**104.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Broadmead. Litchfield.*

The Glory of God in Creation.

- an.f* **MY** soul, thy great Creator praise;  
 When clothed in his celestial rays,  
 He in full majesty appears,  
 And like a robe his glory wears.
- ff* "Great is the Lord! what tongue can  
 frame  
 An equal honour to his name?"
- an.f* 2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;  
 Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed;  
 Clouds are his chariot, when he flies  
 On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
 His ministers, are flaming fires;  
 And swift as thought their armies move,  
 To bear his vengeance or his love.
- mæ* 4 The world's foundation by his hand  
 Is laid, and shall for ever stand:  
 He binds the ocean in his chain,  
 Lest it should drown the earth again.
- m* 5 When earth was covered with the flood,  
 Which high above the mountain stood,

- mæ* He thundered, and the ocean fled,  
 Confined to its appointed bed.
- an* 6 The swelling billows know their bound,  
 And in their channels take their round;  
 Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,  
 They spring on hills and drench the plains
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,  
 And cheer the valleys as they go;  
 There gentle herds their thirst allay,  
 And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink  
 The lark and linnet light to drink;  
 Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
 And chide our silence in his praise.

**104.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Seasons. Rothwell.*

A Psalm of Praise for the Fruits of the Earth.

- al.p* **G**OD, from his cloudy cistern, pours  
 On the parched earth enriching showers,  
 The grove, the garden, and the field,  
 A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 2 He makes the grassy food arise,  
 And gives the cattle large supplies;  
 With herbs for men of various power,  
 To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 3 What noble fruit the vines produce!  
 The olive yields a pleasing juice;  
 Our hearts are cheered with generous wine:  
 His gifts proclaim his love divine.
- 4 His bounteous hands our table spread,  
 He fills our cheerful stores with bread;  
 While food our vital strength imparts,  
 Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

**104.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Litchfield. St. Peter's.*

The Goodness of Providence.

- an* **B**EHOLD, the stately cedars stand,  
 Raised by the great Creator's hand;



Birds to the bows for shelter fly,  
And build their nests secure on high.

2 To craggy hills ascends the goat;  
And at the airy mountain's foot  
The feebler creatures make their cell:  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

3 He sets the sun his circling race,  
Appoints the moon to change her face;  
And when thick darkness veils the day  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

*f* 4 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;  
*m* But when the morning beams arise,  
The savage beast to covert flies.

5 Then man to daily labour goes;  
The night was made for his repose:  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

6 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!  
While every land thy riches fill;  
*al.f* Thy wisdom round the world we see;  
This spacious earth is full of thee.

7 Nor less thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep,  
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,  
Still wandering in the paths below.

8 There ships divide their watery way,  
And shoals of scaly monsters play;  
There dwells the huge Leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.

**104.** 4TH PART. L. M.—*Winchester. Alfreton.*

Divine Care for the Creature's Happiness.

*mæ* **V**AST are thy works, almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word;  
And the whole race of creatures stand  
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

- an.p* 2 But when thy face is hid they mourn,  
And, dying, to their dust return;  
Both man and beast their souls resign;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- al.f* 3 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 4 His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honoured with his own delight;  
*di* How awful are his glorious ways!  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- mæ* 5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;  
*an* Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.
- al* 6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expires in endless joy.
- an* 7 While haughty sinners die accurst,  
Their glories buried with their dust,  
*al* I to my God, my heavenly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

**105.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Arlington. Carr's-lane.*

God's Care of his Anointed.

- al* **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,  
And tell the world his grace;  
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,  
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His covenant, which he kept in mind  
For numerous ages past,  
To numerous ages yet behind  
In equal force shall last.

- 3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,  
And made the blessing sure :  
Gentiles the ancient promise read,  
And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"  
Said the Almighty voice ;  
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,  
The type of heavenly joys."
- af 5 How large the grant ! how rich the grace !  
To give them Canaan's land,  
When they were strangers in the place.  
A small and feeble band !
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round  
Securely they removed ;  
And haughty kings that on them frowned,  
Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm  
Shall soon avenge the wrong ;  
The man that does my prophets harm  
Shall know their God is strong."
- f 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear ;  
Israel must live through every age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

**105.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Canterbury. Irish.*

The Judgments of God upon his Church's Enemies.

- m **WHEN** Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,  
And thus provoke their God,  
Moses was sent, at their complaints,  
Armed with his dreadful rod.
- 2 He calls for darkness ; darkness came,  
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;  
He turned each lake and every stream  
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 3 He gave the sign, and noisome flies  
Through the whole country spread ;

And frogs in baleful armies rise  
About the monarch's bed.

4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,  
The tenfold vengeance flew;  
Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,  
And hail their cattle slew.

5 Then by an angel's midnight stroke  
The flower of Egypt died;  
The strength of every house was broke,  
Their glory and their pride.

*cr* 6 Now let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear;  
*f* Israel must live through every age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

**105.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Arundel. Barby.*

The Church provided for and protected by God.

*m* **J**EHOVAH'S tribes, from bondage freed,  
Soon left the hated ground;  
Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,  
And none were feeble found.

*f* 2 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And marked their journeys right;  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

3 They thirst, and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow;  
And following still the course they took,  
Ran all the desert through.

*dl* 4 O wondrous stream! O blessed type  
Of overflowing grace!  
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,  
And aids our wandering race.

*m* 5 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,  
The chosen tribes possessed  
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,  
And there enjoyed their rest.

*f* 6 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
 The church renounce her fear;  
 Israel must live through every age,  
 And be th' Almighty's care.

**106.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Pilesgrave. Hebron.*

Praise for Divine Love.

*al* **T**O God the great, the ever blest,  
 Let songs of honour be addressed;  
 His mercy firm for ever stands;  
 Give him the thanks his love demands.

*di* 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?  
 Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?  
 Blest are the souls that fear thee still,  
 And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did  
 For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;  
 And with the same salvation bless  
 The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
 And aid their triumphs with my voice:  
 This is my glory, Lord, to be  
 Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

**106.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Watchman. Fairfield.*

Israel punished and pardoned.

*an.p* **G**OD of eternal love,  
 How fickle are our ways;  
 And yet how oft did Israel prove  
 Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,  
 And then thy praise they sung;  
 But soon thy works of power forgot,  
 And murmured with their tongue

3 Now they believe his word,  
 While rocks with rivers flow!

Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,  
And he reduced them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,  
He hearkened to their groans,  
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,  
And called them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,  
He saved them from their foes ;  
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook  
The people that he chose.

*al* 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,  
Who loved their ancient race ;  
*f* And Christians join the solemn word,  
*Amen*, to all the praise.

**107.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Effingham. Seasons.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

*al* **G**IVE thanks to God, he reigns above ;  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love ;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of his grace record ;  
Israel, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescued from their mighty foes.

*an* 3 When God's own arm their fetters broke,  
And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,  
They traced the desert, wandering round  
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,  
Nor city for their fixed abode ;  
Nor food nor fountain to assuage  
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.

5 In their distress to God they cried ;  
God was their Saviour and their guide ;



He led their wandering march around,  
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus, when our first release we gain,  
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,  
We have this desert world to pass,  
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;  
He guards us with a powerful hand,  
And brings us to the heavenly land

*f* 8 O let the saints with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord!  
How great his works! how kind his ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

**107.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Nazareth. Alfreton.*

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

*al* **FROM** age to age exalt his name,  
God and his grace are still the same;  
He fills the hungry soul with food,  
And feeds the poor with every good.

*an* 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise  
Against the God who rules the skies;  
If they reject his heavenly word,  
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
And no deliverer shall be found;  
*do* Laden with grief they waste their breath  
In darkness and the shades of death.

*an* 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
*cr* He makes the dawning light arise,  
*al* And scatters all that dismal shade  
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,  
And lets the smiling prisoners through;  
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.



6 O may the sons of men record  
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!  
*f* How great his works! how kind his ways!  
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

**107.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Pilesgrave. Litchfield.*

Deliverance from Storm and Shipwreck.

*m* **WOULD** you behold the works of God,  
 His wonders in the world abroad,  
 With the bold mariners survey  
 The unknown regions of the sea!

2 They leave their native shores behind,  
 And seize the favour of the wind:  
 Till God command and tempests rise,  
 That heave the ocean to the skies.

*cr* 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,  
*dim* Now sink to dreadful deeps again;  
*an.p* What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
 And like a staggering drunkard, reel!

*m* 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
 Lost to all hope, to God they cry;  
*al* His mercy hears their loud address,  
 And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
*p* And stormy tempests cease to rage;  
 The gladsome train their fears give o'er,  
 And hail with joy their native shore.

*an.f* 6 O may the sons of men record  
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!  
 Let them their private offerings bring,  
 And in the church his glory sing.

**107.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Warwick.*

The Mariner's Psalm.

*an* **THY** works of glory, mighty Lord,  
 That rule the boisterous sea,  
 The sons of courage shall record,  
 Who tempt the dangerous way.

- cr* 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the towering waves!  
The men, astonished, mount the skies,  
*dim* And sink in gaping graves.
- m* 3 Again they climb the watery hills,  
And plunge in deeps again;  
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,  
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,  
They pant with fluttering breath;  
And, hopeless of the distant shore,  
Expect immediate death.
- cr* 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;  
He hears the loud request,  
*p* And orders silence through the skies,  
And lays the floods to rest.
- al* 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
And see the storm allayed:  
Now to their eyes the port appears;  
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;  
Let stupid mortals know,  
That waves are under his command,  
And all the winds that blow.
- an.f* 8 O that the sons of men would praise  
The goodness of the Lord!  
And those that see thy wondrous ways,  
Thy wondrous love record.

**108.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Warwick. Howard's.*

A Psalm of Praise.

- al* **A**WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,  
Awake my harp to sing;  
Join all my powers the song to raise,  
And morning incense bring.
- 2 Among the people of his care  
And through the nations round,

Glad songs of praise will I prepare,  
And there his name resound.

- f* 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the starry train;  
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,  
And teach the world thy reign.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,  
And throng thy courts above;  
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,  
And taste redeeming love.

**108.** 2D PART. L. M.—*German Air. Hamilton.*

Praise to God in View of his Sway.

- al.f* **A** GAIN, my tongue, thy silence break,  
My heart, and all my powers, awake;  
My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.
- 2 Ye saints, rejoice; ye nations, hear;  
While I your Maker's praise declare:  
High o'er the clouds his truth ascends;  
Through earth, through heaven, his grace  
extends.
- 3 O'er heaven exalted is his throne;  
In every world his glory shown;  
The church he loves his hand shall save  
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.
- 4 Ye kingdoms, hear his awful voice!  
"In Zion shall my heart rejoice;  
This hand shall all her foes dismay,  
And make their scattered strength a prey.
- 5 "Mine are the sons of Zion, mine  
Their glory, grace, and truth divine;  
My sceptre shines in Judah's hands,  
And still my strength in Ephraim stands.
- 6 "My foes to ruin shall be driven,  
The shame of earth, the scorn of heaven;

*dim* Their eyes shall see my church prevail;  
 Their strength shall shrink, their courage  
 fail."

*af* 7 O Thou, beneath whose sovereign sway  
 Nations, and worlds, in dust decay,  
 Though thy sweet smile has been withdrawn,  
 Thine aid denied, thy presence gone :

8 Yet wilt thou still with love return ;  
 With duty teach our hearts to burn ;  
 Our dying graces, Lord, revive,  
 And bid thy fainting children live.

9 Save us from sin, and fear, and wo,  
 From every snare, and every foe ;  
 And help us boldly to contend,  
 Falsehood resist, and truth defend.

### 109. C. M.—*Rochester. Bedford.*

Love to Enemies, or the Example of Christ.

*al* **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,  
 Thy glory is my song ;  
 Though sinners speak against thy grace  
 With a blaspheming tongue.

*m* 2 When in the form of mortal man  
 Thy Son on earth was found ;

*af* With cruel slanders false and vain  
 They compassed him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,  
 Their peace he still pursued ;  
 They render hatred for his love,  
 And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause,  
 Yet with his dying breath  
 He prayed for murderers on his cross,  
 And blessed his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
 In vain before my eyes?

Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love mine enemies.

*an.f* 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,  
And in my Saviour's name  
I shall defeat their pride and rage,  
Who slander and condemn.

**110.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Antigua. Hamilton.*

The Power and Grace of Christ.

*m* **THUS** God th' eternal Father spake  
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit  
At my right hand, till I shall make  
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;  
Thy word, the sceptre, in thy hand,  
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
And bow their wills to thy command.

*al.f* 3 "That day shall show thy power is great,  
When saints shall flock with willing  
minds,  
And sinners crowd thy temple gate  
Where holiness in beauty shines."

*ff* 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!  
What a large victory shall ensue!  
And converts, who thy grace obey,  
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

**110.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Arundel. Swannick.*

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

*al.f* **JESUS**, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near thy Father sit;  
In Zion shall thy power be known,  
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The numerous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore;  
“Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
When Aaron’s is no more.

4 “Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,  
That king of high degree,  
That holy man, who Abram blest,  
Was but a type of thee.”

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives  
To plead for us above;  
Jesus our King for ever gives  
The blessings of his love.

*f* 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,  
And his high throne maintain;  
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,  
Who dare oppose his reign.

**111.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Arlington.*

Praise to God in View of the Wisdom of his Works.

*al.f* **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my Almighty God:  
He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hands have  
wrought!

How glorious in our sight!  
And men in every age have sought  
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beautiful nature’s frame;  
How wise th’ eternal Mind!  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,  
He fixed his covenant sure:  
The orders that his lips pronounce  
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim;  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,  
 Is our divinest skill;  
 And he's the wisest of our race  
 That best obeys thy will.

**111.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Broomsgrove. Colchester.*

The Greatness of the Divine Mercy and Faithfulness.

*al* **G**REAT is the Lord; his works of might  
 Demand our noblest songs;  
 Let his assembled saints unite  
 Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
 He gives his children food;  
 And, ever mindful of his word,  
 He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
 To seal his covenant sure;  
 Holy and reverend is his name,  
 His ways are just and pure.

*an* 4 They that would grow divinely wise  
 Must with his fear begin;  
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
 In hating every sin.

**112.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Effingham. Seasons.*

Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

*al* **T**HRICE happy man who fears the Lord  
 Loves his commands, and trusts his  
 word:

Honour and peace his days attend,  
 And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,  
 To works of mercy still inclined:



He lends the poor some present aid,  
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,  
That fill his neighbours round with dread,  
His heart is armed against the fear;  
For God with all his power is there.

4 His spirit, fixed upon the Lord,  
Draws heavenly courage from his word;  
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,  
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,  
His works are still before his God;  
His name on earth shall long remain,  
While envious sinners rage in vain.

**112.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Abridge. Warwick.*

Liberality rewarded.

**H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,  
And follows his commands,  
Who lends the poor without reward,  
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need;  
So God shall answer his request  
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise  
His well established mind;  
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,  
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress  
Some beams of light shall shine,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love  
Remain before the Lord;  
Honour on earth, and joys above,  
Shall be his sure reward.

**113.** 1ST PART. P. M.—*Martin's-lane. Newcourt.*

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- al*    **YE** that delight to serve the Lord,  
           The honours of his name record,  
           His sacred name for ever bless :  
           Where'er the circling sun displays  
           His rising beams or setting rays,  
           Let lands and seas his power confess.
- an*    2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
           Can give his vast dominion bounds ;  
           The heavens are far below his height ;  
           Let no created greatness dare  
           With our eternal God compare,  
           Armed with his uncreated might.
- p*     3 He bows his glorious head to view  
           What the bright hosts of angels do,  
           And bends his care to mortal things :
- f*     His sovereign hand exalts the poor,  
           He takes the needy from the door,  
           And seats them on the thrones of kings.
- m*    4 When childless families despair,  
*cr*    He sends the blessing of an heir  
           To rescue their expiring name ;
- f*     The mother, with a thankful voice,  
           Proclaims his praises and her joys :
- ff*    Let every age advance his fame.

**113.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Brewer. Stonefield.*

God sovereign and gracious.

- al*    **YE** servants of th' Almighty King,  
           In every age his praises sing :  
           Where'er the sun shall rise or set.  
           The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky.  
           His throne of glory stands on high  
           Nor time nor place his power restrain,  
           Nor bound his universal reign.

- an* 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,  
Or angels with their God compare?  
His glories, how divinely bright,  
Who dwells in uncreated light!
- p* 4 Behold his love! he stoops to view  
What saints above and angels do;  
And condescends yet more to know  
The mean affairs of men below.
- m* 5 From dust and cottages obscure  
*cr* His grace exalts the humble poor!  
Gives them the honour of his sons,  
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.
- al* 6 A word of his creating voice  
Can make the barren house rejoice:  
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,  
The promised seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,  
And tells the wonders God has done,  
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;  
If nature fails, the promise bears.

**114.** L. M.—*Antigua. Jarman.*

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

- m* **WHEN** Israel, freed from Pharaoh's  
hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
*al* The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- m* 2 Across the deep their journey lay;  
*mæ* The deep divides to make them way;  
Jordan beheld their march, and fled  
With backward current to his head.
- p* 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide?  
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
 And whence the dread that Sinai feels?

*mæ* 5 Let every mountain, every flood  
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
 The King of Israel : see him here :  
 Tremble, thou earth ; adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;  
 The rock to standing pools he turns ;  
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

**115.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Kent. Newry.*

Idolatry reproved.

*an.p* **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,  
 Not to ourselves is glory due,  
 Eternal God, thou only just,  
 Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Display to earth thy dreadful name ;  
 Why should a heathen's haughty tongue  
 Insult us, and, to raise our shame,

*f* Say, "Where's the God you've served so  
 long?"

*al.f* 3 The God we serve maintains his throne  
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;  
 Through all the earth his will is done,  
 He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

*an* 4 But the vain idols they adore  
 Are senseless shapes, of stone and wood :  
 At best a mass of glittering ore,  
 A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes and ears they carve the head ;  
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;  
 In vain are costly offerings made,  
 And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet are never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;  
Mortals that pay them fear or love,  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest,  
*f* The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.

*m* 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise;  
They dwell in silence in the grave;  
*f* But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy power to save.

**115.** 2D PART. P. M.—*Walworth.*

Popish Idolatry reprov'd.

*p* NOT to our names, thou only just and true,  
Not to our worthless names is glory due;  
*al* Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice  
claim

Immortal honours to thy sovereign name.  
*f* Shine through the earth from heaven, thy  
blest abode,  
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's  
your God?"

2 Heaven is thy higher court; there stands  
thy throne,  
And through the lower world thy will is  
done;

Earth is thy work, the heavens thy wisdom  
spread;

*an* But fools adore the gods their hands have  
made;

The kneeling crowd, with looks devout,  
behold

Their silver saviours and their saints of  
gold.

- 3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and  
ears;  
The molten image neither sees nor hears;  
Their helpless hands and feet can never  
move;  
They have no speech, nor thought, nor  
power, nor love;  
Yet sottish mortals make their long com-  
plaints  
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorned with  
gold;  
The poor, content with gods of coarser  
mould,  
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,  
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock;  
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,  
And trust the gods that saws and hammers  
made.

*ad.f* 5 Be heaven and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to  
say  
Which are more stupid, or their gods or  
they.

*di* O Israel! trust the Lord; he hears and  
sees;  
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy  
peace;  
His worship does a thousand comforts yield;  
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

- 6 O Zion! trust the Lord: thy foes in vain  
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;  
Had they prevailed, darkness had closed  
our days,  
And death and silence had forbid his praise;  
*f* But we are saved, and live; let songs arise,  
And saints adore the God that built the  
skies.

**116.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Barby. Marlow.*

Praise for Recovery from Sickness.

*al* **I** LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,  
And chased my griefs away:

*af* O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead,  
While inward pangs and fears of hell  
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,  
Thou ever good and just;  
Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress,  
He bade my pains remove;  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.

*al* 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears;  
*f* Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

**116.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Brattle-street. Arlington.*

Self-dedication to God.

*m* **WHAT** shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?

*al* My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,  
My offerings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.



- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
 Thou ever-blessed God !  
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move ;  
 Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
- ad.p* 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;
- ad.f* Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord.

**117.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Alexandria. Colchester.*

Universal Praise.

- al* **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
 Each with a different tongue ;  
 In every language learn his word,  
 And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land,  
 Proclaim his grace abroad ;  
 For ever firm his truth shall stand ;  
 Praise ye the faithful God.

**117.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred.*

The same.

- al* **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise :  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall set and rise no more.

**117.** 3D PART. S. M.—*Music. Old Leeds.*

The same.

*al* **THY** name, almighty Lord,  
 Shall sound through distant lands :  
 Great is thy grace and sure thy word ;  
 Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,  
 And long thy praise endure,  
 Till morning light and evening shade  
 Shall be exchanged no more.

**118.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Melody. Broomsgrove.*

Deliverance from Enemies.

*al* **THE** Lord appears my helper now,  
 Nor is my soul afraid  
 Of what the sons of earth can do,  
 Since heaven affords its aid.

*an* 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,  
 And have my God my friend,  
 Than trust in men of high degree,  
 And on their truth depend.

*f* 3 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,  
 In him my lips rejoice ;  
 While his salvation is my song,  
 How cheerful is my voice !

*an* 4 Like angry bees they girt me round ;  
 When God appears, they fly ;  
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,  
*dim* Make a fierce blaze, and die.

*al.f* 5 Joy to the saints, and peace, belongs ;  
 The Lord protects their days :  
 Let Israel tune immortal songs  
 To his almighty grace.

**118.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Abridge. Dundee.*

Public Thanks for Deliverance from Death.

*al* **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,  
 And rescued from the grave ;

Now shall he live, and none can die,  
If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,  
Shall fill his daily breath;

*dim* Thy hand, that hath chastised him sore,  
*cr* Defends him still from death.

*m* 3 Open the gates of Zion now,  
For we shall worship there,  
The house where all the righteous go,  
Thy mercy to declare.

*al* 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints  
Our thankful voice we raise;  
There we have told thee our complaints,  
*f* And there we speak thy praise.

**118.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Jordan.*

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

*al* **BEHOLD** the sure foundation stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
How glorious is his name!  
Saints trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain;  
*f* Firm on this Rock the Church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise;  
*di* 'Tis thy own work, almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

**118.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Broomsgrove. Carr's-lane*

Psalm for the Lord's Day.

*al* **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own;

- f* Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad;  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son;  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- ff* 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

**118.** 5TH PART. S. M.—*Pelham. St. Thomas.*

Praise for Salvation by Christ.

- m* **SEE** what a living stone  
The builders did refuse;
- f* Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious Jews.
- m* 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son;
- f* Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes:  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.
- al.f* 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
And all the church be glad.

- 5 Hosanna to the King  
 Of David's royal blood :  
 Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring  
 Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,  
 Which all this grace displays ;  
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
 Our sacrifice of praise.

**118.** 6TH PART. L. M.—*Stonefield. New Sabbath.*

Praise rendered to Christ on his own Day.

- m* **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone  
 The Jewish builders did refuse!
- f* But God hath built his church thereon,  
 In spite of envy and the Jews.
- af* 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
 The joy and wonder of our eyes ;  
 This is the day that proves it thine,  
 The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- al* 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad ;  
*f* Hosanna, let his name be blest ;  
 A thousand honours on his head,  
 With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- m* 4 In God's own name he comes to bring  
 Salvation to our dying race ;  
*f* Let the whole church address their King  
 With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

**119.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*St. Martin's. Liverpool.*

The Happiness of Christians and Misery of Sinners.

- al* **B**LEST are the undefiled in heart,  
 Whose ways are right and clean ;  
 Who never from thy law depart,  
 But flee from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
 And practise thy commands ;  
 With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
 And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;  
How firm their souls abide!  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honour all thy name.

an 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,  
The proud shall die accurst;  
The sons of falsehood and deceit  
Are trodden to the dust.

ad 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are,  
And those that leave thy ways  
Shall see salvation from afar,  
But never taste thy grace.

**119.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Rochester. Howard's.*

Secret Devotion.

af **T**O thee, before the dawning light,  
My gracious God, I pray;  
I meditate thy name by night  
And keep thy law by day.

p 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;  
cr Thy promise bears me up,  
m And while salvation long delays,  
f Thy word supports my hope.

an 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee;  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind,  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

**119.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Jordan. Warnick.*

The resolute Choice, or Self-consecration to God.

- m* **T**HOU art my portion, O my God ;  
 Soon as I know thy way,  
*al* My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
 And glory in my choice ;  
 Not all the riches of the earth  
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
 I set before my eyes :  
 Thence I derive my daily strength,  
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
 I think upon my ways,  
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
 And trust thy pardoning grace
- af* 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine ;  
 O save thy servant, Lord ;  
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
 My hope is in thy word.
- 6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine  
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;  
 And thus till mortal life shall end  
 Would I perform thy will.

**119.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Alexandria. Irish.*

The Scriptures a Guide for Youth.

- m* **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
 And guard their lives from sin ?  
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
 To keep the conscience clean.
- an* 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
 It spreads such light abroad,  
 The meanest souls instruction find,  
 And raise their thoughts to God.



3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the sinner's road;

*di* I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.

*an* 6 The starry heavens thy rule obey,  
The earth maintains her place;  
And these, thy servants, night and day,  
Thy skill and power express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine;  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

**119.** 5TH PART. C. M.—*Warwick. Tweed.*

Delight in the Scriptures.

*di* **O** HOW I love thy holy law!

'Tis daily my delight:  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate thy word:  
My soul with longing melts away,  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,  
And well employ my tongue,

And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yield me a heavenly song.

*dl* 4 Am I a stranger or at home,  
'Tis my perpetual feast;  
Not honey dropping from the comb  
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

*m.f* 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

**119.** 6TH PART. C. M.—*Abridge. St. Ann's.*

The Consolation of the Scriptures.

*an* **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
And all thy statutes just;  
Thence I maintain a constant fight  
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;  
I keep thy law in sight,  
Through all the business of the day,  
To form my actions right.

*dl* 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,  
"How sweet thy comforts be!"  
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine,  
*f* Not mighty men, that share the spoil,  
Have joys compared to mine.

**119.** 7TH PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Marlow.*

The Perfection of the Scriptures.

*m* **L**ET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book;

- an* Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;  
*cr* But thine conduct to heaven.
- pa* 3 I've seen an end to what we call  
Perfection here below;  
How short the powers of nature fall,  
And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,  
By works their hands have wrought,  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our frame,  
And sinks our virtues down so far  
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,  
Fall far below thy word;  
*cr* But perfect truth and righteousness  
*f* Dwell only with the Lord.

**119.** 8TH PART. C. M.—*Bedford. Asylum.*

The Christian's Study and Delight in the Scriptures.

- al* **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
*cr* There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
*f* My warmest thoughts engage.
- al* 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

**119.** 9TH PART. C. M.—*Romney. Arlington.*

Divine Light imparted by the Scriptures.

- dl* **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;  
How good thy works appear!
- di* Open my eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand,  
My service is thy due;  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Thy path O do not hide;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.
- 4 When I confessed my wandering ways,  
Thou heardest my soul complain;  
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.
- 5 If God to me his statutes show,  
And heavenly truth impart,  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.
- 6 This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief;  
It made me learn thy word the more,  
And fly to that relief.
- al* 7 In vain the proud deride me now;  
I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
Nor let that blessed gospel go  
Whence all my hopes I draw.
- m.f* 8 When I have learned my Father's will,  
*cr* I'll teach the world his ways;

*f* My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,  
Shall sing aloud his praise.

**119.** 10TH PART. C. M.—*China. Burford.*

Pleading the Promises.

*af* **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy fear;  
Remember and confirm thy word,  
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,  
And promised quickening grace  
Doth not my heart address thy throne?  
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;  
O bear thy servant up;  
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail  
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?  
Then let thy truth appear:

*an.f* Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

**119.** 11TH PART. C. M.—*Walsal. Bangor.*

The Christian desiring universal Holiness.

*af* **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands  
Offend against my God

**119.** 12TH PART.—*Guckingham. Burstal.*

Prayer for Comfort in Distress.

- af* **MY** God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause ;  
Though I have sinned against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.
- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,  
Which I so justly fear ;  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Nor let my shame appear.
- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress ;  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shinings of thy face.
- 4 My eyes with expectation fail ;  
My heart within me cries,  
" When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
And bid my comforts rise."
- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,  
And show thy grace the same ;  
Thy tender mercies still afford,  
To those that love thy name.

**119.** 13<sup>TH</sup> PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Crowley.*

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

- af* **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,  
 O let me never stray  
 From thy commands, O God of grace,  
 Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,  
 To keep my conscience clean,  
 To be an everlasting guard  
 From every rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,  
 Who fear and love the Lord;  
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
 When men transgress thy word.
- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,  
 My spirit stands in awe;  
 My soul abhors a lying tongue,  
 But loves thy righteous law.
- 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears  
 The threatenings of thy word;  
 My flesh with holy trembling fears  
 The judgments of the Lord.
- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait  
 For thy salvation still;  
 While thy whole law is my delight,  
 And I obey thy will.

**119.** 14<sup>TH</sup> PART. C. M.—*Bangor. Wantage.*

Affliction sanctified.

- af* **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
 And thy deliverance send;  
 My soul for thy salvation faints,  
 When will my troubles end?
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
 To bear my Father's rod;



Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,  
When new distress begins ;  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk amongst the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe ;  
The sharpest sufferings I endure  
Flow from thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,  
My feet were apt to stray ;  
*an* But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

**119.** 15TH. PART. C. M.—*Mear. Howard's.*

*Holy Resolutions.*

*di* **O** THAT thy statutes every hour  
Might dwell upon my mind !  
Thence I derive a quickening power,  
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
*er* My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,  
If thou my heart discharge  
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,  
And set my feet at large !

*f* 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
Thy statutes and thy name ; [hear,  
I'll speak thy word, though kings should  
Nor yield to sinful shame.

*an* 5 Let bands of persecutors rise  
 To rob me of my right,  
 Let pride and malice forge their lies  
 Thy law is my delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
 Whose hands and hearts are ill:

*al* I love my God, I love his ways,  
 And must obey his will.

**119.** 16TH PART. C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Burford.*

Prayer for quickening Grace.

*af* **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust:  
 Lord, give me life divine;  
 From vain desires and every lust  
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace  
 To speed me in thy way,  
 Lest I should loiter in my race,  
 Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
 I need thy quickening powers;  
 Thy word that I have rested on,  
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,  
 And thou a faithful God?  
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
 To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
 And long to see thy face?  
 And yet how slow my spirits move  
 Without enlivening grace!

*f* 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
 And ne'er forget thy word,  
 When I have felt its quickening power  
 To draw me near the Lord.

**119.** 17TH PART. L. M.—*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

Courage and Perseverance under Trials.

*af* **WHEN** pain and anguish seize me,  
                   Lord,

All my support is from thy word :  
 My soul dissolves for heaviness ;  
 Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,  
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,  
 They tempt my soul to snares and sin ;  
 Yet thy commands I'll ne'er decline.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
 They hate to see me love thy laws !  
*f* But I will trust and fear thy name,  
 Till pride and malice die with shame.

**119.** 18TH PART. L. M.—*Newry.*

Afflictions sanctified.

*af* **FATHER**, I bless thy gentle hand ;  
           How kind was thy chastising rod,  
 That forced my conscience to a stand,  
 And brought my wandering soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,  
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;  
 I left my guide, and lost my way,  
 But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
 For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
 That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,  
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
 Than all the treasures of the south ;  
 Or richest hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
 Thy Spirit formed my soul within :  
 Teach me to know thy wondrous name,  
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

*al.f* 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,  
 At my salvation shall rejoice,  
 For I have trusted in thy word,  
 And made thy grace my only choice.

**120.** C. M.—*Walsal. Burstal.*

The Christian's Complaint against Strife, and Desire for Peace.

*af* **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest,  
 Pity my suffering state ;  
 When wilt thou set my soul at rest,  
 From lips that love deceit ?

2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast  
 Among the sons of strife,  
 Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste  
 My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,  
 How would I choose to dwell  
 In some wide, lonesome wilderness,  
 And leave these gates of hell !

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
 How lovely are its charms !  
 I am for peace ; but when I speak,  
 They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,  
 And keep their malice strong :  
 What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
 O thou devouring tongue !

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,  
 Strict justice would approve ;  
 But I would rather spare my foe,  
 And melt his heart with love.

**121.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Seasons. German Air.*

Protection of Providence.

- an*    **UP** to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
           Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
 Thence all her help my soul derives  
 There my almighty Refuge lives.
- al.f* 2 He lives; the everlasting God,  
       That built the world, that spread the flood;  
 The heavens, with all their host, he made,  
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- p*    3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;  
       His morning smiles adorn the day:  
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- dl*    4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
       May rise secure, securely rest;  
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
       Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
 Dart his malignant fire so far.
- f*    6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
       Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
 Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care  
 Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power;  
       And in thy last departing hour,  
 Angels that trace the airy road,  
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

**121.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Arlington. Marlow.*

Preservation by Day and Night.

- an.f*    **TO** heaven I lift my waiting eyes,  
           There all my hopes are laid:

The Lord that built the earth and skies  
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall  
Whom he designs to keep ;  
His ear attends the softest call ;  
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers  
With his almighty arm,  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprising harm.

*al* 4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,  
Thy keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his power  
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have its leave to smite ;  
He shields thy head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath  
Where thickest dangers come ;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

**121.** 3D PART. P. M.—*Amherst. Weymouth.*

God our Preserver.

*al* UPWARD I lift my eyes,  
From God is all my aid ;  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made ;  
God is the tower  
To which I fly ; his grace is nigh  
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep, shall Israel keep  
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there :  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade, to guard my head  
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath :  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die, till from on high  
Thou call me home.

**122.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Howard's*

Going to Church.

*al* **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day.

2 I love her gates, I love the road :  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,  
The holy tribes repair ;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.



- p* 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest;  
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
 Be her attendants blest!
- cr* 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
 While life or breath remains;
- f* There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

**122.** 2D PART. P. M.—*Dalston. Worship.*

Delight in public Worship.

- al* **H**OW pleased and blessed was I  
 To hear the people cry,  
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"  
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal  
 We haste to Zion's hill,  
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
 Adorned with wondrous grace,  
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
 In thee our tribes appear,  
 To pray, and praise, and hear  
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son  
 Has fixed his royal throne;  
 He sits for grace and judgment there:  
 He bids the saints be glad,  
 He makes the sinners sad,  
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- p* 4 May peace attend thy gate,  
 And joy within thee wait,
- al* To bless the soul of every guest:  
 The man that seeks thy peace,  
 And wishes thine increase,  
 A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
*p* Peace to this sacred house!  
*an* For here my friends and kindred dwell:  
 And since my glorious God  
 Makes thee his blest abode,  
*f* My soul shall ever love thee well.

**123.** C. M.—*Burstal. Burford.*

Pleading in Submission.

*di* **O** THOU, whose grace and justice reign  
 Enthroned above the skies,  
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
 To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,  
 And fear the angry stroke—  
 Or maids before their mistress stand,  
 And wait a peaceful look:

3 So, for our sins, we justly feel  
 Thy discipline, O God;  
 Yet wait the gracious moment still  
 Till thou remove the rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,  
 Our daily groans deride;  
 And thy delays of mercy give  
 Fresh courage to their pride

*an* 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope  
 In thy compassion lies;  
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
 That God will not despise.

**124.** C. M.—*Barby. Newton.*

Song for Deliverance.

*an* **H**AD not the God of truth and love,  
 When hosts against us rose,  
 Displayed his vengeance from above,  
 And crushed the conquering foes;

2 Their armies like a raging flood;  
 Had swept the guardless land,  
 Destroyed on earth his best abode,  
 And 'whelmed our feeble band.

*ai* 3 But safe beneath his spreading shield  
 His sons securely rest,  
 Defy the dangers of the field,  
 And bare the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,  
 Who broke the deadly snare;  
 Who saved us from the murdering sword,  
 And made our lives his care.

*f* 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
 Who formed the heavens above;  
 He that supports their wondrous frame,  
 Can guard his church by love!

**125.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Colchester. Rochester.*

The Christian's Trial and Safety.

*an.f* **UNSHAKEN** as the sacred hill,  
 And firm as mountains stand,  
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
 That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
 Old Salem's happy ground,  
 As those eternal arms of love,  
 That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,  
 To drive them near to God,  
 Divine compassion will assuage  
 The fury of the rod.

*p* 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
 And lead them safely on  
 To the bright gates of paradise,  
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

*m* 5 But if we trace those crooked ways  
 That the old serpent drew,  
*f* The wrath that drove him first to hell  
 Shall smite his followers too.

**125.** 2D PART. C. M.—*St. Thomas. Durham.*

The same.

*an.f* **FIRM** and unmoved are they  
 That rest their souls on God;  
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,  
 Or where the ark abode.

*m* 2 As mountains stood to guard  
 The city's sacred ground,  
*f* So God and his almighty love  
 Embrace his saints around.

*an* 3 What though the Father's rod  
 Drop a chastising stroke,  
 Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,  
 Its fury shall be broke.

*di* 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those  
 Whose faith and pious fear,  
 Whose hope and love, and every grace,  
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

*f* 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
 Too long oppress the saint;  
 The God of Israel will support  
 His children, lest they faint.

*ad* 6 But if our slavish fear  
 Will choose the road to hell,  
 We must expect our portion there,  
 Where bolder sinners dwell.

**126.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*New Sabbath. Gilgal.*

Joyful and surprising Deliverance.

*m* **WHEN** God restored our captive state,  
*al* Joy was our song and grace our  
 theme;

The grace beyond our hopes so great,  
That joy appeared a pleasing dream.

- an* 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays  
Unwilling honours to thy name;  
*al* While we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
*cr* With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.  
*m* 3 When we reviewed our dismal fears,  
'Twas hard to think they'd vanished so;  
With God we left our flowing tears,  
*f* He makes our joys like rivers flow.  
*an.p* 4 The man that in his furrowed field,  
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,  
*f* Will shout to see the harvest yield  
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

**126.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Carr's-lane. Swanwick.*

Conversion, or a remarkable Display of Divine Grace.

- m* **WHEN** God revealed his gracious name,  
And changed my mournful state,  
*al* My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
The grace appeared so great.  
2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess;  
*f* My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.  
3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,  
And owned the power divine;  
"Great is the work," my heart replied,  
"And be the glory thine."  
4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night;  
- Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.  
*p* 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait  
Till the fair harvest come,  
*f* They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
*ff* And shout the blessings home.

*m* 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
*cr* It sha'n't deceive their hope ;  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
*f* For grace ensures the crop.

**127.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Newry. Hebron.*

Success and Happiness from God.

*an* IF God succeed not, all the cost  
 And pains to build the house are lost.  
 If God the city will not keep,  
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,  
 And work and toil when day is done,  
 Careful and sparing eat our bread,  
 To shun that poverty we dread ;

3 'Tis all in vain till God hath blest ;  
 He can make rich, can give us rest ;  
 On God, our Sovereign, still depends  
 Our joy in children and in friends.

*dl* 4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
 Obedient children, faithful friends !  
 How sweet our daily comforts prove  
 When they are seasoned with his love !

**127.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Irish. Liverpool.*

God all in all.

*an* IF God to build the house deny,  
 The builders work in vain ;  
 And towns without his wakeful eye  
 A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,  
 Your painful work renew,  
 And till the stars ascend the skies  
 Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,  
 In vain, till God has blest ;

But if his smiles attend your care,  
You shall have food and rest.

- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,  
Shall real blessings prove,  
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,  
If sent without his love.

**128.** C. M.—*Peterborough. Arlington.*

Domestic Blessings.

*al* **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is filled  
With zeal and reverent awe!  
His lips to God their honours yield,  
His life adorns the law.

- 2 A careful providence shall stand,  
And ever guard thy head,  
Shall on the labours of thy hand  
Its kindly blessings shed.

- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;  
Thy children, round thy board,  
Each like a plant of honour shine,  
And learn to fear the Lord.

- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,  
For months and years to come;  
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Shall send thee blessings home.

- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes  
Shall see his house increase,  
Shall see the sinking church arise,  
*p* Then leave the world in peace.

**129.** C. M.—*St. Stephen's. Georgia.*

Persecutors punished.

*af* **U**P from my youth, may Israel say,  
Have I been nursed in tears;  
My griefs were constant as the day,  
And tedious as the years.



2 Up from my youth I bore the rage  
Of all the sons of strife;  
Oft they assailed my riper age,  
But God preserved my life.

3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart  
Its painful wounds impressed;  
Daily they vexed my fainting heart,  
Nor let my sorrows rest.

*m* 4 The Lord in anger on his throne,  
With an impartial eye,  
Measured the mischiefs they had done,  
*f* Then let his arrows fly.

*an* 5 How was their insolence surprised  
To hear his thunders roll!  
And all the foes of Zion seized  
*ad* With horror to the soul!

*m* 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints  
Be blasted from the sky;  
Their glory fades, their courage faints,  
And all their prospects die.

7 What though they flourish tall and fair  
They have no root beneath;  
Their growth shall perish in despair  
And lie despised in death.

8 So corn that on the house-top stands,  
No hope of harvest gives;  
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,  
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

**130.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Buckingham. Burstal.*

Pardoning Grace.

*af* **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to reach thine ear.

2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,  
 And thine impartial hand,  
 Mark and revenge iniquity,  
 No mortal flesh could stand.

*an.f* 3 But there are pardons with my God,  
 For crimes of high degree ;  
 Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,  
 To draw us near to thee.

*di* 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
 With strong desires I wait ;  
 My soul, invited by thy word,  
 Stands watching at thy gate.

*m* 5 Just as the guards that keep the night  
 Long for the morning skies,  
 Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
 And meet them with their eyes :

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace ;  
 And more intent than they,  
 Meets the first openings of thy face,  
 And finds a brighter day.

*al* 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,  
 Let Israel seek his face ;  
 The Lord is good, as well as just,  
 And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne  
 For sinners long enslaved ;  
 The great Redeemer is his son,  
 And Israel shall be saved.

**130.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Wells. Calvary.*

The same.

*an.p* **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
 To thee, my God, I raised my cries :  
 If thou severely mark our faults,  
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

- m.f* But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- di* 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long, and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before thy gate;  
When will my God his face display?
- an* 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- al* 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son:  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

**131.** C. M.—*St. Ann's. Dundee.*

Humility and Submission.

- di* **IS** there ambition in my heart?  
Search, gracious God, and see:  
Or do I act a haughty part?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild;  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And peaceful as a child.
- an* 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward;  
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

**132.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Moreton. Alfreton.*

On opening a Place of public Worship.

- an* **WHERE** shall we go to seek and find  
A habitation for our God,  
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,  
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill  
Of Zion for his ancient rest;  
And Zion is his dwelling still;  
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
And reign for ever," saith the Lord;  
"Here shall my power and love be known,  
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with living bread;  
Sinners, that wait before my door,  
With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 "Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,  
My priests, my ministers shall shine;  
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,  
Appears so glorious and divine.
- al.f* 6 "The saints, unable to contain  
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing;  
The Son of David here shall reign,  
And Zion triumph in her King."
- 7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed  
Born here t' uphold his glorious name;  
His crown shall flourish on his head,  
While all his foes are clothed with shame.

**132.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Marlow. St. Martin's.*

The Divine Presence the Glory of the Church.

*m* NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes  
Good David would afford,  
Till he had found, below the skies,  
A dwelling for the Lord.

- 2 The Lord, in Zion, placed his name,  
His ark was settled there;  
And there th' assembled nation came,  
To worship thrice a year.

3 We trace no more those toilsome ways,  
 Nor wander far abroad ;  
 Where'er thy people meet for praise,  
 There is a house for God.

*di* 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,  
 And enter to thy rest ;  
 Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
 Thus to be owned and blest.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,  
 Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
*al* All that the ark did once contain,  
 Could no such grace afford.

*di* 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;  
 Here let thy praise be spread ;  
 Bless the provisions of thy house,  
 And fill thy poor with bread.

*an* 7 Here let the Son of David reign ;  
 Let God's anointed shine ;  
 Justice and truth his court maintain,  
 With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,  
 And as his kingdom grows,  
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
 And shame confound his foes.

**133.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Harleigh.*

Brotherly Love.

*al* **L**O! what an entertaining sight  
 Those friendly brethren prove,  
 Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite  
 Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss, from Christ the  
 spring,  
 Descend to every soul,  
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,  
 Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely blest,  
Which, poured on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, perfumed his vest,  
And round its fragrance shed.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

**133.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Murray. St. Thomas.*

Union and Peace.

*al* **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head  
They poured the rich perfume,  
The oil down to his raiment spread,  
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy, like morning dew, distils  
And all the air is love.

**134.** C. M.—*Carr's-lane. Oldham.*

Morning and Evening Worship.

*an* **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,  
Attend his holy place;  
Bow to the glories of his power,  
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up our hands by morning light,  
And send your souls on high;

Raise your admiring thoughts by night  
Above the starry sky.

- al* 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts  
With rays of quickening grace ;  
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

**135.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Triumph. Litchfield.*

An Exhortation to praise God.

- al* **PRAISE** ye the Lord, exalt his name,  
While in his earthly courts ye wait,  
Ye saints that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good ;  
To praise his name is sweet employ ;  
Israel he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;  
He treats his servants as his friends ;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares  
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;  
He gives his suffering servants rest,  
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,  
People and priests exalt his name ;  
Among his saints he ever dwells ;  
His church is his Jerusalem.

**135.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Meineke. Winchester.*

The Majesty and Power of God.

- mæ* **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high  
Above all powers, and every throne ;  
Whate'er he pleased in earth and sea,  
Or heaven, or hell, his hand hath done.



- 2 At his command the vapours rise,  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;  
He pours the rain, he brings the wind  
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;  
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,  
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,  
He slew, and their whole country gave  
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,  
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace,  
That saves us from the hosts of hell:  
And heaven he gives us to possess,  
Whence those apostate angels fell.

**135.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Pennsylvania. Melody.*

Praise due to God, and not to Idols.

- al* **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,  
Your sweetest passions raise;  
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown  
Are his divine employ;  
But still his saints are near his throne,  
His treasure, and his joy.
- mæ* 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;  
He bids the vapours rise;  
Lightning and storm, at his command,  
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power, that gods or kings have claimed,  
Is found with him alone;  
*p* But heathen gods should ne'er be named  
*cr* Where our Jehovah's known.

- an* 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust  
Can give them showers of rain?  
In vain they worship glittering dust,  
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 Their gods have tongues that speechless  
prove,  
Such as their makers gave;  
Their feet were never formed to move,  
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when mortals pray;  
Mortals that wait for their relief,  
Are blind and deaf as they.
- 8 Ye nations, know the living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear;  
*cr* He makes the churches his abode,  
And claims your honours there.

**136.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Newton. Devizes.*

Praise for the Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Redemption.

- al* **G**IVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord,  
His mercies still endure;  
And be the King of kings adored;  
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done:  
How mighty is his hand!  
Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone:  
How wide is his command!
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light:  
How bright his counsels shine!  
The moon and stars adorn the night:  
His works are all divine.
- ad* 4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead:  
How dreadful is his rod!
- al* And thence with joy his people led  
How gracious is our God!

- mæ* 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two :  
 His arm is great in might ;  
 And gave the tribes a passage through :  
 His power and grace unite.
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drowned ;  
 How glorious are his ways !  
 And brought his saints through desert  
 ground ;  
 Eternal be his praise.
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;  
 Victorious is his sword ;  
 While Israel took the promised land,  
 And faithful is his word.
- m* 8 He saw the nations dead in sin  
 He felt his pity move :  
 How sad the state the world was in !
- cr* How boundless was his love !
- 9 He sent to save us from our wo ;  
 His goodness never fails :  
 From death and hell, and every foe ;  
 And still his grace prevails.
- al* 10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King ;  
 His mercies still endure :
- ff* Let the whole earth his praises sing ;  
 His truth is ever sure.

**136.** 2D PART. H. M.—*Amherst. Warsaw.*

The same, as illustrated in the Overthrow of Egypt and Deliverance of Israel.

- al* **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord ;  
 The sovereign King of kings :  
 And be his grace adored :
- f* His power and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.
- al* 2 How mighty is his hand !  
 What wonders hath he done ;

He formed the earth and seas,  
And spread the heavens alone.

*f* Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

*al* 3 His wisdom formed the sun  
To crown the day with light ;  
The moon and twinkling stars  
To cheer the darksome night.

*f* His power and grace  
Are still the same ;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.

*an* 4 He smote the first-born sons,  
The flower of Egypt, dead ;  
And thence his chosen tribes  
With joy and glory led.

*f* Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

*al* 5 His power and lifted rod  
Cleft the Red sea in two ;  
And for his people made  
A wondrous passage through.

*f* His power and grace  
Are still the same ;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.

*an.p* 6 But cruel Pharaoh there,  
With all his host, he drowned ;  
And brought his Israel safe  
Through a long desert ground.

*f* Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

*an* 7 The kings of Canaan fell  
 Beneath his dreadful hand ;  
 While his own servants took  
 Possession of their land.

*f* His power and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.

*an* 8 He saw the nations lie  
 All perishing in sin,  
 And pitied the sad state  
 The ruined world was in.

*f* Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy word.

*al* 9 He sent his only Son  
 To save us from our wo,  
 From Satan, sin, and death,  
 And every hurtful foe.

*f* His power and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.

*al.f* 10 Give thanks aloud to God,  
 To God the heavenly King ;  
 And let the spacious earth  
 His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy word.

**136.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Triumph. Hamilton.*

The same.

*al* **G**IVE to our God immortal praise :  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;

- f* Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- al* 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;  
The King of kings with glory crown;  
*f* His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- an* 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high;  
*f* Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- an* 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night;  
*f* His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- an* 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
And brought them to the promised land:  
*f* Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- an* 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
*af* And felt his pity move within:  
*f* His mercies ever shall endure,  
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- an* 7 He sent his Son, with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:  
*f* Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- an* 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat:  
*f* His mercies ever shall endure,  
*dim* When this vain world shall be no more.

**137.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Armley. Calvary.*

*Zion's captive State.*

- do* **BY** Babel's stream the captives sate,  
And wept for Zion's hapless fate;  
Useless their harps on willows hung,  
While foes required a sacred song.

- 2 With taunting voice and scornful eye,  
 "Sing us a song of heaven," they cry :  
 "While foes deride our God and King,  
 How can we tune our harps, or sing ?
- 3 "If Zion's woes our hearts forget,  
 Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,  
 Let useful skill our hands forsake ;  
 Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.
- 4 "Thou, ruined Salem, to our eyes  
 Each day in sad remembrance rise !  
 Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,  
 Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues.
- di* 5 "Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,  
 Who cried, exulting at our groans,  
 While Salem trembled at her base,  
 'Rase them ; her deep foundations rase.' "
- m* 6 To happier days our bosoms turn ;  
*do* Those days but teach us how to mourn :  
 The God, who bade his mercy flow  
 In wrath withdraws his blessings now.
- an.f* 7 Yet still, thy name be ever blest,  
 On thee our hope shall safely rest :  
 Zion her Saviour soon shall see  
 Arrayed to set his Israel free.

**137.** 2D PART. S. M.—*Mornington. Thessalia.*

Public Spirit, or heartfelt Concern for Zion's Prosperity.

- un* I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of thine abode ;  
 The church our blest Redeemer saved  
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !  
 Her walls before thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
 And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons  
 My voice or hands deny,



These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her wo,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend :  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways ;  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

*di* 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

*al* 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
*f* And brighter bliss of heaven.

### 137. 3D PART. 10s.—*Dirge.*

The Babylonish Captivity.

*an* **A**LONG the banks where Babel's current  
flows,  
Our captive bands in deep despondence  
stray'd,

*do* While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,  
Her friends, her children mingled with  
the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we  
strung,  
When praise employed, and mirth inspired  
the lay,

In mournful silence on the willows hung ;  
And growing grief prolonged the tedious  
day.

3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo,  
With taunting smiles a song of Zion  
claim ;  
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,  
While they blaspheme the great Jeho-  
vah's name.

*an* 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands un-  
known,  
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise ?  
*do* O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,  
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of  
praise.

5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,  
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
*cr* Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame ;  
*dim* My hand shall perish, and my voice shall  
cease.

*an* 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion  
calls,  
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay ;  
*cr* His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
And raise his children to eternal day

### 138. L. M.—*Brewer. Triumph.*

Restoring and preserving Grace.

*al.f* **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all the works and names below  
So much thy power and glory show.

- an.p* 3 To God I cried, when troubles rose ;  
*cr* He heard me, and subdued my foes ;  
 He did my rising fears control,  
*f* And strength diffused through all my soul.
- an* 4 The God of heaven maintains his state,  
 Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;  
 But from his throne descends to bless  
 The humble souls that trust his grace.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- al.f* 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
*m* To save from sorrows and from sins ;  
 The work that wisdom undertakes,  
*f* Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

**139.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Limehouse. Armley.*

Divine Omniscience.

- di* **L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen me  
 through ;  
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
 My rising and my resting hours,  
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
 Are to my God distinctly known ;  
 He knows the words I mean to speak,  
 Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,  
 On every side I find thy hand :  
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
 I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
 What large extent ! what lofty height !  
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

**139.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Calvary. Bath.*

The Omnipresence of God.

*di*

**C**OULD I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;  
Or plunge to hell, there justice reigns,  
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If mounted on a morning ray  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading vail of night,  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

6 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God, they're both alike to thee ;  
Not death can hide what God will spy,  
'And hell lies naked to his eye.

7 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

**139.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Windham. Lockport.*

The Christian affected with Grief, in view of abounding Corruption.

- af* **MY** God, what inward grief I feel,  
 When impious men transgress thy will!  
 I mourn to hear their lips profane  
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate  
 The sons of malice and deceit?  
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee,  
 I count for enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;  
 Though my own heart accuse me not  
 Of walking in a false disguise,  
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- m* 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?  
 Do I indulge some unknown sin?
- di* O turn my feet whene'er I stray,  
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

**139.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Georgia. Walsal.*

The Omnipresence of God, and his Care of his People.

- af* **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
 In vain my soul would try  
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
 My rising and my rest,  
 My public walks, my private ways,  
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
 Before they're formed within;  
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,  
 Where can a creature hide?

Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Enclosed on every side.

*di* 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

**139.** 5TH PART. C. M.—*Bedford. Mear.*

Praise for the Mercies of God : an Evening Psalm.

*di* **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
They strike me with surprise ;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
The product of thy skill ;  
And hourly blessings from thy hands  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;  
How kind, how dear to me !  
O may the hour that ends my sleep  
Still find my thoughts with thee.

**140.** C. M.—*Burstal. Shields.*

Prayer for Divine Protection.

*af* **P**ROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm ;  
Behold our rising woes ;  
We trust alone thy powerful arm,  
To scatter all our foes.

2 Their tongue is like a poisoned dart,  
Their thoughts are full of guile ;  
While rage and carnage swell their heart,  
They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace ! thy guardian care,  
When foes without invade,  
Or spread within a deeper snare,  
Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,  
 Thy heavenly truth extend,  
 All nations taste thy heavenly grace,  
 And all delusions end.

5 With daily bread the poor supply,  
 The cause of justice plead ;  
*cr* And be thy church exalted high,  
*f* With Christ, the glorious head.

**141.** L. M.—*Armley. Poland.*

Morning and Evening Worship.

*di* **MY** God, accept my early vows,  
 Like morning incense, in thine house,  
 And let my nightly worship rise  
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
 From every rash and heedless word ;  
 Nor let my feet incline to tread  
 The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,  
 Smite and reprove my wandering way ;  
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,  
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;  
 And by my warm petitions prove  
 How much I prize their faithful love.

**142.** C. M.—*Walsal. Cronley.*

God the Hope of the Helpless.

*af* **TO** God I made my sorrows known,  
 From God I sought relief ;  
 In long complaints before his throne  
 I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,  
 My heart began to break ;



My God, who all my burdens knows,  
Beholds the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone,  
While friends and strangers passed me by  
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And called thy mercy near,  
"Thou art my portion when I die,  
Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low ;  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes, who vex me, know,  
I've an almighty Friend.

*cr* 6 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name,  
*f* And holy men shall join with me  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

**143.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Poland. Kingsbridge.*

Prayer in the Season of Affliction.

*af* **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,  
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,  
And cry for succour from thy throne ;  
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass ;  
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace ;  
Should justice call us to thy bar,  
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
The mighty woes that burden me ;  
Down to the dust my life is brought,  
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,  
My heart is desolate within ;  
My thoughts in musing silence trace  
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,  
To bear my sinking spirits up;  
I stretch my hands to God again,  
And thirst, like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;  
When will thy smiling face return?  
Shall all my joys on earth remove,  
And God for ever hide his love?

**143.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Windham. Averno.*

The same.

*af* **MY** God, thy long delay to save  
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;  
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;  
Make haste to help before I die.

2 The night is witness to my tears,  
Distressing pains, distracting fears;  
O might I hear thy morning voice,  
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

3 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,  
And lift my weary soul on high;  
For thee sit waiting all the day,  
And wear the tiresome hours away.

4 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show  
The path in which my feet should go;  
If snares and foes beset the road,  
I flee to hide me near my God.

5 Teach me to do thy holy will,  
And lead me to thy heavenly hill:  
Let the good Spirit of thy love  
Conduct me to thy courts above.

*al* 6 Then shall my soul no more complain,  
The tempter then shall rage in vain;  
And flesh, and sin, my foes before,  
Shall never vex my spirit more.

**144.** 1ST PART. C. M.—*Melody. Newton.*

Divine Aid causing the Christian to triumph.

- al* **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
 My Saviour and my Shield;  
 He sends his Spirit with his word,  
 To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
 He makes my soul his care;  
 Instructs me in the heavenly fight,  
 And guards me through the war.
- f* 3 A friend and helper so divine  
 My fainting hope shall raise;  
 He makes the glorious victory mine,  
 And his shall be the praise.

**144.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Bedford. St. Stephen's.*

The Weakness of Man and Condescension of God.

- di* **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,  
 Born of the earth at first?  
 His life a shadow, light and vain,  
 Still hastening to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,  
 Or all his sinful race,  
 That God should make it his concern  
 To visit him with grace?
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,  
 Who shakes the worlds above,  
 What terrors wait his awful frown!  
 How wondrous is his love!

**144.** 3D PART. L. M.—*Newton. Triumph.*

Political Prosperity.

- al* **H**APPY the city, where their sons,  
 Like pillars round a palace set,  
 And daughters, bright as polished stones,  
 Give strength and beauty to the state.

- 2 Happy the land in culture drest,  
 Whose flocks and corn have large increase;  
 Where men securely work or rest,  
 Nor sons of plunder break their peace,
- 3 Happy the nation thus endowed;  
 But more divinely blest are those  
 On whom the all-sufficient God,  
 Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

**145.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*St. Peter's. Alfreton.*

The Divine Greatness.

- m* **MY** God, my King, thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
*f* Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- m* 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
 And every setting sun shall see  
*cr* New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
*f* Thy bounty flows an endless stream;  
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
*ad.f* But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- an* 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
 And speak thy majesty divine;  
 Let every realm with joy proclaim  
*f* The sound and honour of thy name.
- ff* 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
 The long succession of thy praise;  
 And unborn ages make my song  
 The joy and triumph of their tongue.
- an* 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
*cr* Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;  
*f* Vast and unsearchable thy ways;  
*ff* Vast and immortal be thy praise!

**145.** 2D PART. C. M.—*Greensburg. Broomsgrove.*

The same.

- al* **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
 My King, my God of love;  
 My work and joy shall be the same  
 In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,  
 And let his praise be great:  
 I'll sing the honours of thy throne,  
 Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
 And while my lips rejoice,  
 The men that hear my sacred song  
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
 And children learn thy ways;  
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
 Shall through the world be known;  
 Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,  
 With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is managed by thy hands,  
 Thy saints are ruled by love;  
*ff* And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
 Though rocks and hills remove.

**145.** 3D PART. C. M.—*Jordan. Clarendon.*

The Divine Goodness.

- dl* **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,  
 My God, my heavenly King;  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
*f* In sounds of glory sing.
- al* 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
 His goodness to the skies;

Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.

*di* 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food ;

*al* Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
*ad* How slow thine anger moves !

*al* But soon he sends his pardoning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race  
Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

**145.** 4TH PART. C. M.—*Bridgeport. St. Martin's.*

God the Hearer of Prayer.

*al* **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak  
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

*p* 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
*f* Thou givest the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,  
And guides our giddy youth :  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry ;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere ;

He saves the souls, whose humble love  
Is joined with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,  
And pierce their hearts with pain;  
But none that serve the Lord shall say,  
"They sought his aid in vain."

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad;  
*f* Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God.

**146.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred. Winchester.*

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

*al* **P**RAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall  
join

In work so pleasant, so divine;  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,  
While immortality endures;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last.

*an* 3 Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
*p* Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

*al* 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord to sight restores the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;



He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

*p* 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
*ad* But turns the wicked down to hell;  
*cr* Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;  
*ff* Praise him in everlasting strains.

**146.** 2D PART.—L. P. M.—*St. Mary's Chapel.*  
*Newcourt.*

Christian Gratitude and Praise.

*al* I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
*p* And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
*cr* My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
*f* Or immortality endures.

*an.p* 2 Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and power  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;  
Nor can they make their promise good.

*al* 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train:  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

*dl* 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
*ad* But turns the wicked down to hell;

*cr* Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :  
*al* Let every tongue, let every age,  
 In this exalted work engage ;  
*ff* Praise him in everlasting strains.  
*f* 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
*ff* Or immortality endures.

**147.** 1ST PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred. Meineke.*

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

*al.f* **PRAISE** ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise  
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :  
 His nature and his works invite  
 To make this duty our delight.  
 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
 And gathers nations to his name :  
*p* His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
*cr* And makes the broken spirit whole.  
 3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,  
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;  
 His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,  
 A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.  
 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,  
 And all his glories infinite ;  
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
*ad* And treads the wicked to the dust.  
*al* 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;  
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.  
 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn,

The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And feeds the ravens when they cry.

*an* 7 What is the creature's skill or force?

The vigorous man, the warlike horse,  
The sprightly wit, the active limb,  
All are too mean delights for him.

*al* 8 His saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And finds and loves his image there.

**147.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Seasons. Rothwell.*

Summer and Winter.

*al* **L**ET Zion praise the mighty God,  
And make his honours known abroad;  
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,  
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest;  
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;  
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,  
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,  
The early and the latter rains;  
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
And thus the springing corn defends.

*m* 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;  
*f* His hail descends with dreadful sound;  
*an* His icy bands the rivers hold,  
And terror arms his wintry cold.

*p* 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,  
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;  
*f* But he hath nobler works and ways  
To call his people to his praise.

*m* 6 Through all our land his laws are shown;  
His gospel through our borders known;  
He hath not thus revealed his word  
*ff* To every land—*Praise ye the Lord.*

147. 3D PART. C. M.—*Winter. Warwick.*

The Seasons of the Year.

- al **WITH** songs and honours sounding loud,  
 Address the Lord on high ;  
 Over the heaven he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down  
 To cheer the plains below ;  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
 He hears the ravens cry ;  
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face  
 Of the declining year ;  
 He bids the sun cut short his race,  
 And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
 Descend and clothe the ground ;  
 an The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.
- ud 6 When from his dreadful stores on high  
 He pours the sounding hail,  
 The wretch that dares his God defy  
 Shall find his courage fail.
- al 7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,  
 The fields no longer mourn ;  
 p He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey his mighty word ;  
 cr With songs and honours sounding loud,  
 f Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148. 1ST PART. P. M.—*Warsaw. Amherst.*

Universal Praise to God.

- al.f* **YE** tribes of Adam, join  
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,  
 And offer notes divine  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 Ye holy throng  
 Of angels bright,  
 In worlds of light,  
 Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
 And moon, that rules the night,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise,  
 With stars of twinkling light.  
 His power declare,  
 Ye floods on high,  
 And clouds that fly  
 In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above  
 In glorious order stand,  
 Or in swift courses move,  
 By his supreme command.  
 He spake the word,  
 And all their frame  
 From nothing came  
 To praise the Lord.
- 4 He moved their mighty wheels  
 In unknown ages past,  
 And each his word fulfils,  
 While time and nature last.  
 In different ways  
 His works proclaim  
 His wondrous name,  
 And speak his praise.

148. 2D PART. P. M.—*Amherst. Weymouth.*

The same.

*al.f* LET all the earth-born race,  
 And monsters of the deep,  
 The fish that cleave the seas,  
 Or in their bosom sleep;  
 From sea and shore  
 Their tribute pay,  
 And still display  
 Their Maker's power.

2 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,  
 Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,  
 And stormy winds that blow  
 To execute his word.  
 When lightnings shine,  
 Or thunders roar,  
 Let earth adore  
 His hand divine.

3 Ye mountains near the skies,  
 With lofty cedars there,  
 And trees of humbler size,  
 That fruit in plenty bear;  
 Beasts, wild and tame,  
 Birds, flies, and worms,  
 In various forms  
 Exalt his name.

*an* 4 Rulers and judges, fear  
 The Lord, the sovereign King;  
 And while you rule us here,  
 His heavenly honours sing:  
 Nor let the dream  
 Of power and state  
 Make you forget  
 His power supreme.

*al.f* 5 Virgins and youths engage  
 To sound his praise divine,

While infancy and age  
 Their feeble voices join :  
     Wide as he reigns  
     His name be sung  
     By every tongue  
     In endless strains.

*an* 6 Let all the nations fear  
     The God that rules above ;  
     He brings his people near,  
     And make them taste his love :  
*al*      While earth and sky  
     Attempt his praise,  
*cr*      His saints shall raise  
*f*      His honours high.

**148.** 3D PART. C. P. M.—*Charing. Aithlone.*

The same.

*m*   **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
     Let each enraptured thought obey,  
*cr*      And praise th' Almighty's name.  
*p*    Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
     In one melodious concert rise,  
*f*      To swell th' inspiring theme.  
*al* 2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
     Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
     Ye scenes divinely fair ;  
     Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,  
     Tell how he formed your shining frame.  
     And breathed the fluid air.  
*f* 3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;  
     While all th' adoring thrones around  
     His boundless mercy sing ;  
*p*    Let every listening saint above  
     Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
     And touch the sweetest string.  
*f* 4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;  
     Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,



The mighty chorus aid :  
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise him in the shade.

5 Let every element rejoice :  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To him who bids you roll :  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

6 Let man, for nobler service made,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ :  
Spread his tremendous name around  
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the  
sound,  
The general burst of joy.

7 Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,  
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,  
Fall prostrate at his throne :  
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;  
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your  
power  
An image of his own.

8 Let youth its ardent passions move,  
To praise the eternal Source of love,  
With all its hallowed fire :  
Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
Sigh his blest name, then soar away,  
And ask an angel's lyre.

9 Let saints, redeemed from death and hell,  
In louder, loftier numbers, tell  
The wonders of his grace :  
Beyond creation's utmost bounds ;  
Above her noblest, sweetest sounds,  
Declare Jehovah's praise.

148. 4TH PART. L. M.—*Old Hundred. Piles Grove*

The same.

*an.f* **L**OU D hallelujahs to the Lord,  
From distant worlds where creatures  
dwell :

*ad.f* Let heaven begin the solemn word,  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

*an.* 2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns !  
Let every angel bend the knee ;

*al* Sing of his love in heavenly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss :  
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams, compared to his.

*f* 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;

*p* Let the sweet whisper of his name  
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

*an.f* 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire ;  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.

*al* 6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;  
Ye valleys, sink before his eye ;  
And let his praise from every hill  
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,  
Bend your high branches and adore :  
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains  
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme  
Nature demands a song from you :  
While the dumb fish that cut the stream,  
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,  
Make the Creator's name be known;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!  
O may it dwell on every tongue!  
But saints, who best have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;  
From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

48. 5TH PART. S. M.—*Cambridge. St. Thomas.*

The same.

- L**ET every creature join  
To praise th' eternal God;  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,  
And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
And fixed their wondrous frame;  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in showers or snow,  
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,  
His power and glories show.

*f* 5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,  
 Agree to praise the Lord;  
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
 To execute his word.

*m* 6 By all his works above  
 His honours be expressed;  
*al.f* But saints that taste his saving love,  
 Should sing his praises best.

**148.** 6TH PART. S. M.—*Durham. Pentonville.*

The same.

*an* **L**ET earth and ocean know  
 They owe their Maker praise :  
 Praise him, ye watery worlds below,  
 And monsters of the seas.

2 From mountains near the sky  
 Let his high praise resound ;  
 From humble shrubs and cedars high  
 And vales and fields around.

3 Ye lions of the wood,  
 And tamer beasts that graze,  
 Ye live upon his daily food,  
 And he expects your praise.

4 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
 On high his praises bear,  
*dl* Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing  
 Your Maker's glory there.

*al* 5 Ye reptile myriads, join  
 T' exult his glorious name ;  
 And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,  
 His wondrous skill proclaim.

6 By all the earth-born race  
 His honours be expressed ;  
*cr* But saints, that know his heavenly grace,  
*f* Should learn to praise him best.

**148.** 7TH PART. S. M.—*Watchman. Silver-street.*

The same.

- al* **M**ONARCHS of wide command,  
 Praise ye th' eternal King ;  
 Judges, adore that sovereign hand,  
 Whence all your honours spring.
- 2 Let vigorous youth engage  
 To sound his praises high ;  
 Where growing babes, with withering age,  
 Their feeble voices try.
- 3 United zeal be shown  
 His wondrous fame to raise ;  
*cr* God is the Lord ; his name alone  
 Deserves our endless praise.
- al* 4 Let nature join with art,  
 And all pronounce him blest ;  
*cr* But saints that dwell so near his heart,  
*f* Should sing his praises best.

**149.** C. M.—*Arlington. Greensburg.*

Christians rejoicing in Christ, and judging the World.

- al* **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,  
 And let your songs be new ;  
 Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,  
 His later wonders show.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,  
 Shall their Redeemer sing ;  
 And gentile nations join the praise,  
 While Zion owns her king.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
 Whom sinners treat with scorn ;  
 The meek, that lie despised in dust,  
 Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,  
 E'en on a dying bed ;  
 And like the souls in glory sing,  
 For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,  
 Their hand shall wield the sword ;  
 And vengeance shall attend their songs,  
 The vengeance of the Lord.

*an* 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,  
 And bids the world appear,  
 Thrones are prepared for all his friends,  
*p* Who humbly loved him here.

*an.f* 7 Then shall they rule, with iron rod,  
 Nations that dared rebel,  
 And join the sentence of their God,  
 On tyrants doomed to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,  
 New triumph shall afford :  
*cr* Such honour for the saints remains :  
*ff* Praise ye, and love the Lord.

### 150. 1ST PART. C. M.—*Abridge. Dundee.*

A Psalm of Praise.

*al* **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 His grace he there reveals ;  
*cr* To heaven your joy and wonder raise,  
*f* For there his glory dwells.

*al* 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
 While you rehearse his deeds ;  
 But the great work of saving love  
*f* Your highest praise exceeds.

*al* 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,  
*f* Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
*dim* Yet when my voice expires in death,  
*cr* My soul shall praise him best.

**150.** 2D PART. L. M.—*Winchester. German Air.*

The same.

- al.f* **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; all nature join  
 In work and worship so divine ;  
 Let heaven and earth unite, and raise  
 High hallelujahs to his praise.
- 2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,  
 Their hallelujahs high resound ;  
 Let saints below, and saints above,  
 Exulting sing redeeming love.
- 3 As instruments well tuned and strung,  
 We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue ;  
 While life remains we'll loud proclaim  
 High hallelujahs to his name.
- 4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,  
 When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,  
 Eternally the church will raise  
*ff* High hallelujahs to his praise.

## THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

*al* **T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
*f* Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M.

*al.f* **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings  
 flow ;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

C. M.

*al* **T**HE God of mercy be adored,  
 Who calls our souls from death,



Who saves by his redeeming Word,  
And new-creating breath.

*f* 2 To praise the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit, all divine,  
*ff* The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let all creation join.

## C. M.

*al* **L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

## S. M.

*al* **Y**E angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit too.

## S. M.

*al* **T**O the eternal Three,  
In will and essence One,  
Be universal homage paid,  
And equal honours done.

## L. P. M.

*al* **N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
*f* Eternal praise and glory given,  
Through all the world where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

## H. M.

*al* **T**O God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honours raise ;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise ;

*f* With all our powers,  
Eternal King,  
Thy name we sing,  
While faith adores.

10s.

*al* **T**O Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,  
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;  
*ff* From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,  
And spread his fame till time shall be no  
more.

# THE HYMNS

ARE ARRANGED UNDER THE FOLLOWING

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# HYMNS.

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## BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

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### 1. HYMN (37.) L. M.

*Old Hundred. Sterling.*

Divine Condescension.

*an* **T**HUS saith the high and holy One,  
“I sit upon my holy throne;  
My name is God; I dwell on high;  
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 “But I descend to worlds below;  
On earth I have a mansion too;  
The humble spirit and contrite  
Is an abode of my delight.

*p* 3 “The humble soul my words revive,  
I bid the mourning sinner live:  
Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

*cr* 4 “When I contend against their sin,  
I make them know how vile they’ve been;  
But should my wrath for ever smoke,  
*ad.p* Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.”

*di* 5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,  
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!  
Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chastening love.

### 2. HYMN (88.) L. M.

*Old Hundred. Meineke.*

God the Creator and Preserver of the World.

*al.f* **S**ING to the Lord, that built the skies,  
The Lord, that reared this stately frame,

Let all the nations sound his praise,  
And every land repeat his name.

2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,  
Made every drop, and every dust,  
Nature and time, with all their wheels,  
And put them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne,  
He looks far down upon the spheres:  
He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
And round he turns the hasty years.

*m* 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,  
Till all his saints are gathered in ;  
*mæ* Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,  
To shake it all to dust again.

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,  
And lightning burn the globe below,  
*al* Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,  
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

### 3. HYMN (112.) L. M.

*German Air. Gilgal.*

God's Condescension.

*an* UP to the Lord, that reigns on high  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs,  
*p* On humble souls the King of kings  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God ;  
He hears us in the mournful hour  
And helps us bear the heavy load.

*cr*  
*m* 4 In vain might lofty princes try  
Such condescension to perform !

For worms were never raised so high  
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

*ff* 5 O could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to thy grace,  
To the third heaven our songs should rise,  
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

4. HYMN (124.) L. M.

*Old Hundred. Pilesgrave.*

Praise to God for his Promises and Decrees.

*al* **P**RAISE, everlasting praise be paid  
To him that earth's foundation laid;  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there, as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.

*an* 3 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?  
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?  
*ad.p* Slowly, alas! our mind receives  
The comforts that our Maker gives.

*di* 4 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith!  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own.

*mæ* 5 Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

*an.f* 6 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above these perishable skies,  
Where th' eternal Builder reigns,  
And his own courts his power sustains.

## 5. HYMN (130.) C. M.

*St. Ann's. Mear.*

The Eternity of God.

*di* **G**REAT God! how infinite art thou!

What worthless worms are we!  
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
 And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
 Ere seas or stars were made;  
 Thou art the ever-living God,  
 Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,  
 Stands present in thy view;  
 To thee there's nothing old appears;  
 To thee there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn  
 And vexed with trifling cares,  
 While thine eternal thought moves on  
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!  
 What worthless worms are we!  
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
 And pay their praise to thee.

## 6. HYMN (132.) C. M.

*Carr's-lane. Clarendon.*

The Faithfulness of God.

*al* **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
 And speak some boundless thing,—  
 The mighty works, or mightier name,  
 Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
 And sound his power abroad;  
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
 And the performing God.



3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched, dying men ;"  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

*f* 4 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

*dl* 5 O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
*f* To notes almost divine.

*al.f* 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heaven secure!  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

## 7. HYMN (267.) C. M.

### *Abridge. Troy.*

The Majesty, Compassion, and Love of God.

*ad* **T**HE Lord, how fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand!

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe :  
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.

*mæ* 3 A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas ;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them, as he please!

*dl* 4 Adoring angels round him fall,  
In all their shining forms ;

His sovereign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.

- 5 His bowels to our worthless race,  
In sweet compassion move ;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, Love!

8. HYMN (286.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Tweed.*

The Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God.

- an*    **I** SING th' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies!
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn mine eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

## 9. HYMN (360.) L. M.

*Stonefield. Kent.*

Praise to the Creator.

- an* **WE** sing the majesty of God,  
 Whose wisdom spread the heavens  
 abroad ;  
 To him creation owes its birth,  
 His mighty arm sustains the earth.
- p* 2 The evening shade, the morning light,  
 The sun by day, and stars by night,  
*cr* Unite their voices, to proclaim  
*f* The awful grandeur of his name.
- p* 3 He sees our griefs with pitying eyes,  
 His liberal hand our need supplies ;  
*cr* From him full streams of mercy flow,  
 To cheer this gloomy vale below.
- di* 4 Thou God of grace and matchless power,  
 With reverence we thy name adore :  
 To thee our grateful songs we raise,  
 Though feeble are our notes of praise.

## 10. HYMN (504.) L. M.

*Litchfield. Ellenthorpe.*

God unsearchable.

- an* **WHAT** is our God, or what his name,  
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;  
 He dwells concealed in radiant flame,  
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
 Compared with him how short they fall !  
 They are too dark, and he too bright ;  
 Nothing are they, and God is all.
- mæ* 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and, lo !  
 Creation rose at his command ;

Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature leans, and feels her prop;  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.

*m* 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon:  
*f* No ebb his sea of glory knows;  
His age is one eternal noon.

*al.f* 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise:  
All nature dwell upon the sound;  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

## 11. HYMN (189.) L. M.

*Antigua. Luther's Hymn.*

The Divine Perfections.

*an* **J**EHOVAH reigns, enthroned on high,  
His robes are light and majesty!  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.

*mæ* 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;  
His justice guards his holy law;  
*p* His love reveals a smiling face,  
*cr* His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.

*p* 4 And will the Lord now condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend!  
*cr* Then let my songs with angels join;  
*ff* Heaven is secure if God be mine.

## 12. HYMN (280.) L. M.

*Hebron. Wells.*

The unbounded Love of God.

- m* **L**ORD, what is man, that he should prove  
 The object of thy boundless love?  
 Say, why should he so largely share  
 Thy favour, and thy tender care?
- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath,  
 Or till I close my eyes in death,  
 I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,  
 Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence  
 I'll place my only confidence:  
 In every danger and distress,  
 To thee will I my prayer address.
- cr*  
*f* 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,  
 In thee I'll make my constant boast;  
 I'll spread the glories of thy name,  
 And thy unbounded love proclaim.

## CHRIST.

## 13. HYMN (1.) L. M.

*Stonefield. Pilesgrave.*

Christ the eternal Word.

- an.f* **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,  
 From everlasting was the Word;  
 With God he was; the Word was God,  
 And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power all things were made;  
 By him supported all things stand:  
 He is the whole creation's head,  
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
 He led the host of morning stars:  
 (His generation who can tell,  
 Or count the number of his years?)

- p* 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms ;  
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
 That he may converse hold with worms,  
*dim* Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- al.f* 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
 Th' eternal Father's only Son :  
 How full of truth, how full of grace,  
 The brightness of the Godhead shone !
- 6 The angels leave their high abode,  
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
 The love of our descending God,  
 The glories of Immanuel.

# 14. HYMN (2.) C. M.

*Harleigh. Broomsgrove.*

The same.

- al* **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song  
 To our incarnate Lord ;  
 Let every heart and every tongue  
 Adore th' eternal Word.
- an* 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,  
 By whom the worlds were made ;
- al* (O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)  
 Was once in flesh arrayed !
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love  
 In all their glorious forms,  
 When Jesus left his throne above  
 To dwell with sinful worms.
- an.p* 4 To dwell with misery below,  
 The Saviour left the skies ;  
 And sunk to wretchedness and wo,  
 That worthless man might rise.
- al.p* 5 Adoring angels tuned their songs,  
 To hail the joyful day ;
- cr* With rapture, then, let mortal tongues  
 Their grateful worship pay.

*di* 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !  
 With wonder we adore ;  
 But could we sing as angels do,  
 Our highest praise were poor.

**15.** HYMN (113.) L. M.

*Castle-street. Quito.*

Grace and Glory in the Person of Christ.

*al* **N**OW to th' Lord a noble song !  
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;  
*al.f* Hosanna to the eternal name,  
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

*dl* 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
 The brightest image of his grace ;  
 God, in the person of his Son,  
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;  
 And thy rich glories from afar  
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
 The noblest labour of thine hands :  
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !  
*cr* Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !  
*f* Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

*di* 6 O may I live to reach the place  
 Where he unveils his lovely face !  
*al* Where all his beauties you behold,  
*f* And sing his name to harps of gold !



## 16.

HYMN (425.) C. M.

*Foundling. St. Martin's.*

The Birth of Christ.

- m*     **W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks  
                  by night  
          All seated on the ground,  
          The angel of the Lord came down,  
*f*           And glory shone around.
- m*     2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
          Had seized their troubled mind;  
*al*     "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
          To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in Bethlehem, this day,  
          Is born of David's line,  
          The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
          And this shall be the sign.
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
          To human view displayed,  
          All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
          And in a manger laid."
- m*     5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
          Appeared a shining throng  
          Of angels praising God, who thus  
          Addressed their joyful song:
- al*     6 "All glory be to God on high,  
          And to the earth be peace;  
          Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men  
          Begin, and never cease."

## 17.

HYMN (447.) C. M.

*Paradise. Clarendon.*

The angelic Song at the Birth of Christ.

- al*     **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
          And chant the solemn lay;

Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

*f* 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky  
'Th' impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

*p* 5 Wrapt in the silence of the night  
Lay all the eastern world,  
*f* When bursting, glorious, heavenly light  
The wondrous scene unfurled.

*p* 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
*f* Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious, angel throng.

*p* 7 O for a glance of heavenly love,  
Our hearts and songs to raise ;  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with their lays !

*f* 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
" Glory to God on high ;  
Good-will and peace are now complete,  
Jesus was born to die."

*an* 9 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !  
Redeemer, brother, friend !  
*f* Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

## 18. HYMN (111.) L. M.

*Sabaoth. New Sabbath.*

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

- al.f* NOW for a tune of lofty praise  
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!  
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays  
 Tell the loud wonders he has done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,  
 And the bright robes he wore above;  
 How swift and joyful was his flight,  
 On wings of everlasting love.
- m* 3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,  
 He came to raise our nature high;  
 He came t' atone almighty wrath:
- ad.p* Jesus, our God, was born to die.
- m* 4 Hell and its lions roared around;  
*do* His precious blood the monsters spilt!  
 While weighty sorrows pressed him down,  
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.
- ad.p* 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,  
 The mighty Captive prisoner lay;  
*ff* The mighty Conqueror left the earth,  
 And rose to everlasting day.
- al* 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
 Up to his throne of shining grace;  
 See what immortal glories sit  
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.

## 19. HYMN (434.) H. M.

*Lenox. Eagle-street*

The Debt of Love.

COME, every pious heart,  
 That loves the Saviour's name,

- Your noblest powers exert,  
 To celebrate his fame :  
*an* Tell all above, and all below,  
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,  
 And such his love for you,  
 He nobly undertook  
 What Gabriel could not do :  
*f* His every deed of love and grace  
 All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.
- 3 He left his starry crown,  
 And laid his robes aside ;  
 On wings of love came down,  
*dim* And wept, and bled, and died ;  
*ad.p* What he endured O who can tell,  
 To save our souls from death and hell !
- f* 4 From the dark grave he rose,  
 The mansions of the dead ;  
 And thence his mighty foes  
 In glorious triumph led :  
*mæ* Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- al* 5 From thence he'll quickly come,  
 His chariot will not stay,  
 And bear our spirits home  
 To realms of endless day :  
 There shall we see his lovely face,  
 And ever be in his embrace.
- di* 6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
 The debt we owe thy love,  
 Yet tell us how we may  
 Our gratitude approve :  
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give ;  
 The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

**20.** HYMN (385.) L. M.*Bath. Calvary.**Christ all in all.*

*di* **G**REAT Light of life! thou nature's  
Lord,

Bring light from darkness by thy word;  
Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine,  
To give the light of truth divine.

2 Light of our souls! thyself reveal;  
Thy power and presence let us feel;  
And know and see the wondrous things  
Concealed from prophets, priests, and kings.

3 In the dear face of Christ, our God,  
His righteousness, and pardoning blood,  
May we behold our All in All,—  
And at his foot of mercy fall.

4 There thy perfections shine most bright;  
May we behold them with delight;  
And see how justice, truth, and grace  
Unite, and smile in Jesus' face.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,  
Open our long-benighted eyes;  
Shine, Jesus, shine, from day to day,  
'Till all that's dark be done away.

**21.** HYMN (505.) 8, 7.*Love Divine.**Christ the Ancient of Days.*

*di* **L**ORD of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!

Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;  
For created works of power,—  
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

3 For thy Providence that governs  
Through thine empire's wide domain;  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;  
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
Dark through brightness all along;  
Thought is poor, and poor expression:  
Who dare sing that awful song?

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?

*al.f* Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

*m* 6 Did the angels sing thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
*an* Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

7 From the highest throne in glory!  
To the cross of deepest wo!  
*al* All to ransom guilty captives!  
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

*di* 8 Go, return, immortal Saviour!  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;  
*f* Thence return, and reign for ever,  
Be the kingdom all thy own.

## 22. HYMN (229.) C. M.

*Bedford. Irish.*

Christ the Christian's Refuge in Trouble.

*m* **I**N every trouble, sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies;  
*an* My anchor-hold is firm in him,  
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,  
I trust a faithful God;

The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in a Saviour's blood.

*f* 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,  
To thy Redeemer's name!  
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

## 23. HYMN (482.) C. M.

*Devizes. Arlington.*

The Church a living Temple for God, or Christ the Builder.

*al* **J**ESUS, how bright his glory shines,  
In all his works above;  
On earth his kind and wise designs  
His church and people love.

2 He plans the temple of the Lord,  
And all the building rears;  
And be his holy name adored,  
He all the glory bears.

*p* 3 The vast materials, lo! he forms,  
Nor love nor power he spares;  
*cr* He guards the building from all harms,  
*f* And all the glory bears.

*di* 4 In this blest building, may my soul  
A living stone appear;  
*an* And he, the builder of the whole,  
Shall all the glory bear.

5 No,—not a stone shall be removed,  
Which his dear hand has laid;  
Throughout the whole his glory showed,  
And all his grace displayed.

6 When he the topmost stone shall bring  
To heaven, to see him there,  
*cr* We shall the builder's praises sing,  
*f* And he the glory bear.



## 24. HYMN (256.) L. M.

*Pilesgrove. Gilgal.*

The Characters of Christ.

*dl* **WHAT** various lovely characters  
 The condescending Saviour bears :  
 All human virtues, all divine,  
 In him unite, with splendour shine.

2 The Corner-stone on which we build,  
 The Balm by which our souls are healed,  
 The Morning Star, whose cheering ray  
 Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

*al.f* 3 He is our Rock, and our Defence,  
 Nor earth nor hell can force us thence ;  
 Our Advocate before the throne,  
 Who with our prayers presents his own.

4 He is the burdened sinner's Rest,  
 Our Prophet, and atoning Priest ;  
 To him, as our exalted King,  
 We homage pay, our offering bring.

5 He is our Captain and our Guide,  
 The Friend, the Husband of the bride ;  
 The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,  
 The Lord our strength and righteousness

6 The Fountain whence our blessings flow,  
 A Lamb, and yet a Lion too ;  
 The Sun for light and guidance given,  
 The Door which opens into heaven.

7 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Who does his flock in safety keep ;  
 The Conqueror he, the Judge of men,  
 The Faithful Witness, the Amen !

**25.** HYMN (457.) 8's & 7's.*Sicilian Hymn.*

Christ the Desire of every Nation.

*di* **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee :  
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver ;  
 Born a child—and yet a King ;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

**26.** HYMN (435.) L. M.*Blendon. Wells.*

Christ our Example.

*m* **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
 What were his works from day to day,  
 But miracles of power and grace,  
 That spread salvation through our race ?

*di* 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;  
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

*m* 3 The man who marks, from day to day,  
 In generous acts his radiant way,  
*cr* Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
*f* The path to glory and to God.

## 27. HYMN (422.) C. M.

*Rochester. Winter.*

The Fountain opened for Uncleaness.

- m* **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
     Drawn from Immanuel's veins :  
*cr* And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
*f*     Lose all their guilty stains.
- an* 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
     That fountain in his day ;  
     And there may I, though vile as he,  
     Wash all my sins away.
- di* 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
     Shall never lose its power,  
     Till all the ransomed church of God  
     Be saved, to sin no more.
- m* 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
     Thy flowing wounds supply,  
*cr* Redeeming love has been my theme,  
     And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
     I'll sing thy power to save ;  
*p* When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,  
*dim*     Lies silent in the grave.

## 28. HYMN (509.) 8's &amp; 7's.

*Sicilian Hymn.*

Christ the dearest and best Friend.

- an* **O**NE there is above all others,  
     Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
     His is love beyond a brother's,  
     Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
     Could or would have shed his blood ?

But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

- p* 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
*cr* Now, above all glory raised,  
*f* He rejoices in the same.
- di* 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a friend we have above.

## 29. HYMN (423.) L. M.

*Wells. Bath.*

Christ the Gift of God.

- di* **J**ESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray;  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,—  
That face which I have often seen;  
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,  
And burst the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,  
To sinners weary and distress;  
The first of all his gifts bestowed,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- an* 4 Could I but say, "This gift is mine,"  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy sinners rich and great.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart,  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never shall from thence depart.

**30.** HYMN (61.) C. M.*St. Ann's. Bedford.*

The Compassion, Purity, and Intercession of Christ.

- al* **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;
- dl* His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- p* 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- an* 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,
- do* While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- an* 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;
- al* We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

**31.** HYMN (508.) L. M. 6 lines.*Eutan. Broadmead.*

Christ the Hope of the Disconsolate.

- m* **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are  
few,
- cr* On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;

He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

*m* 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
*an* Still he who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

*m* 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
*dim* And sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
*an* Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

*p* 4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend :  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me—for a little while,—  
*an* Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

*di* 5 And O, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict—but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed,—for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

### 32. HYMN (412.) L. M.

*Seasons. Effingham.*

Praise to Christ.

*an* **J**JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,  
To sing his everlasting fame ;  
Great God prepare each heart and voice,  
In him for ever to rejoice.

2 With him I daily love to walk ;  
Of him my soul delights to talk ;

On him I cast my every care ;  
Like him, one day, I shall appear.

3 Bless him, my soul, from day to day,  
Trust him to lead thee on thy way ;  
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart ;  
With him, O never, never part.

4 Take him for strength and righteousness,  
Make him thy refuge in distress ;  
Love him above all earthly joy,  
And him in every thing employ.

*al.f* 5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs ;  
To him your highest praise belongs ;  
Bless him who does your heaven prepare,  
And makes you meet his joy to share.

### 33. HYMN (421.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Foundling.*

Immanuel the Triumph and Joy of his Saints.

*al* **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,  
Thou lovely Prince of grace !  
Thy uncreated beauties shine  
With never-failing rays.

*p* 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,  
Come bending at thy feet ;  
To thee their prayers and praise ascend,  
In thee their wishes meet.

*dl* 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,  
Delights the church around ;  
Sweetly the sacred odours spread  
Through all Immanuel's ground.

*cr* 4 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thy exhaustless store ;  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.



5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;  
 They find their all in thee ;  
 Thy glories will their tongues employ  
 Through all eternity.

*di* 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
 That I shall mount on high ;  
 And view thy matchless beauties there,  
 With never-ceasing joy ?

### 34. HYMN (9.) L. M.

*Hebron. Newry.*

The Incarnation and Dominion of the Son of God.—*Isa. ix. 2—7.*

*an* **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,  
 Now have beheld a heavenly light ;  
 Nations that sat in death's cold shade,  
 Are blest with beams divinely bright.

*al* 2 The virgin's promised Son is born ;  
 Behold th' expected child appear !

*p* What shall his names or titles be :  
*f* "The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"

3 The government of earth and seas  
 Upon his shoulders shall be laid :  
 His wide dominions shall increase,  
 And honours to his name be paid.

4 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit  
 High on his father David's throne ;  
*ff* Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,  
 And reign to ages yet unknown.

### 35. HYMN (466.) 8's.

*Lystra.*

Jesus first and last.

*al* **T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;

Whose love is as large as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end :

2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

**36.** HYMN (204.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Chester.*

Love to Christ.

- dl* **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- m* 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
*p* And calms the troubled breast ;  
*m* 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
*p* And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- di* 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- ad.p* 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
*an* But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

**37.** HYMN (106.) C. M.*Pennsylvania. St. Martin's.*

Christ's Intercession.

- m*     **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats,  
           Where your Redeemer stays :
- p*     Kind Intercessor! there he sits,  
           And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- m*     2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,  
           And shed his vital blood ;  
           Appeased stern justice on the tree,  
           And then arose to God.
- al*    3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
           And saints their offerings bring,  
           The Priest, with his own sacrifice,  
           Presents them to the King.
- 4 Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
           Up to his Father's throne :
- p*     He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,  
           And sweetens every groan.
- al*    5 Ten thousand praises to the King,  
*ff*        "Hosanna in the highest!"  
*f*     Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
           To God, and to his Christ.

**38.** HYMN (384.) C. M.*Marlow. Arlington.*

Christ the Lamb of God.

- m*     **S**INNERS, behold the Lamb of God,  
           Who takes away our guilt ;  
           Look to the precious, priceless blood,  
           That Jews and Gentiles spilt.
- 2 From heaven he came to seek and save,  
           Leaving his blest abode ;  
           To ransom us, himself he gave ;  
           "Behold the Lamb of God."

- 3 He came to take the sinner's place  
And shed his precious blood;  
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race,  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
- 4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,  
Invited by his word,  
The chief of sinners need not fear;  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
- 5 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,  
And washes in his blood;  
Arise, return from grievous falls;  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
- 6 Spirit of grace, to us apply  
Immanuel's precious blood;  
That we may, with thy saints on high,  
"Behold the Lamb of God."

### 39. HYMN (420.) C. M.

#### *Harborough.*

Jesus Lord of all.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall ;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

**40.** HYMN (87.) C. M.

*Irish. St. John's.*

Christ the Offering and the Priest.

*an* **T**HE true Messiah now appears,  
 The types are all withdrawn ;  
 So fly the shadows and the stars  
 Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,  
 Nor kid, nor bullock slain ;  
 Incense and spice of costly names  
 Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
 His mitre and his vest,  
 When God himself comes down to be  
 The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show  
 The wonders of his love ;  
 For us he paid his life below,  
 And prays for us above.

*p* 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,  
 For I myself have died ;"  
 And then he shows his opened veins,  
 And pleads his wounded side.

**41.** HYMN (381.) 8's & 7's.

*Love Divine.*

Christ the paschal Lamb.

*al.p* **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
 Hail, thou Galilean King !  
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
*f* Thou didst free salvation bring !

- m* 2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!
- f* By thy merits we find favour,  
Life is given through thy name.
- m* 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid;  
By almighty love anointed,
- f* Thou hast full atonement made.
- 4 All thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

## 42. HYMN (184.) C. M.

*Rochester. Canterbury.*

Christ our Passover.

- an* **L**O! the destroying angel flies  
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;  
The pride and flower of Egypt dies  
By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,  
Nor poured the wrath divine;  
He saw the blood on every door,  
And blessed the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,  
To break th' Egyptian yoke;  
*f* Thus Israel is from bondage freed,  
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- di* 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too  
With blood so rich as thine,  
Justice no longer would pursue  
This guilty soul of mine.
- m* 5 Jesus our passover was slain,  
And has at once procured  
*f* Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,  
And God's avenging sword.

## 43. HYMN (105.) S. M.

*Sutton. Watchman.*

Christ's Intercession.

- m* **WELL**, the Redeemer's gone,  
     T' appear before our God,  
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne  
     With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,  
     No burning wrath comes down  
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,  
     The Saviour shows his own.
- p* 3 Before his Father's eye  
     Our humble suit he moves;  
*pp* The Father lays his thunder by,  
     And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- al* 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
     Our Maker's honour sing;  
 Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,  
     And bears them to the King.
- 5 On earth thy mercy reigns,  
     And triumphs all above;  
*ad* But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains  
     To speak immortal love!
- 6 How jarring and how low  
     Are all the notes we sing!  
*di* Blest Saviour, tune our songs anew,  
     And they shall please the King.

## 44. HYMN (139.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Marlow.*

Prince of Glory.

- af* **PLUNGED** in a gulf of dark despair  
     We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
     Or spark of glimmering day.



2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
*al* He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
*p* Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

*al.f* 4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

*ff* 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,  
*an* Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

**45.** HYMN (172.) C. M.

*Colchester. Warwick.*

The Offices of Christ.

*al* **WE** bless the prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace;  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word  
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,  
Who offered up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;  
How sweet are his commands!  
He guards our souls from hell and sin  
By his almighty hands.

*f* 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,  
Who saves by different ways;  
His mercies lay a sovereign claim  
To our immortal praise.

## 46. HYMN (318.) L. M.

*Hebron. Alfreton.*

Christ the great Physician.

*do* **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has  
made;

Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas! is nature's aid,

The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns,  
With fatal strength, in every part;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

*an.f* 4 There is a great Physician near;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live  
*p* See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such aid as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;  
*cr* 'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy wo.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
For here a sovereign cure is found;  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for every painful wound.

## 47. HYMN (77.) H. M.

*Warsan. Eagle-street.*

Christ our Prophet, Counsellor, and Shepherd.

*al* **J**JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,

That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore :

*an* All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

*p* 2 But, O what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use,  
To teach his heavenly grace!  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

*an* 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hands :  
Commissioned from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God !  
My tongue would bless thy name :  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,  
My Pattern, and my Guide ;  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side ;  
*di* O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !

*an* 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of his sheep :  
*p* He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

## 48. HYMN (487.) S. M.

*Shirland. Fairfield.*

Christ our Redeemer.

- an* **P**REPARE a thankful song,  
     To the Redeemer's name ;  
*f* Let his high praise employ each tongue,  
     And every heart inflame !
- p* 2 He laid his glory by,  
     And bitter pains endured :  
     That sinners of the deepest dye  
     From wrath might be secured.
- dim m* 3 Stretched on the cross he died,  
     Our debt of sin to pay ;  
     The blood and water from his side  
     Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 Pleading for us, he stands  
     Before the Father's throne ;  
     And answers all the law's demands,  
     With what himself hath done.
- 5 The Holy Ghost he sends,  
     Our stubborn souls to move ;  
     To make his enemies his friends,  
     And conquer them by love.
- 6 Assured that Christ our King  
     Will put our foes to flight,  
     We on the field of battle sing,  
*f* And triumph while we fight.

## 49. HYMN (203.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Barby.*

Christ the all-sufficient Saviour.

- dl* **T**HE Saviour ! O what endless charms  
     Dwell in the blissful sound !  
     Its influence every fear disarms,  
     And spreads sweet comfort round.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
*ad* For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doomed to endless wo.
- p* 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode!  
*f* While angels viewed with wondering eyes,  
And hailed the incarnate God!
- al.f* 4 O the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
*di* Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
I cannot wish for more!
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All!

**50.** HYMN (78.) H. M.

*Amherst. Southbury.*

Christ our High Priest and Advocate.

- m* **J**ESUS, my great High Priest,  
Offered his blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.
- f* His powerful blood did once atone;  
And now it pleads before the throne.
- an* 2 To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws.
- al.f* Behold my soul at freedom set;  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- m* 3 My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
*p* The Father bows his ears,  
*pp* And lays his thunder by.

*f* Not all that hell or sin can say,  
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4 My great and glorious Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing.  
Thine is the power ; behold I sit  
*p* In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

*an.f* 5 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down :  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown.  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

6 Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on.  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
*f* Superior power and guardian grace.

## 51. HYMN (278.) L. M.

*Effingham. Uxbridge. Shoel.*

Jesus our sympathizing High Priest.

**W**HERE high the heavenly temple  
stands,

The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The patron of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,  
And poured on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,  
The guardian of the human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;

Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

- 4 Our fellow Sufferer yet retains  
A fellow feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies,  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes in our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour !

52. HYMN (312.) L. M.

*Portugal. Luton.*

Christ the living Bread.

- an* **J**ESUS, thou art the living bread,  
By which our needy souls are fed :  
In thee, alone, thy children find  
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- dim* 2 Without this bread I starve and die ;  
*an* No other can my need supply :  
But this will suit my wretched case,  
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 3 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,  
Who ask for bread at mercy's door ;  
This living food descends from heaven,  
As manna to the Jews was given.
- 4 This precious food my heart revives,  
What strength, what nourishment it gives !  
*di* O let me evermore be fed  
With this divine celestial bread !



## 53.

HYMN (365.) C. M.

*Chester. Carr's-lane.*

Jesus the Charm of the Christian Life.

*an.p* **J**ESUS! delightful, charming name,  
 It spreads a fragrance round;  
 Justice and mercy, truth and peace,  
 In union here are found.

*cr* 2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,  
 In him all glories meet;  
 He is a shade above our heads,  
 A light to guide our feet.

*m* 3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,  
 If Jesus shows his face;

*cr* To weary heavy-laden souls,  
*f* He is their resting place.

*m* 4 When storms arise and tempests blow,  
*f* He speaks a sovereign word;  
*p* The threatening billows cease to flow,  
 The winds obey their Lord.

*m* 5 Through every age he's still the same,  
 But we ungrateful prove,  
 Forget the savour of his name,  
 The sweetness of his love.

## 54.

HYMN (283.) L. M.

*Seasons. Ward.*

Christ our Example.

*m.p* **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?  
 So let our conversation be:  
 The serpent blended with the dove,  
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!

- dl* 3 O how benevolent and kind !  
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !  
*cr* Be his the temper of our mind,  
 And his the rule by which we live !  
*an.p* 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,  
 Was his employment and delight ;  
 Humility and holy zeal,  
 Shone through his life divinely bright.  
 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
 The labours of his life were love :  
 If then we love our Saviour's name,  
 Let his divine example move.  
*af* 6 But ah, how blind ! how weak we are !  
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !  
*li* Lord, we depend upon thy care,  
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide !

**55.** HYMN (200.) 8's, 7's, & 4.

*Tamworth.*

Christ the Pilgrim's Guide.

- li* **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land !  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me, till I want no more.  
 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through ;  
 Strong deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;

Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
*f* Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

**56.** HYMN (213.) C. M.

*Dundee. Barby.*

Christ the good Shepherd.

- n* **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love,  
We own thy power to save ;  
That power, by which our Shepherd rose,  
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,  
Still watchful for our good,  
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,  
And sealed it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,  
And mould it to thy will ;  
That my fond heart no more may stray  
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,  
And press with vigour on,  
Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
And fix us near thy throne.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

**57.** HYMN (161.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Liverpool.*

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- m* **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;  
*f* He conquered when he fell :  
*p* "'Tis finished," said his dying breath,  
*f* And shook the gates of hell.

*an* 2 "'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,  
The dreadful work is done ;  
*al* Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He passed, to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,  
Sits our victorious Lord ;  
To heaven and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye  
Await their several crowns,  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

# 58. HYMN (207.) L. M.

*Seasons. Luther's Hymn.*

'Tis finished ! or the last Words of Christ.

*an.p* 'TIS finished ! so the Saviour cried,  
*dim* And meekly bowed his head, and died :  
*cr* 'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,  
*ff* The battle fought, the victory won.

*al.f* 2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,  
In me the Saviour of mankind

3 'Tis finished, heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled ;  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

*ff* 4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round :

'Tis finished—let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth  
and sky.

59. HYMN (409.) L. M.

*Bath. Luther's.*

The Death of Christ.

*do*     **S**TRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour  
dies !

Hark ! his expiring groans arise !  
See, how the sacred crimson tide  
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.

*al*     2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound ;  
The vital stream, how free it flows  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

*af*     3 To suffer in the traitor's place,  
To die for man—surprising grace !  
Yet pass rebellious angels by—

*di*     O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

4 And didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?—

*p*     And could the sun behold the deed ?  
No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,  
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

*af*     5 Can I survey this scene of wo,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,  
And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
Insensible to love or pain ?

*di*     6 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;  
'Till all its powers and passions move,  
In melting grief, and ardent love.

## RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

60.

HYMN (209.) 7's.

*Bath Abbey. Welwood.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

- an* **H**ARK! the herald angels say,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day!
- al.f* Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Let the glorious tidings fly.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Fought the fight, the battle won;  
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,  
 Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
 Death in vain forbids his rise,  
 Christ hath opened paradise!
- m* 4 Lives again our glorious King!
- f* "Where, O death, is now thy sting!"
- m* Once he died our souls to save;
- f* Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- m* 5 What though once we perished all,  
 Partners of our parents' fall,  
*f* Second life we now receive,  
 And in Christ for ever live.
- 6 Hail! thou dear almighty Lord,  
 Hail! thou great incarnate Word,  
 Hail! thou suffering Son of God,  
 Take the trophies of thy blood.

61.

HYMN (210.) 7's.

*Hart's. Welwood.*

The same.

- al* **L**O, the stone is rolled away;  
 Death yields up his mighty prey;  
 Jesus, rising from the tomb,  
 Scatters all its fearful gloom.

- 2 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!  
*f* Praise him in the noblest songs;  
From ten thousand thousand tongues.
- 3 Every note with rapture swell,  
And the Saviour's triumph tell:  
Where, O death! is now thy sting?  
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
- m* 4 Let Immanuel be adored,  
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!  
*ff* To creation's utmost bound  
Let th' eternal praise resound.

**62.** HYMN (142.) S. M.  
*St. Thomas. Cambridge.*

The Ascension and Exaltation of Christ.

- al* **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring;  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.
- p* 2 Down to the shades of death  
*dim* He bowed his awful head;  
*al.f* Yet he arose to live and reign,  
When death itself is dead.
- an* 3 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more;  
*ff* For hell itself shakes at his name,  
*p* And all the heavens adore.
- m* 4 There the Redeemer sits,  
High on the Father's throne;  
*pp* The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
- f* 5 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints and angels there  
To everlasting days.



## 63. HYMN (512.) H. M.

*Bethesda. Amherst.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

*an* YES, the Redeemer rose;  
*cr* The Saviour left the dead;  
*f* And o'er our hellish foes  
 High raised his conquering head.

In wild dismay,  
 The guards around  
 Fall to the ground,  
*p* And sink away.

*an* 2 Lo! the angelic bands  
 In full assembly meet,  
 To wait his high commands,  
 And worship at his feet;  
*al* Joyful they come,  
 And wing their way  
 From realms of day  
 To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
 The joyful news to bear:  
*p* Hark! as they soar on high,  
 What music fills the air!  
*f* Their anthems say,  
 "Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead;  
 He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
 Redeemed by him from hell;  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe, on which you dwell,  
*ff* Transported cry,  
 "Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead,  
 No more to die."

*f* 5 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
 Who savest us with thy blood !  
 Wide be thy name adored,  
 Thou rising, reigning God !  
 With thee we rise,  
 With thee we reign,  
 And empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

**64.** HYMN (410.) H. M.

*Weymouth. Southbury.*

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

*al* **A**LL hail ! the glorious morn  
 That saw our Saviour rise,  
 With victory bright adorned,  
 And triumph in his eyes :  
 Ye saints, extol your risen Lord,  
 And sing his praise with sweet accord.

*an* 2 Behold the Lamb of God,  
 Th' atoning sacrifice,  
 Sustains the dreadful load  
 Of man's iniquities :  
 Death, sin, and hell, our cruel foes,  
*f* All vanquished fell when Jesus rose.

3 At once the prison doors  
 Death's awful gates expand ;  
 Their captive they restore  
 At God's supreme command :  
 How blest the hour ! (awake our joys,)  
 Hell's fatal power, lo, he destroys !

4 The Conqueror ascends  
 In triumph to the skies ;  
 Celestial hosts attend  
 To crown his victories :

*p* Hark ! they proclaim his glorious name,  
*cr* And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

- m* 5 Now to the throne above,  
 Let every saint draw near;  
 There, dwells incarnate love;  
 Grace sits triumphant there:  
*p* See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,  
*an* Where once did wrath and justice frown.  
*al* 6 All praise be to the Lamb,  
 Who offered up his blood;  
 Hosannas to his name,  
 That for our ransom stood:  
*f* In notes sublime, with joy we sing,  
 The love divine of Christ our king.

**65.** HYMN (136.) C. M.

*St. John's. Melody.*

The same.

- al* **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
 That clothed himself in clay;  
 Entered the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.  
 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
 Since our Immanuel rose;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And spoiled our hellish foes.  
 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
 And to his Father flies,  
 With scars of honour in his flesh,  
 And triumph in his eyes.  
 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
 To reach his blest abode;  
*p* Sweet be the accents of your songs  
 To our incarnate God.  
*f* 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
*p* Your sweetest voices raise;  
*cr* Let heaven and all created things,  
*f* Sound our Immanuel's praise.

**66.** HYMN (208.) L. M. D.*Dresden. Luther's Hymn.*

The Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ.

- do* **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
 Come, saints! and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groaned beneath your load;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- an* 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree!  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
- al.p* But, lo! what sudden joys we see!  
*cr* Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
- f* Up to his Father's court he flies!  
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
- ff* And shout him welcome to the skies!
- al.f* 3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliverer reigns!  
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster Death in chains!  
 Say—"Live for ever, wondrous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask the monster—"Where's thy  
 sting?  
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

## CHRIST'S EXALTATION.

**67.** HYMN (211.) 8's & 7's.*Sicilian Hymn. Bavaria.*

Christ exalted and interceding.

- al* **J**ESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide;

All the heavenly host adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
*f* Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.

*p* 4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

# 68. HYMN (212.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Bedford.*

The same.

*an* **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above;  
And celebrate his constant care,  
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining train,  
With matchless honours crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears,  
Deep graven on his heart;  
Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
*dim* Are mouldered down to dust.

*di* 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
 May thy dear name be worn ;  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
 To endless ages borne.

# 69. HYMN (511.) L. M.

*Brewer. Pilesgrove.*

The inimitable Love of Christ.

*an* **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,  
 That brightest monument of praise,  
 That e'er the God of Love designed,  
 Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,  
 A burden for an angel's tongue :  
*cr* When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
*f* He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love :  
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
*p* Puts off the beams of bright array,  
*dim* And veils the God in mortal clay.

*m* 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,  
*do* Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans,  
 The Prince of Life resigns his breath ;  
*dim* The King of Glory bows to death.

*an.f* 5 But see the wonders of his power !  
 He triumphs in his dying hour :  
*m* And, while by Satan's rage he fell,  
*f* He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,  
 And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood :  
 Then he arose ; he reigns above,  
 And conquers sinners by his love.

## WORK AND INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

## 70. HYMN (216.) C. M.

*Abridge. St. John's.*

Spiritual Illumination.

*m* **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight;  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic, like the sun:  
 It gives a light to every age,  
 It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat;  
 His truths upon the nations rise,  
 They rise, but never set.

*an* 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
*f* In brighter worlds above.

## 71. HYMN (76.) C. M.

*Bedford. Barby.*The witnessing and sealing Spirit.—*Rom. viii. 14. 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.*

*m* **W**HY should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days?  
*di* Great Comforter! descend, and bring  
 Some tokens of thy grace.



2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heaven?  
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
 And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
 In the Redeemer's blood;  
 And bear thy witness with my heart,  
 That I am born of God.

*p*  
*cr* 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
 The pledge of joys to come;  
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
 Will safe convey me home.

**72.** HYMN (173.) L. M.

*Newry. Hebron.*

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

*m* **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess  
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
 Thy power conveys our blessings down,  
 From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,  
 Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
 Thine inward teachings make us know  
 Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,  
 And break the chains of reigning sin:  
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
 And form our wretched hearts anew.

*p* 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
 Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
 And calm the surges of the mind.

## 73. HYMN (174.) L. M.

*German Air. Ward.*

The Spirit's Vindication of the dying Saviour.

- an* **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!  
 Behold, the dead awake and live!  
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
*al* Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- an* 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,  
 And seal the mission of the Son;  
 The Father vindicates his cause,  
*p* While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- ad.p* 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;  
*al.f* He rises, the triumphant God:  
 Behold the Lord ascending high,  
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
 I bid my doubts and fears depart;  
 And to those hands my soul resign,  
 Which bear credentials so divine.

## 74. HYMN (179.) L. M.

*Blendon. Luton.*

The Effusion of the Spirit.

- an* **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When the disciples all were met:  
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave,  
 And power to kill, and power to save,  
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous  
 words,  
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

- f* 3 These weapons of the holy war,  
 Of what almighty force they are,  
 To make our stubborn passions bow,  
 And lay the proudest rebel low.
- m* 4 Nations the learned and the rude,  
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued;  
 While Satan rages at his loss,  
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- di* 5 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;  
 I would be led in triumph too,  
 A willing captive to my Lord,  
 And sing the victories of his word.

## 75.

HYMN (424.) 7's.

*Norwich. Fairfax.*

Prayer to the Spirit.

- di* **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!  
 Let thy light within me shine;  
 All my guilty fears remove,  
 Fill me full of heaven and love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
 Set the burdened sinner free;  
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;  
 Seal salvation on my heart;  
 Breathe thyself into my breast,  
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,  
 Keep me in the narrow way:  
 Fill my soul with joy divine,  
 Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

## THE TRINITY.

76. HYMN (456.) 6's. 4's.

*Trinity. St. Clement's.*

Invocation of the Trinity.

- an* COME, thou almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise!  
 Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us, ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall!  
 Let thine almighty aid, our sure defence be  
 made;  
 Our souls on thee be staid; Lord, hear our  
 call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword;  
 Our prayer attend!  
 Come, and thy people bless, and give thy  
 word success;  
 Spirit of holiness, on us descend!
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour!  
 Thou, who almighty art, now rule in every  
 heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.
- af* 5 To the great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore!  
 His sovereign majesty, may we in glory see,  
 And to eternity, love and adore!

**77.** HYMN (497.) L. M.*Sterling. Meineke.*

Prayer to the Triune God.

- di* **F**ATHER of all, whose love profound,  
 A ransom for our souls hath found,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 To us thy pardoning love extend !
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 To us thy saving grace extend !
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
 The soul is raised from sin and death ;  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 To us thy quickening power extend !
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son,  
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

## CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

**78.** HYMN (238.) L. M. D.*Brewer. Litchfield.*

The Glory of God displayed in the Firmament.

- m* **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
*f* Their great original proclaim.  
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land,  
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- p* 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And, nightly to the listening earth,  
*cr* Repeats the story of her birth :

*m* While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
*cr* Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
*f* And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
*m* 3 What though, in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?  
 What though no real voice nor sound,  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?  
*cr* In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice;  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
*f* "The hand that made us is divine."

## 79. HYMN (92.) C. M.

*St. John's. Irish.*

Human Frailty and Divine Care.

*m* **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
 Nor death, nor danger fear;  
*di* But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
 What feeble things we are.  
*an* 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
 And flourish bright and gay;  
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
*dim* And fades the grass away.  
*m* 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
*p* And dies if one be gone:  
*ad.p* Strange! that a harp of thousand strings  
 Should keep in tune so long.  
*an* 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
 The God that built us first;  
*al.f* Salvation to th' almighty Name  
 That reared us from the dust.  
 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
 Our Maker we'll adore;  
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
 Or they would breathe no more.

## 80. HYMN (151.) C. M.

*Mear. Dundee.*

The Decrees and Providence of God.

- m* **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie  
 Abased before their God ;  
 Whate'er his sovereign voice hath formed,  
*mæ* He governs with a nod.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
 Were into motion brought,  
 All the long years and worlds to come  
 Stood present to his thought.
- an* 3 If light attends the course I run,  
 'Tis he provides those rays ;  
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun  
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Yet I would not be much concerned,  
 Nor vainly long to see  
 In volumes of his deep decrees,  
 What months are writ for me.
- di* 5 When he reveals the book of life,  
 O may I read my name  
 Amongst the chosen of his love,  
 The followers of the Lamb.

## 81. HYMN (159.) L. M.

*Berlin. St. Peter's.*

The Mysteries of Providence.

- m* **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,  
 Th' obscure abyss of Providence,  
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou arrayest thine awful face  
 In angry frowns, without a smile ;  
 We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,  
 Secure of thy compassion still.



- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress  
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;  
*cr* Faith guides us in the wilderness,  
 Through all the briers, and the night.
- di* 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
 Resolve to scourge us here below,  
 Still we must lean upon our God,  
*f* Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

## 82. HYMN (202.) C. M.

*Edgware. St. James.*

The same.

- m* GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform;  
*mæ* He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm!
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sovereign will.
- m* 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
*cr* Are big with mercy, and shall break  
*f* In blessings on your head.
- m* 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
*p* He hides a smiling face.
- m* 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour:  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain;  
*cr* God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

## 83. HYMN (309.) C. M.

*London. Dundee.*

The same unfolded in Heaven.

- ad* **G**REAT God of providence! thy ways  
 Are hid from mortal sight;  
 Wrapt in impenetrable shades,  
 Or clothed with dazzling light.
- m* 2 The wondrous methods of thy grace  
 Evade the human eye;  
 The nearer we attempt t' approach,  
 The further off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above,  
 Where thou dost ever reign,
- cr* These mysteries shall be unveiled,  
 And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there  
 His brightest beams display;  
 And not a hovering cloud obscure
- f* That never-ending day.

## 84. HYMN (445.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Pennsylvania.*

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- al* **L**ORD, when our raptured thought sur-  
 veys  
 Creation's beauties o'er,  
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
 And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,  
 In all thy works appear;  
 And, O, let man thy praise record!  
 Man, thy distinguished care.
- 3 From thee the breath of life he drew;  
 That breath thy power maintains:  
 Thy tender mercy ever new,  
 His brittle frame sustains.

- f 4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,  
Of reason's light possessed ;  
By revelation's brightest rays,  
Still more divinely blest.
- 5 Thy providence his constant guard,  
When threatening woes impend,  
Or will th' impending dangers ward,  
Or timely succours lend.
- 6 On us that providence has shone  
With gentle, smiling rays ;  
O may our lips and lives make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise.

85. HYMN (506.) C. M.

*Brattle-street. Foundling.*

The Goodness of Providence.

- m.p **WHILST** thee I seek, protecting Power !  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
To thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see,  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
     The gathering storm shall see,  
*cr* My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
*f*     That heart will rest on thee.

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## THE SCRIPTURES.

86. HYMN (25.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Blendon.*

The Benefit of the Holy Scriptures.

*m*   **G**OD, who in various methods told  
     His mind and will to saints of old,  
     Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,  
     To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,  
     That book of life, that sure record;  
     The bright inheritance of heaven  
     Is by thy sweet conveyance given.

*p*   3 God's kindest thoughts are here expressed  
     Able to make us wise and blessed;  
*cr*   The doctrines are divinely true,  
*f*   Fit for reproof and comfort too.

87. HYMN (163.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Resignation.*

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

*di*   **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
     I fly to thee, my Lord;  
*p*   And not a glimpse of hope appears  
*cr*   But in thy written word.

*an* 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
     Does all my grief assuage;  
     Here I behold my Saviour's face,  
     Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies  
 The pearl of price unknown ;  
 That merchant is divinely wise  
 Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,  
 To quench my thirst of sin ;  
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
 Nor danger dwells therein.

di 5 O ! may thy counsels, mighty God !  
 My roving feet command ;  
 Nor I forsake the happy road  
 That leads to thy right hand.

88. HYMN (175.) L. M.

*Ward. Kent.*

The Gospel the Power of God.

an **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,  
 Sent to the nations from above :  
 Jehovah here resolves to show,  
 What his Almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,  
 To heal diseases of the mind ;  
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can  
 Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The Gospel bids the dead revive ;  
 Sinners obey the voice, and live :  
 Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,  
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 Where Satan reigned in shades of night,  
 The Gospel strikes a heavenly light ;  
 Our lusts its wondrous power controls,  
 And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name,  
 Put on the nature of the lamb ;  
 While the wide world esteem it strange,  
 Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

*di* 6 May but this grace my soul renew,  
 Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;  
*cr* The word that saves me does engage  
*f* A sure defence from all their rage.

**89.** HYMN (226.) C. M.

*Chester. St. John's.*

Delight in the Scriptures.

*di* **T**HOU lovely Source of true delight,  
 Whom I unseen adore !  
 Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
 That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;  
 But in thy sacred word  
 I read in fairer, brighter lines,  
 My bleeding, dying Lord.

*m* 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
 And sins and sorrows rise,  
*f* Thy love with cheerful beams of hope  
 My fainting heart supplies.

*di* 4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
 O come with blissful ray,  
*f* Break radiant through the shades of night,  
 And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
 The wonders of thy love ;  
 But the full glories of thy face  
 Are only known above.

**90.** HYMN (255.) L. M.

*Hebron. Alfreton.*

Fulness of the Scriptures.

*m.f* **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,  
 Makes his eternal counsels known :  
 Where love in all its glory shines,  
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,  
 May taste his grace, and learn his name ;  
 May read, in characters of blood,  
 The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;  
 The weary rest from all his pains ;  
 The captive feel his bondage cease ;  
 The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
 A brighter world beyond the skies :  
 Here shines the light which guides our way  
 From earth to realms of endless day.
- di* 5 O ! grant us grace, almighty Lord !  
 To read, and mark, thy holy word ;  
 Its truths with meekness to receive,  
 And by its holy precepts live.

**91.** HYMN (257.) C. M.

*Warwick. Irish.*

Richness and Glory of the Scriptures.

- m* **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
 What endless glory shines !  
 For ever be thy name adored,  
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
 Exhaustless riches find ;  
 Riches above what earth can grant,  
 And lasting as the mind.
- dl* 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
 And life and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound !
- di* 4 O may these heav'nly pages be  
 My ever dear delight ;  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light !



5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be thou for ever near ;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there !

**92.** HYMN (290.) C. M.

*Melody. Arundel.*

Love for the Scriptures.

*an* **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
 By inspiration given !  
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
 To guide our souls to heaven.

*dl* 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
 In this dark vale of tears ;  
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.

*an* 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
 Of life, shall guide our way,  
*cr* Till we behold the clearer light  
*f* Of an eternal day.

**93.** HYMN (375.) C. M.

*Dundee. London.*

The Scriptures a Balm for every Wound.

*m* **D**EAR Lord, thy word of truth affords  
 A balm for every wound ;  
 Hence all our hopes of bliss arise,  
*cr* And here our peace is found.

*p* 3 The tree of life, beneath whose shade  
 The weary pilgrim sits ;  
 And there regaling on its fruits,  
 With sweet refreshment meets :

*m* 3 The sure foundation of our faith,  
 And source of all our joy,  
 May it our warmest thoughts engage,  
 Our inmost souls employ.

- 4 But not on us alone bestow,  
 These records of thy love ;  
 Let distant lands thy truth receive  
 And all its blessings prove.

## DOCTRINES.

## 94. HYMN (60.) L. M.

*Calvary. Bath.*

Our Ruin by Adam, and Recovery by Christ.

- af* **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,  
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;  
 Great God ! we own th' unhappy name,  
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- m* 2 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,  
 Behold the terrors of thy law,  
*an* We sing the honours of thy grace,  
 That sent to save our ruined race.
- 3 We sing thine everlasting Son,  
 Who joined our nature to his own ;  
 The second Adam, from the dust,  
 Raises the ruins of the first.
- 4 Where sin did reign, and death abound  
 There have the sons of Adam found  
*al.f* Abounding life ; there glorious grace  
 Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

## 95. HYMN (26.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. China.*

Natural Depravity overcome by the Grace of Christ.

- af* **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we  
 look,  
 On our original ;  
 How is our nature dashed and broke,  
 In our first father's fall !

- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,  
 But prone to all that's ill,  
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind !  
 How obstinate our will !
- 3 How strong in our degenerate blood  
 The old corruption reigns,  
 And, mingling with the crooked flood,  
 Wanders through all our veins !
- 4 Wild and unwholesome as the root,  
 Will all the branches be ;  
 How can we hope for living fruit  
 From such a deadly tree ?
- 5 What mortal power from things unclean  
 Can pure productions bring ?  
 Who can command a vital stream  
 From an infected spring ?
- di* 6 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love  
 Can make our nature clean,  
 While Christ and grace prevail above  
 The tempter, death and sin.
- an* 7 The second Adam shall restore  
 The ruins of the first ;
- al.f* Hosanna to that sovereign power  
 That new-creates our dust.

**96.** HYMN (S.) L. M.

*Medway. Alfreton.*

Sovereignty of Divine Grace.

- m* **T**HERE was an hour when Christ re-  
 joiced,  
 And spoke his joy in words of praise ;
- an* " Father, I thank thee, mighty God,  
 Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.
- 2 " I thank thy sovereign power and love,  
 That crowns my doctrine with success ;

And makes the babes in knowledge learn  
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of  
grace.

3 "But all this glory lies concealed  
From men of prudence and of wit;  
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,  
And their own pride resists the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will  
Chose and ordained it should be so;  
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,  
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,  
But those that learn it from the Son;  
Nor can the Son be well received  
But where the Father makes him known."

*cr* 6 Then let our souls adore our God,  
That deals his graces as he please;  
Nor gives to mortals an account,  
Or of his actions or decrees.

## 97. HYMN (54.) C. M.

*Mear. Edgeware.*

Salvation by Grace.

*af* **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults;  
How great our guilt has been!  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.

*an* 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name;  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
*al* But we are saved by sovereign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
 That all our hopes begin ;  
 'Tis by the water and the blood  
 Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
 Who hung upon the tree,  
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
 On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;  
 And, justified by grace,  
*f* We shall appear in glory too,  
 And see our Father's face.

**98.** HYMN (70.) L. M.

*New Sabbath. Stonefield.*

The same.

*al* **N**OW to the power of God supreme  
 Be everlasting honours given ;  
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)  
 He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
 But of his own abounding grace,  
 He works salvation in our hearts,  
 And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
 To rescue rebels doomed to die ;  
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
 Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
 And makes his Father's counsels known,  
 Declares the great transactions past,  
 And brings immortal blessings down.

99.

HYMN (217.) S. M.

*Jeshurun. Eastburn.**The same.*

- al.p* **G**RACE! 'Tis a charming sound!  
 Harmonious to mine ear!
- f* Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- al* 2 Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscribed my name  
 In God's eternal book;  
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
 Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road,  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
 And made my eyes o'erflow:  
 'Twas grace that kept me to this day,  
 And will not let me go.
- f* 6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

100.

HYMN (500.) 7's.

*Hart's. Alma.**Dying Thief, or sovereign Grace.*

- m* **S**OVEREIGN grace hath power alone  
 To subdue a heart of stone;  
 And the moment grace is felt  
 Then the hardest heart will melt.

- 2 When the Lord was crucified,  
Two transgressors with him died;  
*do* One, with vile blaspheming tongue,  
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,  
In the very jaws of death;  
Perished as too many do,  
With the Saviour in his view.
- an* 4 But the other, touched with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case;  
Faith received to own the Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
- di* 5 "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be."
- an* "Soon with me," the Lord replies,  
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."
- cr* 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace bestowed in time of need!  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
- f* You shall find him still the same.

# 101. HYMN (164.) S. M.

*Watchman. Old Leeds.*

The Law and the Gospel.

- m* **T**HE Lord declares his will,  
And keeps the world in awe;  
*cr* Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill  
*f* Breaks out his fiery law.
- m* 2 The Lord reveals his face,  
*dl* And smiling from above,  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart  
Our Maker's just commands;  
The pity of his melting heart,  
*f* And vengeance of his hands.



*m* 4 We read the heavenly word,  
       We take the offered grace,  
       Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
*f*       And trust his promises.

**102.**       HYMN (165.)   L. M.

*Portugal. Blendon.*

Conviction and Curse by the Law, but Grace and Salvation by the Gospel.

*m*       **T**HE Law commands and makes us know  
       What duties to our God we owe;  
*cr*       But 'tis the Gospel must reveal  
       Where lies our strength to do his will.  
*m*       2 The Law discovers guilt and sin,  
       And shows how vile our hearts have been :  
*cr*       Only the Gospel can express  
       Forgiving love and cleansing grace.  
*ad*       3 What curses doth the Law denounce  
       Against the man that fails but once !  
*al*       But in the Gospel Christ appears,  
       Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.  
*m*       4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
       Thy life and comfort from the Law :  
*al*       Fly to the hope the Gospel gives :  
*f*       The man that trusts the promise, lives.

**103.**       HYMN (169.)   C. M.

*London. Mear.*

God glorified in the Gospel.

*m*       **T**HE Lord descending from above,  
       Invites his children near :  
       While power and truth, and boundless love,  
       Display their glories here.  
*p*       2 Here, in thy Gospel's wondrous frame,  
       Fresh wisdom we pursue ;  
*an*       A thousand angels learn thy name,  
       Beyond whate'er they knew.

- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
 Thy wonders here we trace;  
 Wisdom through all the mystery shines,  
 And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
 To our incarnate God!  
 And thine avenging justice shows  
 Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace,  
 Our warmer thoughts employs,  
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,  
 And more exalts our joys.

**104.** HYMN (30.) S. M.

*Shirland. Thatcher.*

Adoption.

- an* **BEHOLD** what wondrous grace  
 The Father has bestowed  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
 That we should be unknown;  
 The Jewish world knew not their King,  
 God's everlasting Son.
- f* 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
 How great we must be made;  
*an* But when we see our Saviour here,  
 We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
 May trials well endure,  
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
 As Christ the Lord is pure,
- 5 If in my Father's love  
 I share a filial part,  
 Send down thy spirit like a dove,  
 To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie  
 Like slaves beneath the throne;  
 My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
 And thou the kindred own.

**105.** HYMN (43.) L. M.

*Newry. Hebron.*

Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.

*m* **B**URIED in shadows of the night,  
*cr* We lie till Christ restores the light;  
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

*af* 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,  
 Till his atoning blood appears;  
*cr* Then we awake from deep distress,  
*f* And sing, "The Lord our righteousness."

*m* 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin;  
*cr* His Spirit makes our nature clean;  
*f* Such virtues from his sufferings flow,  
*an* At once to cleanse and pardon too.

*al* 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains:  
 He sets the prisoners free, and breaks  
 The iron bondage from our necks.

*di* 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness:  
 Thou art our mighty all, and we  
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

**106.** HYMN (44.) S. M.

*Fairfield. Beveridge.*

Efficacy of Christ's Atonement.

*m* **H**OW heavy is the night  
*cr* That hangs upon our eyes,  
 Till Christ, with his reviving light,  
 Over our souls arise.

- m* 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heaven ;  
*cr* But, in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.
- af* 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways ;  
*cr* His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.
- m* 4 The powers of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain ;  
*cr* He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed chain.
- f* 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,  
To bring us near to God ;  
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace  
And thy atoning blood.

**107.** HYMN (180.) C. M.

*Alexandria. St. John's.*

God reconciled in Christ.

- di* **D**EAREST of all the names above  
My Jesus and my God,  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- an* 3 Now if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins ;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
*cr* His grace removes my sins.
- 4 While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th' incarnate Mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

## 108. HYMN (321.) 8, 7, 4.

*Calvary.*

"It is finished!"

- p* **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
*f* Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder—  
*ff* Shakes the earth, and veils the sky  
*pp* "It is finished!"  
 Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.
- an* 2 It is finished—O, what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:  
 It is finished!—  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished—all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law;  
 Finished—all that God had promised;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:  
 It is finished!—  
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
- al* 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs—  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
*f* Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

## 109. HYMN (45.) L. M.

*Portugal. Nazareth.*

Faith and Salvation.

- m* **N**OT to condemn the sons of men  
 Did Christ the Son of God appear!  
 No weapons in his hands are seen,  
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,  
 He loved the race of men so well,  
 He sent his Son to bear our load  
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
 Trust in his mighty name, and live ;  
 A thousand joys his lips afford,  
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

**110.** HYMN (344.) C. M.

*Barby. Marlow.*

Efficacy of Faith.

*an* **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares :  
 Its aid in every duty brings,  
 And softens all my cares.

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
 And lights the sacred fire  
 Of love to God, and heavenly things,  
 And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,  
 The healing balm to give ;  
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
 And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
 And bids me seek my portion there,  
 Nor bids me seek in vain :

5 Shows me the precious promise sealed  
 With the Redeemer's blood ;  
 And helps my feeble hope to rest  
 Upon a faithful God.

*p* 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest,  
 Till this vile body dies ;

*cr* And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
 At once to glory rise.

**111.** HYMN (41.) C. M.*York. St. Stephen's.*

Justification by Grace.

- m* VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
 On their own works have built;  
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
 Without a murmuring word,  
 And the whole race of Adam stand  
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
 To justify us now,  
 Since to convict and to condemn  
 Is all the law can do.
- al* 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
 When in thy name we trust,  
 Our faith receives a righteousness  
 That makes the sinner just.

**112.** HYMN (42.) C. M.*St. Ann's. Foundling.*

Regeneration.

- an* NOT all the outward forms on earth,  
 Nor rites that God hath given,  
 Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
 Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
 Creates us heirs of grace;  
 Born in the image of his Son,  
 A new peculiar race.
- p* 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
 Blows on the sons of flesh,  
 New models all the carnal mind,  
 And forms the man afresh.



- al* 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
 From the long sleep of death;  
 On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
 And praise employs our breath.

**113.** HYMN (71.) C. M.

*Colchester. Barby.*

Christians safe under the Care of Christ.

- al* **FIRM** as the earth thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save  
 The meanest of his sheep;  
 All that his heavenly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove  
 His favourites from his breast:  
 In the dear bosom of his love  
*f* They must for ever rest.

**114.** HYMN (10.) L. M.

*Gilgal. Hamilton.*

Immutable and Invincible Love of Christ.

- m* **WHO** shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
*f* 'Tis God that justifies their souls;  
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
 'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;  
 And the salvation to fulfil,  
 Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives! he lives, and sits above,  
 For ever interceding there:  
 Who shall divide us from his love?  
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?

- p* 4 Shall persecution or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
*cr* He that hath loved us, bears us through,  
*f* And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,  
It triumphs in the dying hour :  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

# 115. HYMN (11.) L. M.

Christ the Christian's Strength.

- m* **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
*cr* "Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- an* 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;  
*f* When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;  
*p* Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
*cr* While his left hand my head sustains.
- p* 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.

## LIFE.

116.

HYMN (38.) L. M.

*Wells. Bath.*

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

*m*

**L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t' ensure the great reward;  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given  
 T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;  
 The day of grace, and mortals may  
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;  
 But all the dead forgotten lie;  
 Their memory and their sense are gone,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,  
 Their envy buried in the dust;  
 They have no share in all that's done  
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then, what my thoughts design to do,  
 My hands, with all your might, pursue;  
 Since no device nor work is found,  
 Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

117.

HYMN (364.) C. M.

*Bedford. York.*

Disappointments of this Life.

*m*

**T**HIS world's a dreary wilderness,  
 Where turbid waters flow;  
 No blooming flowers of paradise,  
 But thorns, profusely grow.

2 We lose our friends, our wealth decays,  
And life is full of pain ;  
For various good we wait and wish,  
But wish and wait in vain.

3 Our hand outstretched to seize the prize,  
The phantom flies away ;  
And leaves us to relentless grief,  
An unexpected prey.

*di* 4 Jesus our Saviour, now to thee,  
With hasty steps we come ;  
Our only refuge here below,  
And our eternal home.

5 Midst rising winds and beating storms,  
Reclining on thy breast,  
We find in thee a hiding-place,  
And here securely rest.

# 118. HYMN (108.) C. M.

*St. Stephens's. Resignation.*

Shortness and Misery of Life.

*af* **O**UR days, alas ! our mortal days  
Are short and wretched too ;  
" Evil and few," the patriarch says ;  
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound  
That Heaven allows to men,  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste ;  
Moments of sin, and months of wo,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.

*an* 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,  
And call her to the skies,  
*cr* Where years of long salvation roll,  
*f* And glory never dies.

**119.** HYMN (118.) C. M.*Bedford. Mear.*

Troubles of Life.

- di*    **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,  
           That yields us no supply,  
       No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
           Nor streams of living joy !
- 2** Yet the dear path to thine abode  
       Lies through this weary land :  
       Lord ! we would keep the heavenly road,  
           And run at thy command.
- 3** Our souls shall tread the desert through  
       With undiverted feet ;  
       And faith and flaming zeal subdue  
           The terrors that we meet.
- 4** A thousand savage beasts of prey  
       Around the forest roam ;
- an*    But Judah's Lion guards the way,  
           And guides the strangers home.
- do*    **5** Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
           With scarce a twinkling ray ;
- al*    But the bright world to which we go  
           Is everlasting day.
- do*    **6** By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,  
       We trace the sacred road ;
- cr*    Through dismal deeps, and dangerous  
           snares,  
       We make our way to God.

**120.** HYMN (3.) C. M.*Resignation. China.*

Shortness and Uncertainty of human Life and Comforts.

- do*    **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
           And crept to life at first,  
       We to the earth return again,  
           And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
 And fondly call our own,  
 Are but short favours borrowed now,  
 To be repaid anon.

*m* 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
*p* Or sinks them in the grave;  
*an* He gives and (blessed be his name)  
 He takes but what he gave.

*p* 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,  
 Let each rebellious sigh  
 Be silent at his sovereign will,  
 And every murmur die.

*cr* 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread;  
 And we'll adore the justice too,  
 That strikes our comforts dead.

## LIFE—TIMES AND SEASONS.

**121.** HYMN (33.) L. M.

*Morning. Hebron.*

A Morning Hymn.

*an* **G**OD of the morning, at thy voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east  
 The circuit of his race begins,  
 And, without weariness or rest,  
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

*di* 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will,  
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.

- af* 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wild maze,  
To follow every wandering star.
- an* 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- di* 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

## 122. HYMN (34.) L. M.

*Hebron. Luton.*

Evening Hymn.

- an* **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days,  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
*cr* But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- m* 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
*p* Peace is the pillow for my head;  
*cr* While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- an* 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things;  
*cr* My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:  
O may thy presence ne'er depart!  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.



6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

**123.** HYMN (35.) L. M.

*Ward. Newry.*

For Morning or Evening.

*al* **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!  
 Thy gifts are every evening new;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distil like early dew.  
*f* 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.  
*an* 3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
 To thee I consecrate my days;  
*cr* Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
*f* Demand perpetual songs of praise.

**124.** HYMN (82.) C. M.

*Peterborough. Marlow.*

Morning Hymn.

*al* **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes;  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To Him that rules the skies.  
 2 Night unto night his name repeats;  
 The day renews the sound;  
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits,  
 To turn the seasons round.  
 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
 My tongue shall speak his praise;  
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame.  
*le* And yet his wrath delays.

- m* 4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
 And I could ne'er withstand;  
 Thy justice might have crushed me dead,  
 But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 How many wretched souls are fled  
 Since the last setting sun!  
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,  
 And yet my moments run.
- di* 6 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light;  
*p* Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

## 125.

HYMN (83.) C. M.

*Dundee. Mear.*

Evening Hymn.

- ad* **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song  
 Like holy incense rise;  
 Assist the offerings of my tongue  
 To reach the lofty skies.
- an* 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
 Thy hand was still my guard;  
 And still, to drive my wants away,  
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompass me around;
- af* But O, how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for Him that died  
 To save my wretched soul?  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
 To thy dear cross I flee,  
 And to thy grace my soul resign,  
 To be renewed by thee.

*an* 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,  
 I'll lay me down to rest,  
 As in th' embraces of my God,  
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

**126.** HYMN (84.) C. M.

*Jordan. Pennsylvania.*

For Morning or Evening.

*al* **H**OSANNA with a cheerful sound,  
 To God's upholding hand;  
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
 And yet secure we stand.

*an* 2 That was a most amazing power,  
 That raised us with a word;  
 And every day, and every hour  
 We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head  
 And angels guard the room:  
 We wake, and we admire the bed  
 That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure  
 That we shall end the day;  
 For death stands ready at the door,  
 To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,  
 To God's avenging law;  
 We own thy grace, immortal King  
 In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
 Our joy and safety brings:  
*p* Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,  
 Beneath his shady wings.

## 127

HYMN (221.) L. M.

*Seasons. Ward.*

For Sabbath Morning.

- m* **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
 Another Sabbath is begun;  
*p* Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
*cr* Improve the day thy God hath blessed.  
*di* 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
 As grateful incense, to the skies;  
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
 Which none but he that feels it knows.  
*an* 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
 Which for the church of God remains,  
 The end of cares, the end of pains.  
 4 In holy duties let the day,  
 In holy pleasures, pass away;  
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

## 128.

HYMN (261.) C. M.

*Warwick. Winter.*

The Goodness of God in the Season.

- an* **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
 How rich thy bounties are!  
 The rolling seasons, as they move,  
 Proclaim thy constant care.  
*m* 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
 The sower hid the grain,  
*cr* Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
 And sent the early rain.  
*dl* 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was  
 thine;  
 The plants in beauty grew;  
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
 And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above,  
 Matured the swelling grain ;  
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
 And plenty fills the plain.

*di* 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,  
 Thy hand all nature hails ;  
 Seed-time, nor harvest, night nor day,  
 Summer nor winter, fails.

## 129. HYMN (277.) L. M.

*Pilesgrove. Ellenthorpe.*

Gratitude ; or Hymn for a Birth-day.

*an* **G**REAT God ! let all my tuneful powers  
 Awake, and sing thy mighty name :  
 Thy hand revolves my circling hours,  
 Thy hand from which my being came

*dl* 2 Seasons and moons still rolling round,  
 In beauteous order speak thy praise ;  
 And years, with smiling mercy crowned,  
 To thee successive honours raise.

3 To thee I raise the annual song,  
 To thee the grateful tribute give  
 My God doth still my years prolong,  
 And 'midst unnumbered deaths, I live.

4 He bids each season on my soul  
 Its sweetest, kindest influence shed ;  
 And all the periods, as they roll,  
 Shower countless blessings on my head.

5 My life, my health, my friends, I owe  
 All to thy vast, unbounded love ;  
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
 And hope of nobler joys above.

*al* 6 Thus will I sing, till nature cease,  
 Till sense and language are no more,  
 And, after death, thy boundless grace,  
*f* Through everlasting years, adore.

**130.** HYMN (359.) L. M.*German Air. Litchfield.*

Praise to the Author of the Seasons.

- al* **J**OIN every tongue to praise the Lord;  
 All nature rests upon his word:  
 Mercy and truth his courts maintain,  
 And own his universal reign.
- dl* 2 At his command the morning ray  
 Smiles in the east, and leads the day;  
 He guides the sun's declining wheels  
 Beneath the verge of western hills.
- 3 Seasons and times obey his voice;  
 The evening and the morn rejoice  
 To see the earth made soft with showers,  
 Laden with fruit and dressed in flowers.
- 4 'Tis from his watery stores on high,  
 He gives the thirsty ground supply;  
*mæ* He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
 Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- dl* 5 The pastures smile in green array;  
 There lambs and larger cattle play;  
 The larger cattle and the lamb,  
 In different language, speak thy name.
- f* 6 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;  
 In all the earth thy glories shine;  
 Through every month thy gifts appear;  
 Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

**131.** HYMN (459.) C. M.*Winter. Abridge.*

The Christian's Winter.

- m* **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,  
 Encircling nature round;  
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
 Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart;  
*ad* And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.

*af* 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad;  
Confined in cold inactive chains—  
How desolate and sad!

*di* 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.

*al* 5 O happy state—divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns,  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.

*di* 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore;  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter frowns no more.

## 132. HYMN (273.) L. M.

*Hamilton. New Sabbath.*

Praise to God for the Return of the Seasons.

*an* **E**TERNAL Source of every joy!  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

*dl* 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.



- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores :  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- al* 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.
- 

## LIFE—YOUTH.

133.

HYMN (39.) L. M.

*Kingsbridge. Limehouse.*

Youth reminded of Guilt and Retribution.

- m* **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire.
- an* 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
His book records your secret faults ;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 3 The vengeance to your follies due  
Should strike your hearts with terror  
through :  
How will ye stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injured grace ?
- di* 4 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities ;  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

**134.** HYMN (40.) L. M.*Accomack. Windham.*

Youth reminded of Death.

*m* **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
 Remember your Creator, God :  
 Behold the months come hastening on,  
 When you shall say, " My joys are gone."

*do* 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,  
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
 Down to the regions of the dead,  
 With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
 The soul in agonies of pain,  
 Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,  
*dim* But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

*di* 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;  
 Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
 And when my soul must hence remove,  
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

**135.** HYMN (260.) C. M.*Edgeware. Romney.*

Address to Youth.

*m* **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
 In smiling crowds draw near,  
 And turn from every mortal charm,  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant glories by,  
 Your friendship to pursue.

*an* 3 " The soul, that longs to see my face,  
 Is sure my love to gain ;

And those that early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain.

*di* 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee?

What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?

*an* 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!

*cr* 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
*f* And here true bliss I find.

### 136. HYMN (378.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Foundling.*

The same.

*an* **A**MIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,  
With ardent zeal pursue  
The ways of piety and truth,  
With death and heaven in view

*p* 2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strewed,  
And pleasures all refined;  
There joys divine are shed abroad,  
That suit th' immortal mind.

*an* 3 Youth is the most accepted time,  
To love and serve the Lord;  
A flower presented in its prime,  
Will much delight afford.

4 He'll crown with peace your rising years,  
And make your fruit increase;  
Will guide you through this vale of tears,  
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give him the morning of your days,  
And be for ever blest;  
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways  
Enjoy substantial rest.

137.

HYMN (492.) S. M.

*Aylesbury. Orange.*

The Prayer of a Youth.

- di* **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,  
 My God, to thee I pray ;  
 O, make me learn while I am young,  
 How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth  
 The object of thy care ;  
 Help me to choose the way of truth,  
 And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart to folly prone,  
 Renew by power divine ;  
 Unite it to thyself alone,  
 And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O, let thy word of grace  
 My warmest thoughts employ ;  
 Be this, through all my following days,  
 My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart,  
 Be my whole soul inclined ;  
 O let them dwell within my heart,  
 And sanctify my mind.
- 6 May thy young servant learn,  
 By these to cleanse his way ;  
 And may I here the path discern  
 That leads to endless day.

## LIFE—NEW-YEAR.

138.

HYMN (123.) C. M.

*St. Ann's. Marlow.*

The Shortness of Life and Goodness of God.

- do* **O**UR life is ever on the wing,  
 And death is ever nigh :  
 The moment when our lives begin,  
 We all begin to die.

- di* 2 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days  
 Thy lasting favours share ;  
 Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,  
 Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,  
 And we are clothed with love ;  
 While grace stands pointing out the road  
 That leads our souls above.
- f* 4 His goodness runs an endless round ;  
 All glory to the Lord !  
 His mercy never knows a bound ;  
 And be his name adored !
- m* 5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;  
 And when we close our eyes,  
*cr* Let future ages praise prolong,  
 Till time and nature dies.

### 139. HYMN (271.) 7's.

#### *Benevento.*

Prayer at entering on a New Year.

- ad* **W**HILE with ceaseless course the Sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here ;  
 Fixed in their eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little none can know.
- al* 2 As the winged arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind :  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream,
- ad* Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.

*di* 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view.  
 Bless thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

**140.** HYMN (272.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Mear.*

Hymn for the Commencement of a Year.

*di* **A**ND is this life prolonged to me ?  
 Are days and seasons given ?  
 Shall I not then prepare to be  
 A fitter heir for heaven ?

2 I will not let these moments pass,  
 These golden hours be gone :  
 Lord, I accept thine offered grace,  
 I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,  
 Through my Redeemer's blood :  
 Now let my flesh and heart begin  
 The honours of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul defile  
 With sin's deceitful toys ;  
 Let cheerful hope, increasing still,  
 Approach to heavenly joys.

5 O may my thankful lips proclaim  
 The wonders of thy praise,  
 And spread the savour of thy name,  
 Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine ;  
 And when I leave this state,  
 May heaven receive this soul of mine  
 To bliss divinely great.

**141.** HYMN (279.) C. M.*Bedford. Barby.*

A new Year's Hymn.

*an* **G**OD of our life! thy various praise  
 Let mortal voices sound,  
 Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,  
 And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall annual incense rise,  
 Our Father and our Friend;  
 While annual mercies from the skies  
 In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,  
 In every age we see;  
 And constant as thy favours are,  
 So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,  
 To every age appear;  
 And let the same compassion deign  
 To bless the opening year.

*di* 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine  
 From anxious passions free,  
 Teach me each comfort to resign,  
 And trust my heart to thee.

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring  
 My wandering soul to God!  
 And in affliction I shall sing,  
 If thou wilt bless the rod.

**142.** HYMN (377.) C. M.*St. Ann's. Dundee.*

Reflections when entering on a new Year.

*af* **Q**UICKLY my days have passed away,  
 How soon, alas! they're gone!  
 Life's gayest scenes decline in haste,  
 Just like the setting sun.



2 Always in motion, ne'er at rest,  
 My minutes onward roll ;  
 Swift to pursue their destined course,  
 And soon will reach the goal.

3 Eternal pains, or endless joys,  
 Stand waiting at the door ;  
 The moments past, or those to come,  
 Are not within my power.

di 4 God of my strength and of my hope,  
 In whom I live and move,  
 Help me, by thine instructive grace,  
 The present to improve.

5 And if through this revolving year  
 Thou shouldst my life prolong,  
 O may thy wisdom guide my steps,  
 Thy praise employ my tongue.

# 143. HYMN (453.) C. M.

*St. John's. Foundling.*

Human Fickleness, and Divine Constancy.

di **E**TERNAL Source of light and grace,  
 We hail thy sacred Name ;  
 Through every year's revolving round,  
 Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,  
 It wondrous mercy pours ;  
 Sure as the heavens' established course,  
 And plenteous as the showers.

do 3 Inconstant service we repay,  
 And treacherous vows renew :  
 False as the morning's scattering cloud,  
 And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears, our guilt we mourn,  
 And loud implore thy grace,  
 To bear our feeble footsteps on,  
 In all thy righteous ways.

*an* 5 Armed with this energy divine,  
     Our souls shall steadfast move!  
 And with increasing transports press  
     On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun  
     Pursues his radiant way;  
 Brightens each moment in his race,  
     And shines to perfect day.

# 144. HYMN (460.) L. M.

## *Alfreton. Morning.*

A new Year's Hymn.

*di* **G**REAT God, we sing thy mighty hand.  
     By which supported still we stand!  
 The opening year thy mercy shows;  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
     Still we are guarded by our God;  
 By his incessant bounty fed,  
     By his unerring counsels led.

3 With grateful hearts, the past we own;  
     The future—all to us unknown,  
 We to thy guardian care commit,  
     And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
     Be thou our joy and thou our rest;  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
     Adored through all our changing days.

*m* 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
*p*     And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
*cr*     Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
*f*     In better worlds our souls shall boast.

## LIFE—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

## 145. HYMN (236.) H. M.

*Bethesda. Amherst.*

The Barren Fig Tree—Hymn for the Close of the Year.

- al*    **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,  
           The God of ages praise!  
 Who reigns enthroned on high,  
           Ancient of endless days;  
 Who lengthens out our trials here,  
 And spares us yet another year.
- m*     2 Barren and withered trees,  
           We cumbered long the ground;  
 No fruit of holiness  
           On our dead souls was found:
- cr*     Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
 Another, and another year.
- m*     3 When justice gave the word,  
           To cut the fig tree down,  
 The pity of our Lord,  
           Cried, "Let it still alone;"
- p*     The Father mild inclines his ear,  
*cr*     And spares us yet another year.

## D E A T H.

## 146. HYMN (96.) C. M.

*Funeral Thought. Burford.*

Death and Eternity.

- af*    **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that used  
           to rise,  
 Converse a while with death;  
 Think how a gasping mortal lies  
 And pants away his breath.

2 But, O, the soul that never dies!  
 At once it leaves the clay!  
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
 And track its wondrous way.

3 Up to the courts where angels dwell,  
 It mounts, triumphing there:  
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
 In infinite despair.

4 And must my body faint and die?  
 And must this soul remove?

*di* O, for some guardian angel nigh,  
 To bear it safe above!

5 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
 My naked soul I trust;  
 And my flesh waits for thy command  
 To drop into my dust.

# 147. HYMN (100.) L. M.

## *Calvary. Submission.*

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

*m* **WHY** should we start, and fear to die?  
 What timorous worms we mortals are?

*cr* Death is the gate of endless joy,  
*ad* And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away;  
 Still we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

*di* 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
*al.f* Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

*p* 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on his breast I lean my head,  
*ad.p* And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## 148. HYMN (101.) C. M.

*Walsal. Georgia.*

Shortness, Folly, and Guilt of our Lives.

- af* **H**OW short and hasty is our life!  
 How vast our soul's affairs!  
 Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
 To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
 Without a moment's stay;  
 Just like a story or a song,  
 We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
 But we march heedless on,  
 And ever hastening to the tomb,  
 Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
 That slight the joys above!  
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
 That break such cords of love.
- di* 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,  
 And lift our thoughts on high,  
 That we may end this mortal race,  
 And see salvation nigh.

## 149. HYMN (115.) C. M.

*Marlow. Bedford.*

A Christian dying in the Arms of God.

- m* **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
 If God be with us there;  
 We may walk through its darkest shade  
 And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
 If my Creator bid;  
 And run, if I were called to go,  
 And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
 And view the promised land,  
 My flesh itself would long to drop,  
 And pray for the command.

an 4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,  
 p I would forget my breath,  
 And lose my life among the charms  
 Of so divine a death.

**150.** HYMN (117.) C. M.

*Cronley. Walsal.*

Death dreadful and delightful.

do **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day  
 To those that have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forced away  
 To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies,  
 To darkness, fire, and pain.

an 3 He is a God of sovereign love,  
 That promised heaven to me,  
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
 Where happy spirits be.

di 4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
 Then come the joyful day;

al Come death, and some celestial band,  
 To bear my soul away.

**151.** HYMN (125.) C. M.

*Burstal. Walsal.*

The Christian's Thoughts of Death and Glory.

af **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
 And think how near it stands,  
 When thou must quit this house of clay,  
 And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, my eyes, look down and view  
 The hollow gaping tomb;

This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O, could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead!

Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead.

an 4 Then should we see the saints above  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.

al 5 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray, and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

## 152. HYMN. C. P. M.

### *Aithlone.*

The solemn Call.

af MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,  
Around the steady pole;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
And I must launch through boundless deeps,  
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between!  
And whisper as they fly—  
Unthinking man, remember this,  
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,  
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,  
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,  
And thou must take thy flight,  
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,  
To love and sing as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.



**153.** HYMN (160.) S. M.*Thessalia. Thatcher.*

Death and the Hope of Resurrection.

- af*    **A**ND must this body die?  
           This mortal frame decay?  
           And must these active limbs of mine  
           Lie mouldering in the clay?
- an*    2 God my Redeemer lives,  
           And often from the skies  
           Looks down and watches all my dust,  
           Till he shall bid it rise.
- dl*    3 Arrayed in glorious grace,  
           Shall these vile bodies shine,  
           And every shape and every face,  
           Look heavenly and divine.
- an*    4 These lively hopes we owe  
           To Jesus' dying love;  
           We would adore his grace below,  
           And sing his power above.
- di*    5 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
           Of these, our humble songs,  
*cr*    Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,  
           With our immortal tongues.

**154.** HYMN (269.) L. M.*Calvary. German Hymn.*

Conflict with the Fears of Death.

- m*    **D**O flesh and nature dread to die?  
           And timorous thoughts our minds en-  
           slave?
- cr*    Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,  
*f*    And quell the terrors of the grave!
- p*    2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,  
           Yet grieve to think the goal so near?  
           Afraid to have our labours done,  
           And finish this important war?

- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,  
And little know the God we love?  
Why should we like this twilight so,  
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?
- 4 There shall we see him face to face!  
There shall we know the great Unknown!  
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,  
Shines in full light amidst the throne!
- 5 No more shall pride or passion rise,  
Or envy fret, or malice roar!  
Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes!  
And sin defile our souls no more!
- di 6 O for a visit from my God!  
To drive my fears of death away,  
And help me, through this darksome road,  
To realms of everlasting day.

**155.** HYMN (330.) S. M.

*Little Marlborough. Egypt.*

Prayer for Preparation to meet God.

- di **P**REPARE me, gracious God,  
To stand before thy face;  
Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,  
And wash me in his blood,  
So shall I lift my head with joy,  
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,  
Thy sovereign love make known;  
The spirit of my mind renew,  
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,  
Let me thy goodness prove,  
Till my full soul can hold no more  
Of everlasting love.

**156.** HYMN (392.) C. M.*St. Martin's. Axbridge.*

Prayer for Faith in the dying Hour.

- m*     **W**HEN death appears before my sight,  
           In all his dire array,  
           Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
*dim*     My courage dies away.
- di*     2 O for the eye of faith divine,  
           To pierce beyond the grave!  
           To see that Friend, and call him mine.  
           Whose arm is strong to save.
- 3 Lord, I commit my soul to thee!  
           Accept the sacred trust;  
           Receive this nobler part of me,  
           And watch my sleeping dust.
- an*     4 Till that illustrious morning come,  
           When all thy saints shall rise,  
           And, clothed in full immortal bloom,  
           Attend thee to the skies.
- al*     5 When thy triumphant armies sing  
           The honours of thy name,  
           And heaven's eternal arches ring  
           With glory to the Lamb;
- an*     6 O let me join the raptured lays!  
           And with the blissful throng,  
*f*        Resound salvation, power, and praise,  
*ff*        In everlasting song.

**157.** HYMN (411.) C. M.*Funeral Thought. Shields.*

A Glance into the Tomb.

- af*     **Y**E living men, the tomb survey  
           Where you must quickly dwell;  
           Hark! how the awful summons sounds  
           In every funeral knell.

- 2 Once you must die ; and once for all  
 The solemn purport weigh ;  
 For know that heaven or hell are hung  
 On that important day.
- 3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,  
 Must wake the judge to see ;  
 And every word and every thought  
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 4 O, may I, in the Judge, behold  
 My Saviour and my Friend !  
 And, far beyond the reach of death  
 With all his saints ascend.

158. HYMN (418.) 8, 7.

*Bavaria. Sicilian Hymn.*

Address to a dying Saint.

- al.p* **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below ;  
 Go, by angel bands attended,  
 To thy blessed Jesus go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;  
 Shows the purchase of his merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love,
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;  
 To his glorious, great salvation,  
 To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joys he sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain ;  
 Die, to live a life of glory,  
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

**159.** HYMN (469.) L. M.*Wiltshire. Munich—Minor.*

The Death-beds of the Sinner and the Christian.

*do* **WHAT** scenes of horror and of dread  
 Await the sinner's dying bed !  
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
 Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,  
 And fill his soul with sad surprise ;  
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,  
 And not one ray of hope appears.

*Major.*

*al* 3 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;  
 His soul is filled with conscious peace :  
 A steady faith subdues his fear ;  
 He sees the happy Canaan near.

4 His mind is tranquil and serene ;  
 No terrors in his looks are seen ;  
 His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,  
 And smooths his passage to the tomb.

*di* 5 Lord, make my faith and love sincere ;  
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear  
 And when the toils of life are past,  
 May I be found in peace at last.

**160.** HYMN (486.) C. M.*Resignation. St. Stephen's.*

Submission to Death's Bereavement.

*m.p* **PEACE**, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
 That blasts our joys in death ;  
 Changes the visage once so dear,  
 And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
 Of all the worlds above,

Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice,

Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,  
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father, he,  
In Christ, our bleeding Lord,

Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;  
We kiss his scourging hand ;

And yield our comforts, and our life,  
To his supreme command.

# 161. HYMN (517.) C. M.

*Chester.*

To die is gain.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,

'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.

:||:f

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;

'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still ;—

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,

And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardour glows,  
To see him face to face,

Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harassed conscience feels  
The pangs of struggling sin ;

And sees, though far, the hour that hea  
And ends the strife within.

*di* 6 O let me wing my upward flight,  
From earth-born wo and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share!

**162.** HYMN (518.) L. M.

*Armley. Windham.*

Triumph in the dying Hour.

*af* **T**HE hour of my departure's come ;  
I hear the voice that calls me home  
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,  
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,  
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;  
And now my witness is on high,  
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;  
I bow before thee in the dust ;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone  
I hope for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I held so dear ;  
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,  
I yield my spirit to thy hand ;  
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,  
And shield me in these last alarms.

**163.** HYMN (519.) P. M.

*Dying Christian.*

Triumph over Death and the Grave.

*f* **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;



Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 O the pain, the bliss, of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

*pp* 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,  
*cr* "Sister spirit, come away."  
*f* What is this absorbs me quite?  
*p* Steals my senses, shuts my sight?  
 Drowns my spirit? draws my breath?  
*cr* Tell me, my soul, can this be death? :||*f*  
*p* 3 The world recedes, it disappears!  
*cr* Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears  
*f* With sounds seraphic ring!  
*al.f* Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
*ad.f* O death! where is thy sting?

# 164. HYMN (523.) P. M.

## *Voice of Free Grace.*

Thou art gone to the Grave.

*af* **T**HOU art gone to the grave, but we will  
 not deplore thee;  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
 the tomb,  
 The Saviour has passed through its portals  
 before thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
 through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer  
 behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by  
 thy side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
 infold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless  
 has died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its man-  
sions forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered  
long;  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright  
on thy waking,  
And the song that thou heardst was the  
seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere  
wrong to deplore thee,  
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian  
and guide;  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will  
restore thee,  
*f* Where death has no sting, since the Saviour  
hath died.

**165.** HYMN (12.) C. M.

*Marlow. Newmark.*

The Christian's Triumph in Death.

- di* **O** FOR an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,  
And all his frightful powers.
- al* 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,  
*f* "Where is thy boasted victory, grave?  
And where the monster's sting?"
- al* 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;  
Death hath no sting beside;  
The law gives sin its damning power:  
*f* But Christ, my ransom, died.
- an* 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
Through Christ, our living head.

## 166. HYMN (13.) C. M.

*Revelation.*

The Christian's blessed Death.

- m*     **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-  
        claims  
        For all the pious dead!  
*dl*     Sweet is the savour of their names,  
        And soft their sleeping bed.
- an*     2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;  
*dl*         How kind their slumbers are!  
        From sufferings and from sin released,  
        And freed from every snare.
- an*     3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
        They're present with the Lord;  
        The labours of their mortal life  
*f*         End in a large reward.

## THE RESURRECTION.

## 167. HYMN (468.) C. M.

*Abridge. Barby.*

The Resurrection of the Dead.

- dl*     **L**O! I behold the scattering shades,  
        The dawn of heaven appears;  
        The sweet, immortal morning spreads  
        Its blushes round the spheres.
- an*     3 I see the Lord of glory come,  
        And flaming guards around;  
*mæ*     The skies divide to make him room,  
        The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
        And lo, the graves obey;  
*alp*     The waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
        Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing,  
 Rise on the midway air ;  
 In shining garments meet their King,  
 And low adore him there.

*di* 5 O, may our humble spirits stand  
 Among them, clothed in white !  
 The meanest place at his right hand  
 Is infinite delight.

*al* 6 How will our joy and wonder rise,  
 When our returning King  
*cr* Shall bear us homeward through the skies,  
*f* On love's triumphant wing !

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THE JUDGMENT.

**168.** HYMN (232.) 8's, 7's, & 4.

*Calvary. Suffolk.*

Christ coming to Judgment.

*p* **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favoured sinners slain !  
*cr* Thousand thousand saints attending,  
*f* Swell the triumph of his train :  
 Hallelujah !

Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

*ad* 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Robed in dreadful majesty !  
 Those who set at naught, and sold him,  
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
*do* Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see !

*mæ* 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
*an* All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
*f* " Come to judgment !  
*ff* Come to judgment ! come away."

- al* 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See, in solemn pomp, appear!  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air.  
 Hallelujah!  
 See the day of God appear.
- di* 5 Mighty King! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne!  
 Saviour, take the power and glory;  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
- p* O come quickly,  
*ff* Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! *:||:ff*

**169.** HYMN (233.) L. M.

*Luther's Hymn. Pilesgrove.*

The same.

- an* **HE** comes! he comes! the Judge severe;  
*er* The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
*f* The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful soul.
- p* 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
 See the almighty Jesus crowned!  
*f* Girt with omnipotence and grace;  
*p* And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- ff* 3 Shout, all ye armies of the sky,  
 And all ye saints of God most high;  
 Jesus, who now his right obtains,  
 For ever, and for ever reigns.

**170.** HYMN (289.) L. M.

*Sterling.*

The last Judgment.

- ad* **BEFORE** the great Jehovah's bar,  
 Soon must assembled worlds appear;  
 And every deed, and word, and thought,  
 Shall into judgment then be brought.

- an* 2 Then all shall hear their righteous doom,  
*cr* Of wrath or endless joys to come;  
*m* And each receive his just reward,  
*dim* Of bliss, or vengeance, from the Lord.
- an* 3 Dear Lord, it was thy highest joy  
 To save where sin did once destroy;  
*cr* While thundering vengeance rolls above.  
 We trust in thy redeeming love.
- al.f* 4 Hail! God of unexampled grace!  
 All heaven shall sound thine endless praise:  
 High glories to the dying Lamb,  
 Who death by his own death o'ercame:  
 Hallelujah! worthy the Lamb! \*  
 Praise the Lord! Amen!

**171.**

## HYMN (525.) 7's.

*Hart's. Alma.*

## The Day of Judgment.

- m* **I**N the sun and moon and stars  
 Signs and wonders there shall be,  
*an* Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
 Nations with perplexity.
- mæ* 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
 Tossed with stronger tempests rise;  
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,  
 Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,  
 Pale amazement, restless fear;  
 And, amid the thunder cloud,  
 Shall the Judge of men appear!

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\* Sing the last two lines of the tune to the Chorus, slurring the notes in the first and third bars of the last strain.

4 But though from his awful face,  
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
*al* Fear not ye, his chosen race,  
*f* Your redemption draweth nigh.

**172.** HYMN (527.) L. M.

*Winchester. Meineke.*

The Day of Wrath.

*ad* **T**HE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay,  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

*mæ* 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll;  
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells thè high trump that wakes the dead.

*di* 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

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ETERNITY.

**173.** HYMN (121.) C. M.

*Burford. Walsal.*

The Frailty and eternal Issues of human Life.

*di* **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name!  
 And humbly own to thee,  
*af* How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave;  
 Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
 We're travelling to the grave.



3 Great God!; on what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things!  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead  
 Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy or endless wo  
 Attends on every breath;  
 And yet how unconcerned we go  
 Upon the brink of death!

*di* 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dangerous road;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found in God.

**174.** HYMN (393.) L. M.

*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

Eternity at hand.

*af* **E**TERNITY is just at hand;  
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand?  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—without a bound!  
 To guilty souls a dreadful sound!

*an* But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,  
*dl* How sweet the accents! how divine!

*an* 3 Be this my chief, my only care  
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,—  
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

*di* 4 But should my highest hopes be vain,  
 The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!  
 My fears, O gracious God, remove,  
 Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord! O search my inmost heart,  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;  
 From guilt and error set me free.  
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

## H E A V E N .

## 175. HYMN (50.) C. M.

*Bridgeport. Warwick.*

Heaven.

- al* **N**OR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,  
 Nor sense nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father has prepared  
 For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heaven to come ;  
 The beams of glory in his word  
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
 And all the region peace ;  
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
 Can see or taste the bliss.
- an.p* 4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
 Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
 None shall obtain admittance there  
 But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
 There all their names are found ;
- ad* The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
 To tread the heavenly ground.

## 176. HYMN (129.) C. M.

*Paradise. Pickering.*

The Prospect of Heaven destroys the Fear of Death.

- dl* **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never withering flowers,

Death like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

*an* 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;

*ad.p* And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

*an* 5 O could we make our doubts remove!  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,

*cr* Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood,  
*f* Should fright us from the shore.

# 177. HYMN (144.) C. M.

*London. Dundee.*

Christ the Charm of Heaven.

*af* **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!  
And like a raging sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!  
How loud the tempests roar!

*cr* But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore.

*al* 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move;  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.

3 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell  
 The wonders of his grace,  
 Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,  
 And smile in every face.

4 For ever his dear sacred name  
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
 And Jesus and salvation be  
 The close of every song.

178. HYMN (146.) C. M.

*Paradise. Chester.*

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

*dl* **O** THE delights, the heavenly joys  
 The glories of the place,  
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
 Of his o'erflowing grace.

2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
 Sit smiling on his brow,  
 And all the glorious ranks above  
 At humble distance bow.

*al* 3 This is the Lord, th' ascended Lord,  
 Whom we unseen adore;  
 But when our eyes behold his face,  
 Our hearts shall love him more.

4 Lord, now our souls are all on fire  
 To see thy blest abode;  
 Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,  
 To our incarnate God!

5 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,  
 We long to leave our clay;  
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,  
 To bear our souls away.

**179.** HYMN (177.) C. M.*St. John's. Peterborough.*

Christians brought to Heaven through Christ's Example.

*an* **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came?  
 They, with united breath,  
*cr* Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
*f* Their triumph to his death.

*an* 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
 (His zeal inspired their breast;)  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
 For his own pattern given,  
*cr* While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shows the same path to heaven.

**180.** HYMN (182.) C. M.*Carr's-lane. Pennsylvania.*

Sinai and Zion.

*m* **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
 The tempest, fire, and smoke,  
 Not to the thunder of that word  
 Which God on Sinai spoke;

*an* 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
 The city of our God,  
*p* Where milder words declare his will,  
*cr* And spread his love abroad.

- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light!  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight.
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven!  
And God, the judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest:  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever blest.

## 181. HYMN (331.) C. M.

*St. John's. Foundling.*

A distant View of Heaven.

- al* **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- p* 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,
- cr* How would our spirits long to rise  
And dwell on earth no more!
- dl* 3 There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair!

For sin, the source of mortal wo,  
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sickening ray ;  
But glory from the sacred throne  
Spreads everlasting day.

# 182. HYMN (332.) L. M.

*Seasons. Effingham.*

The Worship of Heaven.

- di*    **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring ray  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,  
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall ;  
*al*    And, with delightful worship, own  
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,  
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- dl*    4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
To boundless rapture, while they gaze ;  
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
Resound his everlasting praise.
- al*    5 There all the followers of the Lamb  
Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;  
O may the joy-inspiring theme  
Awake our faith and warm desire !
- di*    6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal  
Our interest in that blissful place ;  
'Till death remove this mortal veil,  
And we behold thy lovely face.



## 183. HYMN (470.) L. M.

*Rothwell. Portugal.*

Patient waiting for Heaven.

an **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
 cr And view the scene on either hand,  
 My spirit struggles with the clay,  
 And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,  
 And lead the willing pilgrim home;  
 Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,  
 Source of my joys, and of your own.

3 The blissful interview, how sweet!  
 To fall transported at his feet;  
 Raised in his arms to view his face,  
 Through the full beamings of his grace.

an 4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
 I'll wait thy signal for my flight;  
 For, while thy service I pursue,  
 I find my heaven begun below.

## 184. HYMN (529.) 8's.

*Lystra.*

Longing to praise Christ in Heaven.

m **Y**E angels who stand round the throne,  
 al And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known;  
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise!  
 He formed you the spirits you are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good;  
 dim While others sunk down in despair,  
 f Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

al 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
 His grace and his glory display,  
 And all his rich mercy repeat:

He snatched you from hell and the grave,  
 He ransomed from death and despair :  
 For you he was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

*m.p* 3 O, when will the period appear,  
 When I shall unite in your song !  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 And I to your Saviour belong !  
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay ;  
 I struggle and pant to be free :  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour to see !

4 I want to put on my attire,  
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
 I want to be one of your choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to his name :  
*al.f* I want—O, I want to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
 Your joy and your friendship to share,  
 To wonder and worship with you.

# 185. HYMN (530.) C. M.

*Colchester. Barby.*

Heaven.

*m* **E**ARTH has engrossed my love too long,  
 'Tis time to lift mine eyes,  
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
 And to my native skies.

*f* 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits—  
*p* The God, how bright he shines !  
*cr* And scatters infinite delight  
 On all the happy minds.

*f* 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
 Circle the throne around ;  
*p* And move and charm the starry plains,  
*f* With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus the Lord their harps employs ;  
 Jesus, thy love they sing :  
 Jesus, the life of all our joys,  
 Sounds sweet from every string.

*p* 5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds  
 Of time and space they run !  
*cr* And echo in majestic sounds  
*f* The Godhead of the Son.

*m* 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,  
 And gentler notes they play ;  
 And bring the Father's equal down,  
 To dwell in humble clay.

*dl* 7 O sacred beauties of the man !  
 The God resides within ;  
 His flesh all pure, without a stain,  
 His soul without a sin.

*m* 8 But when to Calvary they turn,  
*pp* Silent their harps abide ;  
*le* Suspended songs a moment mourn  
 The God that loved, and died.

*ff* 9 Then, all at once, to living strains  
 They summon every chord ;  
 Tell how he triumphed o'er his pains,  
 And chant the rising Lord.

*al.f* 10 Now let me mount to join their song,  
 And be an angel too ;  
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
 Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,  
 And so my soul should rise ;

*f* O, for some heavenly notes to bear  
 My passions to the skies.

*an* 12 Where ye that love my Saviour sit,  
 There I would fain have place ;  
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
 So I might see his face.

## 186. HYMN (531.) 7's.

*Welwood. Alma.*

The same.

- al*     **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,  
         Dwell the raptured saints above,  
         Far beyond our feeble sight,  
         Happy in Immanuel's love:
- an.p*   Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
         Once they knew, like us below,  
         Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,  
         Torturing pain, and heavy wo.
- af*     2 Oft the big unbidden tear,  
         Stealing down the furrowed cheek,  
         Told, in eloquence sincere,  
         Tales of wo they could not speak:
- al*     But these days of weeping o'er,  
         Past this scene of toil and pain,  
         They shall feel distress no more,  
         Never—never weep again.
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
         'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
         Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
         Songs of praise to Jesus' love!  
         Happy spirits! ye are fled,  
         Where no grief can entrance find;
- p*       Lulled to rest the aching head,  
         Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,  
         Calm and undisturbed repose—  
         There no cloud can intervene,  
         There no angry tempest blows!
- cr*     Every tear is wiped away,  
         Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
         Night is lost in endless day,  
         Sorrow, in eternal rest.

## 187. HYMN (187.) C. M.

*Warwick. Irish.*

Meditation of Heaven.

- MY thoughts surmount those lower skies,  
 And look within the veil;  
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,  
 The blessed Three in One;  
 And strong affections fix my sight  
 On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,  
 His grace shall ne'er depart;  
 He binds my name upon his arm,  
 And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings;  
 How short our sorrows are,  
 When with eternal future things,  
 The present we compare!
- 5 I would not be a stranger still  
 To that celestial place,  
 Where I for ever hope to dwell,  
 Near my Redeemer's face.

## 188. HYMN (264.) C. M.

*London. Edgeware.*

Heaven the Christian's Home.

- WHILE through this changing world  
 we roam,  
 From infancy to age,  
 Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
 His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,  
 Eternal joys to share;  
 There his adoring spirit bends,  
 While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,  
 To fix on things above,  
 Where all his hope of glory lies,  
 And where is perfect love.

*p* 4 Ah! there may we our treasure place,  
 There let our hearts be found;  
 That still, where sin abounded, grace  
 May more and more abound.

*cr* 5 Henceforth our conversation be  
 With Christ before the throne:  
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,  
 And know as we are known.

## HELL.

**189.** HYMN (528.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Mear.*

Hell.

*do* **F**AR from the utmost verge of day  
 Those gloomy regions lie,  
 Where flames amid the darkness play,  
 The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God—his angry breath  
 Supplies and fans the fire;  
 Then sinners taste the second death,  
 And would, but can't, expire.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,  
 With torture gnaws the heart;  
 And wo and wrath, in every form,  
 Is now the sinner's part!

4 Sad world, indeed! ah, who can bear  
 For ever there to dwell?  
 For ever sinking in despair,  
 In all the pains of hell!

## APPEALS TO THE SINNER.

190. HYMN (58.) S. M.

*Thessalia. Shirland.*

The Guilt and Danger of resisting the Call of Christ.

*m* **T**HE law by Moses came,  
*cr* But peace, and truth, and love,  
*f* Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)  
 Descending from above.

*m* 2 Amidst the house of God  
 Their different works were done;  
*cr* Moses a faithful servant stood,  
*f* But Christ a faithful Son.  
*an* 3 Then, to his new commands  
 Be strict obedience paid;  
 O'er all his Father's house he stands  
 The sovereign and the head.

*m* 4 The man that durst despise  
 The law that Moses brought,  
*cr* Behold! how terribly he dies  
 For his presumptuous fault.

*ad.f* 5 But sorer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race  
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
 And dare resist his grace.

191. HYMN (168.) L. M.

*Armley. Limehouse.*

Impenitence, Self-destruction.

*al* **L**IFE and immortal joys are given  
 To souls that mourn the sins they've  
 done;  
 Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,  
 By faith in God's eternal Son.

*do* 2 Wo to the wretch who never felt  
 The inward pangs of pious grief!



But adds to all his crying guilt  
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,  
Under the wrath of God he lies;  
He seals the curse on his own head,  
*ad* And with a double vengeance dies.

**192.** HYMN (181.) C. M.

*China. St. Stephen's.*

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- m* **SIN** hath a thousand treacherous arts  
To practise on the mind;  
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence;  
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair  
Grew the forbidden food;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood.

**193.** HYMN (183.) C. M.

*China. Mear.*

The Folly and Madness of Sin.

- m* **SIN**, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood:
- cr* The only balm is sovereign grace,  
*f* And the physician God.
- m* 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
*do* And we draw near to death;

- al* But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,  
*f* With his almighty breath.
- do* 3 Madness by nature reigns within,  
 The passions burn and rage ;  
*cr* Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
 The inward fire assuage.

**194.** HYMN (419.) L. M.

*Munich. Wiltshire.*

Eternity.

- di* **O** THOU eternal, glorious Lord,  
 Thy gracious presence now afford ;  
 To all our souls thine influence bring,  
 While of eternity we sing!
- ad* 2 Eternity, stupendous theme !  
 Compared with which our life's a dream ;  
 Eternity ! O awful sound !  
 "A deep where all our thoughts are  
 drowned !"
- 3 Eternity ! the dread abode  
 And habitation of our God !  
 His glory fills the vast expanse,  
 Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 4 But an eternity there is,  
 Of dreadful wo or joyful bliss ;  
*al* And, swift as time fulfils its round,  
*le* We to eternity are bound.
- ad* 5 And is eternity so near ?  
 And must we very soon be there ?  
 Sinner,—ah ! whither wilt thou flee,  
 Or how avoid eternity ?
- 6 Canst thou for ever bear to dwell  
 In all the fiery deeps of hell ?—  
 And is death nothing then to thee,—  
 Death and a dread eternity ?

*Major.*

- al* 7 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up,  
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;  
This everlasting bliss secures;  
God and eternity are yours.

**195.** HYMN (503.) L. M.*Seasons. Effingham.*

The dying Prayer of Christ.

- an.f* **W**HILE Sinai roars, and round the earth  
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,  
*p* Jesus, thy dear expiring breath,  
And Calvary, say gentler things.
- al* 2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,  
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;  
And life, and joys, and crowns above  
Procured by our redeeming God.
- p* 3 Hark how he prays, (the charming sound  
*pp* Dwells on his dying lips,) '*Forgive!*'  
*m* And every groan, and gaping wound  
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live!'
- 4 Go, you that rest upon the law,  
And toil, and seek salvation there;  
Look to the flames that Moses saw,  
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But I'll retire beneath the cross—  
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;  
And the keen sword that justice draws,  
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

**196.** HYMN (520.) S. M.*Aylesbury. Stoke.*

The second Death.

- m* **O** WHERE shall rest be found?  
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole :  
 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh ;  
 'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,  
 Nor *all* of death to die.

*al* 2 Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
 And all that life is love.

*do* There is a death whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
 O what eternal horrors hang  
 Around "the second death !"

*di* 3 Lord God of truth and grace,  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be banished from thy face,  
 And evermore undone :  
 Here would we end our quest ;  
 Alone are found in thee  
 The life of perfect love,—the rest  
 Of immortality.

197. HYMN (97.) C. M.

*Bangor. Crowley.*

The Death of a Sinner.

*do* MY thoughts on awful subjects roil,  
 Damnation and the dead :  
 What horrors seize the guilty soul  
 Upon a dying bed !

2 Lingering about these mortal shores,  
 She makes a long delay,  
 Till, like a flood, with rapid force,  
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then, swift and dreadful she descends  
 Down to the fiery coast,

Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightened ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains :  
Tortured with keen despair, they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood  
For their past guilt atones ;  
Nor the compassion of a God  
Shall hearken to their groans.

*di* 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
Nor bade my soul remove,  
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,  
And well ensured his love!

**198.** HYMN (157.) C. M.

*Burford. Walsal.*

The Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

*af* **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 O wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.

*di* 4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast ;  
Without a gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name  
 Is graven on thy hands;  
 Show me some promise in thy book,  
 Where my salvation stands!

6 Give me one kind assuring word,  
 To sink my fears again;  
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
 Her threescore years and ten.

**199.** HYMN (349.) L. M.

*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

The Doom of the Impenitent.

- mæ* **H**OW great, how terrible that God  
 Who shakes creation with his nod!  
 He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,  
 Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where, shall sinners seek  
 For shelter in the general wreck?  
 Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
 See! rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- dō* 3 In vain for mercy now they cry!  
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie!  
 There on the flaming billows tost,  
 For ever—O, for ever lost!
- m* 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,  
 With calmness view the dreadful scene;  
 Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,  
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- dī* 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend!  
 To thee my all I dare commend;  
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

**200.**

HYMN. L. M.

*Accomack. Windham.**My Spirit shall not always strive.*

- m* **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within  
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2** Hath something met thee in the path  
 Of worldliness and vanity,  
 And pointed to the coming wrath,  
 And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
- an* **3** Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,  
 It was the Spirit's gracious call,  
 It bade thee make the better choice,  
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4** Spurn not the call to life and light;  
 Regard in time the warning kind;  
 That call thou may'st not always slight,  
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5** God's Spirit will not always strive  
 With hardened, self-destroying man;  
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
 May never hear his voice again.
- 6** Sinner, perhaps this very day  
 Thy last accepted time may be;  
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

**201.**

HYMN (449.) S. M.

*Orange. Little Marlborough.**The Doom of the Impenitent.*

- do* **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
 And must the dead arise?  
 And not a single soul escape  
 His all-discerning eyes?



2 And from his righteous lips  
 Shall this dread sentence sound;  
 And through the numerous guilty throng,  
 Spread black despair around:

3 "Depart from me, accursed,  
 To everlasting flame,  
 For rebel angels first prepared,  
 Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure  
 The terrors of that day,  
 When earth and heaven, before his face,  
 Astonished shrink away?

*Major.*

*an* 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead—  
*al* Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,  
 What joyful tidings spread!

*an* 6 Ye sinners seek his grace,  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
*al* Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
 And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,  
 By which the Saviour bled;  
 And the last awful day shall pour  
 His blessings on your head.

**202.** HYMN (501.) 7's.

*Fairfax. Norwich.*

The Sinner reminded of Judgment.

*m* **SINNER**, art thou still secure?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
 Can thy heart or hand endure,  
 In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!  
 Awful terrors clothe his brow;

For his judgments stand prepared ;  
Thou must either break or bow.

- mæ* 3 At his presence nature shakes,  
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;  
Solid mountains melt like wax,  
What will then become of thee ?
- do* 4 Who his coming may abide ?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapped in flame ?
- di* 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !  
Soon we must resign our breath ;  
And our souls be called to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.

**203.**

HYMN. S. M.

*Aylesbury. Orange.*

Grieve not the Spirit.

- m* **A**ND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine ?  
Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast ?  
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins opprest ?
- an* 3 To-day, a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray ;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But, grace so dearly bought,  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,  
Will fill thee with surprise.

**204.** HYMN (526.) 8. 7. 4.*Kershaw.**The Judge descending.*

- S**EE the eternal Judge descending  
View him seated on his throne!  
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
Stand and hear thy awful doom:  
Trumpets call thee;  
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;  
While in anguish thus lamenting  
That he ne'er was born again:  
Greatly mourning,  
That he ne'er was born again
- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
With the marks of dying love;  
O that I had sought his favour,  
When I felt his Spirit move:  
Golden moments,  
When I felt his Spirit move."
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!  
Hope and sinners here must part!  
Louder than a peal of thunder,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"  
Lost for ever,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

**205.** HYMN (62.) L. M.*China. Park-street.**Christ's Invitation to Sinners.*

- "C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home. :||:f

- an* 2 "They shall find rest that learn of me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
*f* But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind. :||:
- m.p* 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light." :||
- di* 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

## 206. HYMN (143.) C. M.

*Dundee. London.*

Sufficiency of Pardon.

- m* **WHY** does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith  
And nourish your despair?
- an* 2 What though your numerous sins exceed  
The stars that fill the skies,  
*f* And, aiming at th' eternal throne,  
Like pointed mountains rise?
- an* 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,  
And have its dark foundations laid  
Low as the deeps of hell?
- al.p* 4 See here an endless ocean flows,  
Of never-failing grace ;  
Behold, a dying Saviour's veins  
The sacred flood increase.
- f* 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills ;  
Has neither shore nor bound :  
Now, if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake our hearts, adore the grace  
 That buries all our faults,  
 And pardoning blood, that swells above  
 Our follies and our thoughts.

**207.** HYMN (153.) C. M.

*Pennsylvania. Peterborough.*

Christ's Commission.

*al* **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God  
 With new melodious songs ;  
 Come, render to almighty grace  
 The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
 That pitied dying men,  
 The Father sent his equal Son  
 To give them life again.

*an.p* 3 Then all was mercy, all was mild  
 And wrath forsook the throne,  
 When Christ on the kind errand came,  
 And brought salvation down.

*al* 4 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;  
*cr* Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
*f* And you shall never die.

*an* 5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
 Accept thine offered grace ;  
*cr* We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
*f* And give the Father praise.

**208.** HYMN (154.) S. M.

*St. Thomas. Cambridge.*

Christ's Mediation.

*al f* **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune,  
*ff* Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
 Celestial grace has done.

- al* 2 Sing how eternal Love  
 Its chief Beloved chose,  
 And bade him raise our wretched race  
 From their abyss of woes.
- p* 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
 Nor terror clothes his brow ;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
 And wrath stood silent by,  
 When Christ was sent with pardons down  
 To rebels doomed to die.
- cr* 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
 And take the offered peace.
- di* 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;  
 We lay an humble claim  
 To the salvation thou hast brought,  
*f* And love and praise thy name.

## 209. HYMN (333.) L. M.

*Seasons. Effingham.*

Invitation to Sinners.

- m* COME, weary souls, with sins distressed  
 Come, and accept the promised rest ;  
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
 O come and spread your woes abroad ;  
 Divine compassion, mighty love,  
 Will all the painful loads remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes  
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;  
 How rich the gift, how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come, believing we rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

di 5 Blest Saviour ! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

**210.** HYMN (390.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Warwick.*

The Gospel Feast.

an **O**N Sion, his most holy mount,  
God will a feast prepare ;  
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,  
Shall in the banquet share.

dl 2 Marrow and fatness are the food  
His bounteous hand bestows ;  
Wine on the lees, and well refined,  
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile  
A free acceptance given !  
See rebels, by adopting grace,  
Sit with the heirs of heaven !

4 The pained, the sick, the dying now  
To ease and health restored ;  
With eager appetites partake  
The bounties of thy board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,  
What dainties shall be given,  
When, with the myriads round the throne,  
We join the feast of heaven !

f 6 There joys immeasurably high  
Shall satisfy the soul ;  
And springs of life, that never dry,  
In thousand channels roll.



**211.**

HYMN (396.) C. M.

*Marlow. St. Martin's.*

Gospel Invitations.

*m* **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast !  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For every humble guest.

*an* 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,  
He calls, he bids you come ;  
*ad* Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
*cr* But see, there yet is room :

*an* 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;  
*p* There love and pity meet ;  
*cr* Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
*p* That trembles at his feet.

*an* 4 O come, and, with his children, taste  
The blessings of his love ;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.

*al.f* 5 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come ;  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room !

**212.**

HYMN (426.) 7's.

*Hart's. Alma.*

Redeeming Love.

*m* **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
*f* Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
Ye, who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

- m* 2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
*f* Praise and bless redeeming love.
- an* 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- al.p* 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
Welcome to his sacred rest;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,  
When we to his glory come,  
*cr* We shall all the fulness prove  
*f* Of our Lord's redeeming love.

**213.** HYMN (428.) C. M.

*Chester. Howard's.*

Gospel Invitations.

- an* **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- dl* 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
To ease your every pain;

(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

*an* 4 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice,  
The gracious call obey:  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—  
And can you yet delay?

*di* 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

## 214. HYMN (4.) C. M.

*Abingdon. Pennsylvania.*

The Fulness and Freeness of the Gospel Offer.

*al.f* **L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

*dim* 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
*cr* And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

- an 6 Ye perishing and naked poor,  
 Who work with mighty pain,  
 To weave a garment of your own,  
 That will not hide your sin ;
- al 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls  
 In robes prepared by God,  
 Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
 And dyed in his own blood.
- an 8 Great God ! the treasures of thy love  
 Are everlasting mines,  
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
 And boundless as our sins !
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace  
 Stand open night and day ;  
 di Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
 And drive our wants away.

**215.** HYMN (6.) C. M.

*Rochester. Marlow.*

Inviting Sinners to come to Christ.

- m **I**N vain we lavish out our lives  
 To gather empty wind ;  
 The choicest blessings earth can yield  
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- an 2 Our God will every want supply,  
 And fill our hearts with peace :  
 He gives by covenant and by oath  
 The riches of his grace.
- 3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
 And wash away our stains,  
 In the dear fountain that his Son  
 Poured from his dying veins.
- 4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
 And deep engrave his law ;  
 And every motion of our souls  
 To swift obedience draw.
- al

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
 And we shall render praise ;  
*cr* We the dear people of his love,  
*f* And he our God of grace.

**216.** HYMN (253.) C.M.

*Walsal. Georgia.*

Sinners entreated to forsake their Ways.

*m* **SINNERS**, the voice of God regard ;  
 'Tis Mercy speaks to-day ;  
 He calls you, by his sovereign word,  
 From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
 You live devoid of peace ;  
 A thousand stings within your breast  
 Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;  
 Why will you persevere ?  
 Can you in endless torments dwell,  
 Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
 Of sin and folly go ?  
 In pain you travel all your days,  
 To reap immortal wo !

*an* 5 But he that turns to God, shall live  
 Through his abounding grace :  
 His mercy will the guilt forgive  
 Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
 Renouncing every sin :  
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
 And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts :  
 He pardons like a God ;  
 He will forgive your numerous faults,  
 Through a Redeemer's blood.

**217.** HYMN (515.) L. M.*Windham. Limehouse.*

The thoughtless Sinner entreated to stop.

- m* **SINNER**, O why so thoughtless grown!  
 Why in such dreadful haste to die,  
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
 Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
 Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams,  
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
 And force thy passage to the flames
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;  
 Behold the God of love unfold  
 The glories of his dying pains,  
 For ever telling, yet untold!

**218.** HYMN (516.) L. M.*Bath. Calvary.*

Prisoners of Hope.

- m* **PRISONERS** of sin, and Satan too,  
 The Saviour calls—he calls for you:  
 Ye who have sold yourselves for naught,  
 Jesus your liberty hath bought.
- 2 The great Redeemer lived and died;  
 The Prince of life was crucified;  
 He shed his own most precious blood,  
 To ransom guilty souls for God.
- al* 3 He came to set the captives free;  
 He came to publish liberty;  
*p* To bind the broken-hearted up,  
 And give despairing sinners hope.
- an* 4 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?  
 Why from the only refuge fly?  
 Jesus, our hiding place and tower,  
 Invites the guilty and the poor.

5 He came to comfort those that mourn ;  
*p* He sweetly says to sinners, turn !  
*cr* Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,  
 Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

**219.** HYMN (521.) L. M.

*Uxbridge. Hebron.*

Stay not for To-morrow's Sun.

*m* **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;  
 The longer wisdom you despise,  
 The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,  
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;  
 For fear thy season should be o'er  
 Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;  
 For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
 Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;  
 For fear the curse should thee arrest  
 Before the morrow is begun.

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SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.

**220.** HYMN (308.) C. M.

*Barby. Romney.*

The Necessity of Religion.

*m* **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know !



- 2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows ;  
Nor reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
- an 3 Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.
- di 4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love  
Be joined with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

## 221. HYMN (394.) L. M.

*Seasons. Alfreton.*

The Gospel's joyful Sound.

- di **C**OME, dearest Lord, who reign'st above,  
And draw me with the cords of love !  
And while the gospel does abound,  
"O may I know the joyful sound !"
- p 2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,  
It brings to our apostate race :  
It spreads a heavenly light around ;  
"O may I know the joyful sound !"
- er
- an 3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul  
Look up to Jesus and be whole ;  
In him are peace and pardon found ;  
"O may I know the joyful sound !"
- p
- cr 4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,  
Affords the needy sure relief ;  
Releases those by Satan bound ;  
"O may I know the joyful sound !"

**222.** HYMN (464.) 8. 8. 6.*Aithlone.*

The Fear of Death and Judgment.

- di* **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt  
come  
To fetch thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2** I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought?  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3** Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
In this th' accepted day;  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4** Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face;  
*f* Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
*ff* With shouts of sovereign grace.

**223.** HYMN (57.) C. M.*Walsal. Burford.*

The Sinner convicted.

- af* **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread!  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins revived again;  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold  
Under the power of sin;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath,  
For some kind power to save;  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

**224.** HYMN (441.) L. M.

*Hebron. Uxbridge.*

Renouncing Self-righteousness.

**N**OT by the laws of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done,  
Can make a wounded conscience whole;  
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word;  
Fain would I have my soul renewed;  
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,  
To have it pardoned and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its power display,  
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;  
 Save me in thine appointed way,  
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

**225.** HYMN (52.) L. M.

*Nazareth. Bath.*

Renouncing every Thing for Christ.

*m* NO more, my God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
 What was my gain, I count my loss;  
 My former pride I call my shame,  
 And nail my glory to his cross.

*an* 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake:

*di* O may my soul be found in him,  
 And of his righteousness partake.

*m* 4 The best obedience of my hands  
 Dares not appear before thy throne;  
*cr* But faith can answer thy demands  
*f* By pleading what my Lord has done.

**226.** HYMN (155.) C. M.

*Burstal. Bangor.*

Repentance flowing from the Forbearance of God.

*af* AND are we wretches yet alive?  
 And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,  
 That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
 Would sink us down to flames,  
 And threatening vengeance rolls above,  
 To crush our feeble frames.

- an 3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear ;"  
 dim And straight the thunder stays ;  
 m And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
 And weary out his grace ?
- af 4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,  
 Too long indulged our sin ;  
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
 What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye sins, shall ye command,  
 No more will we obey :  
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,  
 And drive thy foes away.

227.

HYMN (241.) C. M.

*Funeral Thought. Bangor.*

The Sinner repenting.

- uf **WHEN** rising from the bed of death,  
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
 I see my Maker face to face,  
 O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,  
 And mercy may be sought,  
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
 In majesty severe,  
 And sit in judgment on my soul,  
 O how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
 Who does her sins lament,  
 The timely tribute of her tears  
 Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
 Ere yet it be too late ;  
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
 To give these sorrows weight.

*an* 6 For never shall my soul despair  
 Her pardon to procure,  
 Who knows thine only Son has died  
 To make her pardon sure.

**228.** HYMN (431.) 8, 7.

*Bavaria. M'Kendree.*

The same.

*di* **J**ESUS! full of all compassion,  
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
 Let me know thy great salvation;  
 See! I languish, faint, and die!

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,  
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
 Send, O send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
 But to him who comfort gives?  
 Whither, from the dread of dying,  
 But to him who ever lives?

4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
 Breathless, on the cursed tree,  
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
 That thou sufferedst thus for me.

*al* 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,  
 I am more than angels blest;  
 Heir with thee, all things inherit,  
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

*m* 6 Without thee, the world possessing,  
 I should be a wretch undone;  
 Search through heaven, the land of blessing,  
 Seeking good, and finding none.

*di* 7 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me!  
 My soul cleaveth to the dust;  
 Send the Comforter to cheer me;  
 Lo! in thee I put my trust.

8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,  
 Hangs my everlasting all;  
 Let thy arm be now revealed;  
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

9 In the world of endless ruin  
 Let it never, Lord, be said,  
 "Here's a soul that perished suing  
 For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

al 10 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory  
 Through the shining realms above!  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptured with thy love!

## 229. HYMN (483.) L. M.

### *Kent. Seasons.*

· Christ the Balm of Gilead.

af **W**HY droops my soul, with grief oppress?  
 Why these wild tumults in my breast?  
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?  
 No kind physician to be found?

al 2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines  
 Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;  
 p There, drest in love, the Saviour stands,  
 With pitying heart, and bleeding hands!

an 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;—  
 af Behold, the Prince of Glory dies!  
 He dies, extended on the tree,  
 cr Thence sheds a sovereign balm for me.

af 4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,  
 Here to receive a cure, or die!  
 cr But grace forbids that painful fear,  
 f Infinite grace, which triumphs here!

di 5 Dear Lord, extract this poisoned dart,  
 Bind up and heal my broken heart;



With blooming health my face adorn,  
And change my gloomy night to morn.

*an* 6 Expand, my soul, with holy joy,  
*cr* Hosannas be thy best employ ;  
Salvation thy eternal theme,  
*f* And swell the song with Jesus' name.

## 230.

HYMN (319.) 7's.

*Mount Calvary.*

Christ the Rock of Ages.

*af* **R**OCK of ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

**231.** HYMN (345.) L. M.*Evening Hymn. Seasons.*

Free Access to God by the Blood of Christ.

- m* **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
 I dare approach thy throne, O God;  
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- p* 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!  
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine,  
*cr* And while by faith I see it near,  
 I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;  
 With courage sing, with fervour pray;  
 And though myself a wretch undone,  
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son;
- 4 The Son who, on th' accursed tree,  
 Expired to set the vilest free:  
 On this I build my only claim,  
 And all I ask is in his name.

**232.** HYMN (386.) 8. 8. 6.*Aithlone.*

Taking Refuge in Christ.

- di* **O** THOU that hearest the prayer of  
 faith,  
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
 That casts itself on thee?  
 I have no refuge of my own,  
 But fly to what my Lord hath done  
 And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
 His spotless righteousness I plead,  
 And his availing blood:  
 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,  
 Thy merit shall atone for me,  
 And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,  
 The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
 His consolation send :  
 By him some word of life impart,  
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
 "Thy Maker is thy friend."

*an* 4 The king of terrors then would be  
 A welcome messenger to me,  
 To bid me come away :  
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,  
*al* I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,  
 To everlasting day.

**233.**

HYMN (432.) 7's.

*Alma. Hotham.*

The Sinner submitting.

*di* **JESUS!** lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly  
 While the raging billows roll,—  
 While the tempest still is high!  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 All in all in thee I find!  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin—  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

234.

HYMN. S. M.

*Aylesbury. Little Marlborough.*

Looking to God.

*af* **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,  
 And force me to thy breast?  
 When shall my soul return again  
 To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,  
 My wandering to and fro?  
 Thou hast the words of endless life:  
 Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace  
 To me did freely move;  
 It calls me still to seek thy face,  
 And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
 I groan to be set free;  
 I fain would now obey the call,  
 And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from wo,  
 Thou didst with all things part;  
 Didst lead a suffering life below,  
 To gain my worthless heart.

- 6 My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursed death.
- 7 And can I yet delay,  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
My Jesus to receive?
- 8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own 'Thee conqueror!
- 9 Though late, I all forsake,  
My friends, my all resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine!
- 10 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.
- 11 My one desire be this—  
Thy only love to know;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.
- 12 My life, my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art;  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter and keep my heart.

**235.** HYMN (268.) L. M.

*Calvary. Submission.*

The determined Choice.

- af*    **A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,  
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
- an*    A nobler toil may I sustain;  
A nobler satisfaction win.

- di* 2 May I resolve with all my heart,  
 With all my powers, to serve the Lord;  
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy!  
 Around let my example shine,  
 'Till others love the blest employ,  
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
 My solemn, my determined choice,  
 To yield to his supreme control,  
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,  
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:  
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

**236.** HYMN (451.) C. M.

*Bangor. Georgia.*

The Sinner deciding.

- m* COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve;  
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
 And make this last resolve:—
- an* 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Hath like a mountain rose;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.
- af* 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess;  
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
 Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
 Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
 Perhaps he may command my touch—  
 And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
 But if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,  
 I am resolved to try,  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must for ever die."

**237.**

HYMN (522.) 7's.

*Alma. Hotham.*

The Choice of Christ.

- af* **P**EOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort nowhere found:  
 Now to you my spirit turns,  
 Turns a fugitive unblest;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 O receive me into rest!
- an* 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave;  
 Mine the God whom you adore,  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,  
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power;  
 Welcome, poverty and cross,  
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:  
 "Follow me;" I know thy voice;
- di* Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;  
 Now I take thy yoke by choice—  
 Light thy burden now to me.



**238.** HYMN (317.) C. M.*Rochester. Irish.*

The happy Choice.

- an* **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu,  
 A nobler choice be mine;  
 A real prize attracts my view,  
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,  
 Ye specious baits of sense;  
 Inestimable worth appears,  
 The pearl of price immense!
- p*  
*an* 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
 O name divinely sweet!  
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
 Their boasted stores resign,  
 With joy I would renounce them all,  
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasure all depart,  
 Of this dear gift possessed,  
*cr* I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
 And be for ever blest.
- di* 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,  
 Thy love is bliss divine;  
 Accept the wish that love inspires,  
 And bid me call thee mine.

**239.** HYMN (140.) C. M.*Burford. Walsal.*

The Sinner repenting.

- an* **A**ND now the scales have left my eyes,  
 Now I begin to see—

O, the cursed deeds my sins have done !  
 What murderous things they be !

*af* 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
 That thy fair body tore ?  
 Monsters, that stained those heavenly limbs  
 With floods of purple gore !

3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
 My dearest Lord was slain,  
 When justice seized God's only Son,  
 And put his soul to pain ?

*di* 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace ;  
 I'll wound my God no more ;  
 Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,  
 For Jesus I adore.

*cr* 5 Gird me with heavenly armour, Lord,  
 From grace's magazine,  
 And I will wage eternal war  
 With every darling sin.

## 240. HYMN (171.) C. M

*Burford. Bangor.*

The Sinner yielding to Christ.

*di* **M**IGHTY Redeemer ! set me free  
 From my old state of sin ;  
 O, make my soul alive to thee,  
 Create new powers within ;

2 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,  
 And mould my heart afresh ;  
 Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
 And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Far from the regions of the dead,  
 From sin, and earth, and hell ;  
 In the new world that grace hath made,  
 I would for ever dwell.

**241.** HYMN (245.) L. M.*Calvary. Wells.*

The happy Choice.

*af* **B**ESET with snares on every hand,  
 In life's uncertain path I stand :  
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart  
 To fix on Mary's better part ;  
 To scorn the trifles of a day,  
 For joys that none can take away.

*an.f* 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,  
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
 But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
 Cheerful I'll live, and joyful die ;  
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
 To find immortal bliss in thee.

**242.** HYMN (291.) C. M.*Burstal. Crowley.*

Surrendering the Heart to Christ.

*m* **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend  
 To visit sinful worms ?  
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
 In all her winning forms ?

*an* 2 Surprising grace !—and shall my heart  
 Unmoved and cold remain ?

*af* Has this hard rock no tender part ?  
 Must mercy plead in vain ?

Shall Jesus for admission sue—  
 His charming voice unheard ?

And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
Remain for ever barred?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,  
The lodging has possess;  
And crowds of traitors bar the door  
Against the heavenly Guest.

*an* 5 Ye dangerous inmates! hence depart;  
*di* Dear Saviour! enter in,  
And guard the passage to my heart,  
And keep out every sin.

## 243. HYMN (416.) L. M.

*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

The same.

*af* **BLESSED** Jesus! when thy cross I view,  
That mystery to th' angelic host,  
I gaze with grief and rapture too,  
And all my soul's in wonder lost.

2 What strange compassion filled thy breast,  
That brought thee from thy throne on high,  
To woes that cannot be exprest,  
To be despised, to groan, and die!

3 Was it for man, rebellious man,  
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,  
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,  
Found none to pity or to save?

4 For man didst thou forsake the sky,  
To bleed upon th' accursed tree:  
And didst thou taste of death to buy  
Immortal life and bliss for me!

*an* 5 Had I a voice to praise thy name,  
*f* Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,  
*p* Had I the raptured seraph's flame,  
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

*di* 6 Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,  
 This burdened, contrite heart of mine,  
 (Thou knowest I've naught beside to give,)  
 And let it be for ever thine.

**244.** HYMN (49.) C. M.

*Marlow. St. Martin's.*

The surprising Change.

*m* NOT the malicious or profane,  
 The wanton or the proud,  
 Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain  
 The kingdom of our God.

*an* 2 Surprising grace! and what were we  
 By nature and by sin?

*ad.p* Heirs of immortal misery,  
 Unholy and unclean.

*al* 3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,  
 We're pardoned through his name;  
 And the good Spirit of our God  
 Hath sanctified our frame.

*di* 4 O for a persevering power,  
 To keep thy just commands!  
 We would defile our hearts no more,  
 No more pollute our hands.

**245.** HYMN (86.) L. M.

*Wells. Calvary.*

The Convert parting with carnal Joys.

*m* I SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
*p* False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.

*m* 2 Your streams were floating me along,  
 Down to the gulf of black despair;  
 And whilst I listened to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

- di* 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes :  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies !
- dl* 5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
*cr* And drown the sorrows of my soul.

**246.** HYMN (152.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. China.*

Renouncing the World.

- m* **WHEN**, in the light of faith divine,  
We look on things below,  
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dangerous too !
- 2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath ;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death,  
To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust,  
They rob the serpent of his food,  
T' indulge a sordid lust.
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dangerous snares to souls !  
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,  
And dashed with bitter bowls.
- al* 5 God is my all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice ;  
In him my vast desires are filled,  
And all my powers rejoice.

*an* 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew;  
*cr* I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

**247.** HYMN (156.) C. M.

*Walsal. Burford.*

The Convert's Resolution.

*af* 'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groaned away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.  
2 O, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God!  
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!  
3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.  
4 Whilst with a melting broken heart,  
My murdered Lord I view,  
*cr* I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
*f* And slay the murderers too.

**248.** HYMN (287.) L. M.

*Moreton. Calvary.*

Sanctified Affliction.

*di* **O** HOW I love thy holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord.  
It guides me in the peaceful way,  
I think upon it all the day.  
2 What are the mines of shining wealth,  
The strength of youth, the bloom of health;  
What are all joys compared to those  
Thine everlasting word bestows!



- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,  
In pleasure's path, secure I strayed;  
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,  
And straight I turned unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart?  
I bless thine hand that caused the smart;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But saved me from eternal wo.
- 5 O! hadst thou left me unchastised,  
Thy precept I had still despised;  
And still the snare, in secret laid,  
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God!  
And breathe towards thy dear abode;  
Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

**249.** HYMN (320.) L. M.

*Hebron. Newry.*

Gratitude to Christ.

- di* MY God, assist me, while I raise  
An anthem of harmonious praise;  
*cr* My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,  
*f* And spread its banners in thy name.
- an* 2 In Christ I view a store divine;  
My Father, all that store is thine;  
By thee prepared, by thee bestowed;  
*f* Hail to the Saviour, and the God!
- p* 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,  
*f* "Let there be light," th' Almighty said;  
And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,  
And scatters round celestial rays.
- m* 4 Condemned, thy criminal I stood.  
And awful justice asked my blood;  
*cr* That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,  
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

*m* 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,  
*cr* And lo, his grace hath made me clean ;  
 He rescues from th' infernal foe,  
*f* And full redemption will bestow.  
*al* 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue ;  
 Ye angels, warble back my song ;  
*cr* For love like this demands the praise  
*f* Of heavenly harps, and endless days.

**250.** HYMN (322.) L. M.

*Uxbridge. Calvary.*

Convert's Praise.

*do* **E**NSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains,  
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,  
 And doomed to everlasting pains,  
 We wretched guilty captives lay.  
*an* 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace ;  
 Nor the whole world's collected store  
 Suffice to purchase our release ;  
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.  
*cr* 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,  
 An all-sufficient ransom paid :  
 Amazing price ! his precious blood  
 For vile rebellious traitors shed !  
 4 Jesus the sacrifice became,  
 To rescue guilty souls from hell ;  
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb  
*dim* Beneath avenging justice fell.  
*di* 5 Infinite goodness ! love divine !  
 O may our grateful hearts adore  
 The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,  
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more !  
 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue  
 The glorious work it has begun,  
 Each secret lurking foe subdue,  
 And let our hearts be thine alone.

**251.**

HYMN (316.) 7's.

*Hart's. Alma.*

Rejoicing in the Light.

- al*    **B**OUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine;  
           Thou hast made the darkness shine;  
           Thou hast sent a cheering ray;  
           Thou hast turned our night to day.
- p*      2 Darkness long involved us round,  
*cr*      Till we knew the joyful sound;  
*f*      Then our darkness fled away,  
           Chased by truth's effulgent ray.
- an*    3 They are blessed, and none beside,  
           They who in the truth abide;  
           Clear the light that marks their way,  
           Leading to eternal day.
- di*    4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,  
           Till we reach the saints' abode;  
           Till we see thee throned above,  
           As thou art, the God of love.

**252.**

HYMN (323.) L. M.

*Sterling. Ward.*

The Joy of pardoned Sin.

- al*    **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound,  
           To guilty rebels doomed to die!
- cr*    Publish the bliss the world around,  
*f*    Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.
- al*    2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;  
           'Tis full, effacing every crime:  
           Unbounded shall its glories shine,  
           And feel no change by changing time.
- m*    3 For this stupendous love of heaven,  
           What grateful honours shall we show;  
*cr*    Where much transgression is forgiven,  
*f*    Let love with equal ardour glow.

an 4 By this inspired, let all our days  
With every heavenly grace be crowned ;  
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,  
In all abide, in all abound.

**253.** HYMN (417.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Dundee.*

The Transport of Joy and Love.

- di **BLESSED** Jesus! when my soaring  
thoughts  
O'er all thy graces rove,  
How is my soul in transport lost,  
In wonder, joy, and love!
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears  
Like thy beloved name ;  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
Unnumbered blessings see ;  
But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared with thee ?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy ;  
For ever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 6 When nature faints, around my bed  
Let thy bright glories shine ;  
And death shall all his terrors lose,  
In raptures so divine.

**254.** HYMN (99.) C. M.*Shirland. Thessalia.*

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- al*    **C**OME, we that love the Lord,  
           And let our joys be known;  
       Join in a song with sweet accord,  
           And thus surround the throne.
- mæ* 2 The God that rules on high,  
           And thunders when he please,  
       That rides upon the stormy sky,  
           And manages the seas.
- al*    3 This awful God is ours,  
           Our Father and our love;  
       He shall send down his heavenly powers  
           To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,  
           And never, never sin;
- dl*    There from the rivers of his grace  
           Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The men of grace have found  
           Glory begun below;  
       Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
           From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 The hill of Zion yields  
           A thousand sacred sweets,  
       Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
           Or walk the golden streets.
- f*    7 Then let our songs abound,  
           And every tear be dry;  
       We're marching through Immanuel's  
           ground  
           To fairer worlds on high.

**255.** HYMN (51.) S. M.*Durham. Thessalia.*

Christ, though not seen, yet loved.

- m* **N**OT with our mortal eyes  
 Have we beheld the Lord ;  
*al* Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
 And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
 Of our Redeemer's face ;  
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
 To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
 Our joys divinely grow  
 Unspeakable, like those above,  
 And heaven begins below.

**256.** HYMN (507.) 8, 7.*Welsh. Bavaria.*

A Miracle of Grace.

- al* **H**AIL! my ever blessed Jesus,  
 Only thee I wish to sing ;  
 To my soul thy name is precious,  
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 O what mercy flows from heaven !  
 O what joy and happiness !  
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,  
 Unconcerned in sin I lay ;  
 Swift destruction still pursuing,  
 Till my Saviour passed by.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
 My Redemer's tenderness ;  
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

- f* 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,  
     Praise the Lamb enthroned above,  
*an.p* Whilst astonished I admire  
     God's free grace and boundless love.
- al* 6 That blessed moment I received him  
     Filled my soul with joy and peace;  
     Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
     I'm a miracle of grace.

## 257. HYMN (141.) C. M.

*Arlington. Peterborough.*

The Convert's grateful Praise to God.

- al* **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
     And triumph in my God;  
     Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
     His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the depths of sin,  
     The gates of gaping hell,  
     And fixed my standing more secure  
     Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
     Beneath my soul he placed,  
     And on the Rock of Ages set  
     My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode  
     Is walled around with grace;  
     Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
     To shield the sacred place.
- m* 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
     And all his legions roar;
- al* Almighty mercy guards my life,  
     And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
     And tunes of pleasure sing;
- f* Loud hallelujahs shall address  
     My Saviour and my King.



**258.** HYMN (427.) L. M.*Uxbridge. Hebron.*

The Convert's Praise.

- m* **T**O God, my Saviour, and my King,  
*an* Fain would my soul her tribute bring;  
 Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,  
 For ye have known and felt his grace.
- ad* 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
 Just breathing all my life away;  
*cr* He saw me weltering in my blood,  
 And felt the pity of a God.
- al* 3 With speed he flew to my relief,  
 Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;  
 Poured joys divine into my heart,  
 And bade each anxious fear depart.
- an* 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord!  
 Deep in my breast I will record:  
 The life, which I from thee receive,  
 To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise  
 Through the remainder of my days;  
 And when I join the powers above,  
 My soul shall better sing thy love.

**259.** HYMN (343.) C. M.*Bedford. Foundling.*

Christians drawn with Cords of Love.

- an.p* **M**Y God, what gentle cords are thine!  
 How soft, and yet how strong!  
 While power, and truth, and love combine  
 To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke  
 Of Satan and of sin;  
*f* Thy hand the iron bondage broke,  
 Our worthless hearts to win.

- an* 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
     One offering takes away ;  
     And grace, when first the war begins,  
     Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears  
     In rich profusion flows,  
     And glory of unnumbered years  
     Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,  
     Till round thy throne we meet ;  
*p* And captives in the chains of love,  
*cr* Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

**260.** HYMN (138.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Bedford.*

Redemption by Christ.

- m* **WHEN** the first parents of our race  
     Rebelled and lost their God,  
     And the infection of their sin  
     Had tainted all our blood ;
- p* 2 Infinite pity touched the heart  
     Of the eternal Son ;  
     Descending from the heavenly court,  
     He left his Father's throne :
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw  
     His most divine array,  
     And wrapped his Godhead in a veil  
     Of our inferior clay.
- an* 4 His living power and dying love  
*cr* Redeemed unhappy men,  
     And raised the ruins of our race  
     To life and God again.
- di* 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul  
     We joyfully resign ;  
     Blessed Jesus, take us for thy own,  
     For we are doubly thine

6 Thy honour shall for ever be  
 The business of our days ;  
 For ever shall our thankful tongues  
 Speak thy deserved praise.

**261.** HYMN (162.) C. M.

*Colchester. Abridge.*

Christian Devotedness.

*an* **H**OW can I sink with such a prop  
 As my eternal God,  
*mæ* Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
 And spreads the heavens abroad ?  
*an* 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
 Who rose and left the dead ?  
 Pardon and grace my soul receives  
 From my exalted Head.  
 3 All that I am, and all I have,  
 Shall be for ever thine ;  
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
 My cheerful hands resign.  
 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,  
 And duty did not call,  
 My God would all my love deserve,  
 And I would give him all.

**262.** HYMN (178.) S. M.

*Olmutz. Shirland.*

Faith in the Blood of Christ.

*an* **N**OT all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.  
 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name  
 And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
*af* While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- al* 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

**263.** HYMN (314.) L. M.

*Luton. Alfreton.*

*The same.*

- an* **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude, and love ;  
To take away our guilt and shame,  
See him descending from above !
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;  
He meekly bore the mighty load ;  
Our ransom price he fully paid,  
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- ad* 3 To save a guilty world, he dies :  
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !  
To him lift up your longing eyes,  
And hope for mercy in his name.
- an* 4 Pardon and peace through him abound ;  
He can the richest blessings give ;  
Salvation in his name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.
- di* 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee ;  
Where else can helpless sinners go ?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and wo.

**264.** HYMN (315.) L. M.*Armley. Blendon.*

Faith in Christ.

- m* **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
*dim* And fainting home almost expires ;  
*di* Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2* Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
 And can my hope, my comfort die,  
 Fixed on thy everlasting word,  
 That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3* If my immortal Saviour lives,  
 Then my immortal life is sure ;  
*f* His word a firm foundation gives,  
 Here let me build and rest secure.
- an* *4* Here let my faith unshaken dwell,  
*f* Immovable the promise stands ;  
 Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,  
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- di* *5* Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;  
 Since Jesus is for ever mine,  
 Not death itself, that last of foes,  
 Shall break a union so divine.

**265.** HYMN (170.) L. M.*Newry. Lowell.*

The Christian walking by Faith.

- m* **'T**IS by the faith of joys to come  
 We walk through deserts dark as night,  
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2* The want of sight she well supplies ;  
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
 Far into distant worlds she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.

- an* 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
       While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
*f*     Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
       And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- m* 4 So Abraham, by divine command,  
       Left his own house to walk with God;  
*cr*    His faith beheld the promised land,  
       And fired his zeal along the road.

## 266. HYMN (361.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Barby.*

Overcoming Faith.

- an* 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,  
       In times of deep distress;  
       When storms arise and billows roll,  
       Great God, I trust thy grace.
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,  
       Whatever griefs befall;  
       Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,  
       And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,  
       With dangers all around,  
       To thee I all my fears disclose,  
       In thee my help is found.
- 4 In every want, in every strait,  
       To thee alone I fly;  
       When other comforters depart,  
       Thou art for ever nigh.

## 267. HYMN (452.) C. M.

*Bedford. St. Martin's.*

Clinging to Christ in Time of general Declension.

- m* WHEN any turn from Zion's way,  
       (Alas, what numbers do!)  
       Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
       " Wilt thou forsake me too?"

- di* 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
 Unless thou hold me fast,  
 I feel I must, I shall decline,  
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
 To save a wretch like me;  
 To whom, or whither could I go,  
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,  
 Thou art the Christ of God;  
 Who hast eternal life secured,  
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart;  
 No love but thine can make me blest,  
 And satisfy my heart.
- af*  
*ad*  
*di* 6 What anguish has this question stirred,  
 "If I will also go?"  
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer—no!

**268.** HYMN (475.) 10's & 11's.

*Hanover. Devonshire.*

The Triumph of Faith.

- an* **B**EGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear;  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-  
 form;  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the  
 storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my  
 guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures  
 all fail,  
*cr* The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.



- an* 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
 through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain ?—he told me no less.  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
 Through much tribulation must follow their  
 Lord.
- 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine food :  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before  
 long,
- a.* And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's  
 song !

## 269.

HYMN (47.) L. M.

*Ward. Uxbridge.*

Christian Characteristics and Beatitudes.

- m* **B**LEST are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
- cr* Treasures of grace to them are given,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- m* 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
- f* The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all their woes.
- m* 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
- cr* God will secure their happy state,  
*f* And plead their cause against the great.
- m* 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;
- cr* They shall be well supplied, and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.

- m* 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
*cr* From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.
- m* 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
*al* From the defiling power of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.
- p* 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
*cr* They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- p* 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
*f* Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
*ff* Glory and joy are their reward.

## 270. HYMN (65.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Bath.*

The Publican and Pharisee.

- m* **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee !  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- p* 2 This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;  
*f* That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he hath done.
- m* 3 The Lord their different language knows,  
And different answers he bestows ;  
*p* The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
*an* Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- di* 4 Dear Father, let me never be  
Joined with the boasting Pharisee :  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

**271.** HYMN (66.) L. M.*Portugal. Newry.*

Holiness the Proof of Christian Character.

- m*     **S**O let our lips and lives express  
           The holy gospel we profess;  
       So let our works and virtues shine,  
       To prove the doctrine all divine.
- an*    2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
           The honours of our Saviour God:  
           When his salvation reigns within,  
           And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
           Passion and envy, lust and pride;
- cr*     While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
           Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
           While we expect that blessed hope,  
           The bright appearance of the Lord,
- cr*     And faith stands leaning on his word.

**272.** HYMN (67.) L. M.*Morton. Wells.*

Religion false without Love.

- m*     **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jew  
           And nobler speech than angels use,  
       If love be absent, I am found  
       Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell  
           All that is done in heaven and hell;  
       Or could my faith the world remove,  
       Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
           To feed the bowels of the poor,  
       Or give my body to the flame,  
       To gain a martyr's glorious name;

- 4 If love to God, and love to men,  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

**273.** HYMN (69.) C. M.

*Rochester. Romney.*

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- G**OD is a spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honour can appear;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

**274.** HYMN (73.) C. M.

*Barby. St. Martin's.*

A true and a false Faith.

- M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;

None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living head.

*an* 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial power;  
*f* This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

*m* 5 Faith must obey her Father's will  
As well as trust his grace;  
A pardoning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our nature clean;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

## 275. HYMN (75.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Melody.*

Christian Characteristics.

*m* AS new-born babes desire the breast,  
To feed, and grow, and thrive;  
*al* So saints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.

2 With inward zest their heart approves  
All that the word relates;  
They love the men their Father loves,  
And hate the works he hates.

3 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.

- 4 They find access at every hour  
To God within the veil;  
Hence they derive a quickening power,  
And joys that never fail.
- f 5 O happy souls! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace!  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face.
- h 6 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.
- 7 There shed thy choicest love abroad,  
And make my comforts strong;  
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"  
With an unwavering tongue.

**276.** HYMN (292.) L. M.

*Seasons. Effingham.*

Evidences of Grace.

- n **S**URE the blest Comforter is nigh;  
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;  
Else would my hope for ever die,  
And every cheering ray depart.
- u 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,  
Do I not find his healing voice  
The tempest of my fears control,  
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- r 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish my heart aspires;  
Can it be less than power divine  
Which animates these strong desires?
- vi 4 What less than thine almighty word  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

- 5 And when my cheerful hope can say,  
 I love my God, and taste his grace,  
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray  
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
 For ever dwell, O God of love,  
 And light and heavenly peace impart,  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

**277.** HYMN (185.) L. M.

*Windham. Munich.*

Self-denial.

- m* **B**Road is the road that leads to death,  
 And thousands walk together there;  
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
 With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
 Is the Redeemer's great command;  
 Nature must count her gold but dross  
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
 And walks the ways of God no more,  
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
*dol* And makes his own destruction sure.
- di* 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;  
 Create my heart entirely new;  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;  
 Which false apostates never knew.

**278.** HYMN (186.) C. M.

*Rochester. Romney.*

The same.

- m* **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait  
 That leads to joys on high;



'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,  
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desire subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,  
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,  
(That vile idolatry,)  
And every member, every sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,  
Requires a strong restraint;  
We must be watchful every hour,  
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

**279.** HYMN (14.) C. M.

*St. George's. Devizes.*

The Christian's grateful Praise for redeeming Grace.

**A**WAKE, my heart; arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.

- p* 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- cr* 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!
- p* These ornaments how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope, and every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed  
By the great sacred Three!  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree.

**280.** HYMN (22.) C. M.

*Colchester. Abridge.*

The Christian praising.

- an.f* **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God,  
Who would not fear thy name!
- p* Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!  
Who would not love the Lamb!
- al* 2 He has done more than Moses did,  
Our Prophet and our King;
- f* From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our lips to sing.
- al* 3 In the Red sea, by Moses' hand,  
Th' Egyptian host was drowned;  
But his own blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,  
With manna they were fed;

Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,  
Yet never reached the place :

*f* But Christ shall bring his followers home,  
To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame,

*p*  
*cr* And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## 281. HYMN (23.) S. M.

*Pentonville. Durham.*

Praise for preserving Grace.

*al* **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

**282.** HYMN (198.) C. M.*Arlington. Marlow:*

Praise to Christ.

- al.f* COME, let us lift our voices high,  
 High as our joys arise,  
 And join the songs above the sky,  
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,  
 And conquered when he fell;  
 That rose, and at his chariot wheels  
 Dragged all the powers of hell.
- 3 Victorious King! what can we pay  
 For favours so divine?
- di* We would devote our hearts away,  
 To be for ever thine.
- 4 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,  
 The tribute of our tongues:  
 But themes so infinite as these  
 Exceed our noblest songs.

**283.** HYMN (205.) S. M.*Murray. Watchman.*

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- al.f* AWAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb;  
 Wake every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power,  
 Sing how he intercedes above,  
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
 In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come!"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home.

**284.** HYMN (206.) C. M.

*Liverpool. Warwick.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

*al* **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song!  
 O may his love, (immortal flame!)  
 Tune every heart and tongue.

*an* 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach;  
 What mortal tongue display!  
 Imagination's utmost stretch

*dim* In wonder dies away.

*di* 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble thanks to thee,  
 May every heart with rapture say,  
 "The Saviour died for me!"

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
 Fill every heart and tongue,  
 Till strangers love thy charming name,  
 And join the sacred song.

**285.** HYMN (228.) C. M.

*Chester. Axbridge.*

Gratitude.

*m* **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
*er* Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

*an* 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul<sup>r</sup>  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom those comforts flowed.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran ;  
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renewed my face ;  
 And when in sin and sorrows sunk,  
*cr* Revived my soul with grace.
- al* 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 'The glorious theme renew.
- f* 7 Through all eternity to thee,  
 A joyful song I'll raise :  
 But O, eternity's too short,  
 To utter all thy praise !

**286.** HYMN (383.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Bridgeport.*

Praise for the Love of Christ.

- al* **A**WAKE, sweet gratitude ! and sing  
 Th' ascended Saviour's love :  
 Sing how he lives to carry on  
 His people's cause above.
- af* 2 With cries and tears, he offered up  
 His humble suit below ;
- cr* But with authority he asks,  
 Enthroned in glory now.
- an* 3 For all that come to God by him,  
 Salvation he demands ;  
 Points to their names upon his breast,  
 And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
 Gives sanction to his claim ;  
 "Father, I will that all my saints  
 Be with me where I am.

5 "By their salvation, recompense  
 The sorrows I endured ;  
 Just to the merits of thy Son,  
 And faithful to thy word."

*al* 6 Eternal life, at his request,  
 To every saint is given :  
*cr* Safely on earth, and, after death,  
 The plenitude of heaven.

## 287. HYMN (446.) C. M

*Warwick. Greensburg.*

Gratitude for Divine Care and Grace.

*di* **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
 Kind Guardian of my days,  
 Thy mercies let my heart record  
 In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
 Was thy indulgent care ;  
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
 Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Around my path what dangers rose !  
 What snares spread all my road !  
 No power could guard me from my foes,  
 But my preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,  
 Where'er I turned mine eye !  
 How many passed almost unknown,  
 Or unregarded, by !

5 Each rolling year new favours brought  
 From thy exhaustless store ;  
 But ah ! in vain my labouring thought  
 Would count thy mercies o'er.



- 6 While sweet reflection, through my days  
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;  
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,  
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,  
 For favours more divine;  
 That I have known thy sacred word,  
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
 And every weakness dies,  
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
 And raise me to the skies.

**288.** HYMN (479.) L. M.

*Loving-kindness.*

Loving-kindness.

- al* **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
 He justly claims a song from thee,  
 His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
 He saved me from my lost estate,  
 His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along,  
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,  
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- m* 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
*al* But though I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

- m* 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;—  
*di* O! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death!  
*al* 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
*f* And sing with rapture and surprise  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

**289.** HYMN (502.) C. M.

*Clarendon. St. John's.*

Praise for the Love of Christ.

- al* **C**OME, let our hearts and voices join,  
 To praise the Saviour's name;  
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
 Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,  
 This Friend is always near;  
 With heaven and earth at his command,  
 He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,  
 No change can turn its course;  
 Immutably the same it flows,  
 From one eternal source.
- m* 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
 And clouds surround his throne,  
*al* He hides the purpose of his grace  
 To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall  
 Before his sovereign will,  
 He never takes away our all;  
 Himself he gives us still!
- m* 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
 And measures out our pains;  
*f* The wildest storm his word obeys,  
*p* His word its rage restrains!

**290.** HYMN (282.) C. M.*St. Martin's. Barby.*

Thanksgiving on Recovery from Sickness.

- af* **O**PPREST with fear, opprest with grief  
 To God I breathed my cry :  
*al* His mercy brought divine relief,  
 And wiped my tearful eye.  
 2 His mercy chased the shades of death,  
 And snatched me from the grave ;  
*di* O may his praise employ that breath  
 Which mercy deigns to save !  
*al* 3 Come, O ye saints ! your voices raise  
 To God, in grateful songs ;  
 And let the memory of his grace  
 Inspire your hearts and tongues.  
 4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,  
 And light and hope depart ;  
 His smile celestial morning sheds,  
 And joy revives the heart.  
 5 Then let my utmost glory be  
 To raise thy honours high ;  
 Nor let my gratitude to thee  
 In guilty silence die.  
*di* 6 To thee, my gracious God ! I raise  
 My thankful heart and tongue ;  
 O be thy goodness and thy praise  
 My everlasting song.

**291.** HYMN (36.) C. M.*St. Stephen's. Resignation.*

The Christian's Trust and Triumph in Affliction.

- af* **N**OT from the dust affliction grows  
 Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
 Yet we are born to cares and woes !  
 A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burning coals;  
 And still are upwards borne;  
 So grief is rooted in our souls,  
 And man grows up to mourn.

*di* 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
 And trust his promised grace;  
 He rules me by his well known laws,  
 Of love and righteousness.

*an* 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
 Shall spoil my future peace,  
*f* For death and hell can do no more  
 Than what my Father please.

**292.** HYMN (64.) L. M.

*Uxbridge. Hebron.*

Christian Submission.

*m* SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,  
 Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
*cr* He shall restore what you resign,  
 Or grant you blessings more divine.

*m* 2 So Abraham, with obedient hand,  
 Led forth his son at God's command;  
 The wood, the fire, the knife he took,  
 His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

*al.f* 3 "Abraham, forbear," the angel cried,  
 "Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;  
 Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
 Shall the whole earth be blessed indeed."

*an* 4 Just in the last distressing hour  
 The Lord displays delivering power!  
 The mount of danger is the place  
*cr* Where we shall see surprising grace.

**293.** HYMN (362.) L. M.*Calvary. Submission.*

Submission in dark and trying Dispensations.

- af* **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!  
 Tumultuous passions, all be still;  
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise;  
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
 Performs his work, the cause conceals;  
 And though his footsteps are unknown,  
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,  
 He executes his wise decrees;  
 And by his saints it stands confest,  
 That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,  
 With reverence bow before his seat;  
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

**294.** HYMN (371.) C. M.*China. St. Stephen's.*

Submission under Afflictions.

- di* **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,  
 Great God, are in thy hand;  
 All my enjoyments come from thee,  
 And go at thy command.
- 2 O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,  
 Yet would I not repine;  
 Before they were by me possessed,  
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
 If all the world were gone,  
 But seek substantial happiness  
 In thee, and thee alone.

**295.** HYMN (471.) C. M.*St. John's. Howard's.*

Submission under the Ills of Life.

- di* **S**OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand  
 In every chastening stroke ;  
 And while I smart beneath thy rod,  
 Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,  
 And thou hast bowed thine ear ;
- cr* Thy powerful word my life prolonged,  
 And brought salvation near.
- an* 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,  
 That, with the pious throng,  
 I may record my solemn vows,  
 And tune my grateful song.
- al* 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand  
 Renews our labouring breath ;  
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints  
 Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour,  
 Those heavenly gates display,
- dim* Where pain and sin, and fear and death,  
*cr* For ever flee away.
- p* 6 There, while the nations of the blessed,  
 With raptures bow around,
- cr* My anthems to delivering grace  
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

**296.** HYMN (477.) C. M.*Dundee. Mear.*

Submission to the Will of God.

- di* **T**HROUGH all the downward tracts of  
 time,  
 God's watchful eye surveys ;

- O ! who so wise to choose our lot,  
And regulate our ways ?
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,  
Unmeasurably kind ;  
To his unerring, gracious will,  
Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less, when he denies :  
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,  
My God, inscribe my name ;  
There let it fill some humble place  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

**297.**      HYMN (16.)    C. M.

*Carr's-lane. Broomsgrove.*

The Christian's Hope of Heaven by Christ.

- al*      **B**LEST be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son  
And called him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust ;  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,  
Reserved against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
And cannot fade away.



*an* 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,  
 Till the salvation come ;  
 We walk by faith as strangers here,  
 Till Christ shall call us home.

**298.** HYMN (72.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Luton.*

Hope in the Covenant.

*m* **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!  
*cr* But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

*an* 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace :  
*f* Eternal power performs the word,  
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

*m* 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
*cr* Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.

*f* 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
 A faithful and unchanging God  
 Lays the foundation for my hope,  
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

**299.** HYMN (109.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Barby.*

Hope in the Promises.

*al* **O**UR God! how firm his promise stands!  
 E'en when he hides his face,  
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
 His glory and his grace.

*an* 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
 Since Christ and we are one?

- cr* Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- p* 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,  
And part of heaven possessed ;
- cr* I praise his name for grace received,  
*f* And trust him for the rest.

### 300. HYMN (119.) C. M.

#### *Chester. Foundling.*

The Christian cheerful in Trouble through the Hope of Heaven.

- m* **O**UR journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still ;  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.
- dl* 2 See the kind angels at the gates  
Inviting us to come !  
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,  
To welcome travellers home !
- 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount  
The labours of our feet.
- 4 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,  
Nor trifles vex our ear ;  
Infinite grace shall fill our song,  
And God rejoice to hear.
- al.f* 5 Eternal glory to the King  
That brought us safely through !  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.

### 301. HYMN (128.) C. M.

#### *St. Alban's. Paradise.*

The Hope of Heaven relieves from Care.

- al* **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,

I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

*f* 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all:

*m.p* 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
*ad.f* And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

### 302. HYMN (107.) C. M.

*Clarendon. Marlow.*

Love to God.

*al* **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too;  
But devils cannot love.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away,  
To see our smiling God.

**303.** HYMN (284.) C. M.*Pennsylvania. Peterborough.*

Love to Christ.

- dl*     **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name ;  
              'Tis music to mine ear ;  
*cr*     Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
*f*        That earth and heaven should hear.  
*p*     2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
              My joy, my hope, my trust ;  
*cr*     Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
              And gold is sordid dust.  
*dl*     3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
              In thee most richly meet ;  
              Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
              Nor friendship half so sweet.  
              4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
              And sheds its fragrance there ;  
              The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
              The cordial of its care.  
*f*     5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
*dim*        With my last labouring breath ;  
*cr*     Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,  
              The antidote of death.

**304.** HYMN (429.) L. M.*Ward. Uxbridge.*

The Delights of Love.

- dl*     **O**F all the joys we mortals know,  
              Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest !  
              Love the best blessing here below,  
              The nearest image of the blest.  
              2 While we are held in thy embrace,  
              There's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
              Each smile upon thy beauteous face  
              Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

- 3 While of thy absence we complain,  
And long, or weep in all we do,  
There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;  
And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,  
Or ask the watchman of the night  
For some kind tidings of our love,  
Thy very name creates delight.
- di 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come !  
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;  
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,  
And feel the presence of his grace.

### 305. HYMN (17.) C. M.

#### *China. Resignation.*

The Christian awaiting Death.

- m **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home :  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord,  
Finished my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.
- an 3 God has laid up in heaven for me  
A crown which cannot fade ;  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone ;  
But all that love, and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From every ill design ;  
And to his heavenly kingdom take  
This feeble soul of mine

6 God is my everlasting aid,  
*f* And hell shall rage in vain;  
*ff* To him be highest glory paid,  
 And endless praise—*Amen.*

**306.** HYMN (19.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Barby.*

Courage inspired by waiting on the Lord.

*ad* **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts  
 arise?

And where's our courage fled?  
 Has restless sin and raging hell  
 Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name  
 That formed the earth and sea:  
 And can an all-creating Arm  
 Grow weary or decay?

*an.f* 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
 In our Jehovah dwell;  
 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
 And treads their foes to hell.

*p* 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,  
 And youthful vigour cease;  
*cr* But we that wait upon the Lord  
 Shall feel our strength increase.

*al.f* 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
 And taste the promised bliss,  
 Till their unwearied feet arrive  
 Where perfect pleasure is.

**307.** HYMN (53.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Bedford.*

The Christian rejoicing in the Prospect of Death.

*m* **THERE** is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high;

And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

### 308. HYMN (134.) S. M.

*Aylesbury. Orange.*

Confessing Ingratitude.

**I**S this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe?  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame  
Hath sin reduced our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind.

3 On us he bids the sun  
Shed his reviving rays:  
For us the skies their circles run,  
To lengthen out our days.



4 The brutes obey their God,  
 And bow their necks to men ;  
 But we, more base, more brutish things,  
 Reject his easy reign.

*di* 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!  
 And mould our souls afresh!  
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone  
 And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes,  
 And hourly as new mercies fall,  
 Let hourly thanks arise.

**309.** HYMN (363.) L. M.

*Hebron. Uxbridge.*

Assured Confidence in the Death of Christ.

*an* **W**HEN on the cross my Saviour died,  
 God's holy law he satisfied :  
 My debts he paid, my sins he bore,  
 And justice now demands no more.

2 A healing balm his hand bestows,  
 To cure my wounds, and ease my woes,  
 And a rich fountain still remains,  
 To wash away my guilty stains.

3 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,  
 Here blessings without number roll ;  
 My hopes and joys I hence derive,  
*f* For Jesus died that I might live.

**310.** HYMN (116.) L. M.

*Calvary. Submission.*

Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.

*an-p* **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,  
 And show my name upon his heart ;  
 I would forget my pains a while,  
 And in the pleasure lose the smart.

- af* 2 But O! it swells my sorrows high,  
To see my blessed Jesus frown;  
My spirits sink, my comforts die,  
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?  
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;  
Still on his heart he bears his saints,  
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- an* 4 My name is printed on his breast;  
His book of life contains my name;  
I'd rather have it there impressed,  
Than in the brightest rolls of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,  
Those letters shall securely stand,  
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,  
Writ by the eternal Father's hand.
- p* 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,  
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;  
My rising and my setting sun,
- dim* Roll gently up and down the hill.

### 311. HYMN (122.) L. M.

*Seasons. Rothwell.*

The Joys of pardoned Sin.

- an* **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they,  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
- f* Should storms of wrath shake earth and  
sea,
- p* Their minds have heaven and peace  
within.
- dl* 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- al* 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
*m* But fly not half so swift away;

- an* Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
*p* And calm as summer evenings be.
- dl* 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,  
 Where groves of living pleasure grow!  
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow.
- m* 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,  
 But spend the day, and share the night,  
 In numbering o'er the richer joys,  
 That heaven prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and mols,  
 Lie grovelling in the dust below;  
*di* Almighty grace, renew our souls,  
 And we'll aspire to glory too.

### 312. HYMN (147.) S. M.

*Little Marlborough. Killingsworth.*

God the Christian's all.

- di* **MY** God, my life, my love,  
 To thee, to thee, I call;  
 I cannot live if thou remove,  
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
 This dungeon where I dwell:  
 'Tis paradise when thou art here;  
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
 Can one delight afford;  
 No, not a drop of real joy,  
 Without thy presence, Lord.
- 4 Thou art the sea of love,  
 Where all my pleasures roll;  
 The circle where my passions move,  
 And centre of my soul.

THE CHRISTIAN COMFORTED.

5 To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire ;  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

**313.** HYMN (148.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. York.*

God the Christian's Happiness.

- di* **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all,  
I've none but thee, in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod !  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light :  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode :  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without thy graces, and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas  
And grasp in all the shore :  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

**314.**

HYMN (258.) S. M.

*Olmutz. Thatcher.*

The disconsolate Comforted.

- m*     **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
           Down from the willows take ;  
*f*     Loud to the praise of love divine,  
           Bid every string awake.
- m*     2 Though in a foreign land,  
           We are not far from home,  
*cr*     And nearer to our house above  
           We every moment come.
- an*   3 His grace will, to the end,  
           Stronger and brighter shine ;  
           Nor present things, nor things to come,  
           Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,  
           Nor feel the heavenly flame ;  
*cr*     Then is the time to trust our God,  
           And rest upon his name.
- m*     5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
           Subside, at his control :  
*cr*     His loving-kindness shall break through  
           The midnight of the soul.
- al*   6 Blest is the man, O God,  
           That stays himself on thee !  
           Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
           Shall thy salvation see.

**315.**

HYMN (336.) C. M.

*Barby. Edgware.*

The Christian's Consolation.

- di*     **O** LORD, I would delight in thee,  
           And on thy care depend ;  
           To thee in every trouble flee,  
           My best, my only friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
 Thy fulness is the same ;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name !
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
 Who has a fountain near,  
 A fountain which will ever run  
 With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,  
 But may be found in thee :  
 I must have all things, and abound,  
 While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith  
 To look within the veil,  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose word can never fail !
- an* 6 He that has made my heaven secure  
 Will here all good provide :  
 While Christ is rich can I be poor ?  
 What can I want beside ?
- di* 7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
 I triumph and adore ;  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be  
 To love and praise thee more.

### 316. HYMN (402.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Blendon.*

The Christian rich and happy in Christ.

- an* **Y**E humble souls, complain no more ;  
 Let faith survey your future store ;  
 How happy, how divinely blest,  
 The sacred words of truth attest !
- 2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride  
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;  
 In vain they boast their little stores ;  
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours !—

- dl* 3 A kingdom of immense delight,  
Where wealth, and peace, and joy unite;  
Where undeclining pleasures rise,  
And every wish hath full supplies:
- an* 4 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,  
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;  
The state, which power and truth sustain,  
Unmoved for ever must remain.
- al* 5 There shall our eyes with rapture view  
The glorious friend that died for you;  
That died to ransom, died to raise  
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- di* 6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer!  
Reveal, confirm my interest there:  
Whate'er my humble lot below,  
This, this, my soul desires to know!
- 7 O, let me hear that voice divine,  
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!  
Enrolled among thy happy poor,  
My largest wishes ask no more.

### 317. HYMN (480.) C. M.

*Chester. Swanwick*

Consolation on a Sick-bed.

- dl* **WHEN** languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.



- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet is his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be ;  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee !

**318.** HYMN (481.) L. M.

*Luton. Uxbridge.*

Christian Consolations.

- C**OME, ye who know the Saviour's love  
And his indulgent mercies prove ;  
In cheerful songs his praise express,  
For he'll not leave you comfortless.
- 2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,  
With strong compassions in his heart ;  
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,  
Nor will he leave him comfortless.
- 3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,  
They largely, sweetly, daily share ;  
He will their every fear suppress,  
Nor will he leave them comfortless.

- 4 While they sojourners are below,  
And travel through this world of wo,  
In storms and floods of deep distress,  
He will not leave them comfortless.
- m* 5 So when they pass death's gloomy vale.  
*dim* And flesh and strength together fail,  
*cr* Their dying lips shall then confess,  
He does not leave them comfortless.
- 6 When they at last shall meet above,  
In the blest world of joy and love,  
*al* Their raptured songs will then express,  
He has not left them comfortless.
- 7 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,  
For every promise in thy word ;  
*di* But O with this our hearts impress,  
"I will not leave you comfortless."

### 319. HYMN (491.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Dundee.*

The Christian cheerful in Suffering.

- an* **H**OW happy they who know the Lord  
With whom he deigns to dwell !  
He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
His arm supports them well.
- 2 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,  
And bade us seek his face ;  
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,  
And taste the gospel grace.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light ;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And breaks the gloom of night.
- di* 4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
Nor would we dare repine ;  
But give us still to find thee near,  
And own us still for thine.

- 5 Let us enjoy, and highly prize  
 These tokens of thy love ;  
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
 To worship thee above.

### 320. HYMN (251.) L. M.

*Wareham. Newry.*

Strength equal to the Christian's Day.

- A**FFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,  
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear :  
 His faithful word declares to thee,  
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."  
 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;  
 And if the conflict should be long,  
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;  
 For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."  
 3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name :  
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be "  
 4 When called by him to bear the cross,  
 Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,  
 Or deep distress and poverty ;  
 Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."  
 5 When death at length appears in view,  
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;  
 He comes to set thy spirit free ;  
 And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

### 321. HYMN (254.) C. M.

*Barby. Rochester.*

The trembling Soul encouraged.

- Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears,  
 Be mercy all your theme ;  
 Mercy, which like a river flows  
 In one perpetual stream.

- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;  
 God will those powers restrain;  
 His arm shall all their rage repel,  
 And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good;  
 For his he will provide;  
 Grant them supplies of daily food,  
 And give them heaven beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,  
 Or leave his work undone;  
 He's faithful to his promises,  
 And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,  
 Or death's tremendous sting;  
 He will from endless wrath preserve,  
 To endless glory bring.

**322.** HYMN (403.) L. M.

*Ellenthorpe. Litchfield.*

Strength and Triumph in Christ.

- al.f* **T**HE Lord, my Saviour, is my light,  
 What terrors can my soul affright?  
 While God, my strength, my life is near,  
 What potent arm shall make me fear?
- 2 Should numerous foes besiege me round,  
 My steadfast heart no fear shall wound,  
 Though war should rise in dread array,  
 God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- m* 3 This only gift my heart desires,  
 For this my ardent wish aspires;  
 This will I seek with restless care,  
 Till God attend my humble prayer.
- an* 4 In his own house to spend my days,  
 My life devoted to his praise;  
 There would my soul his beauties trace,  
 And learn the wonders of his grace.

- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,  
And nature leave a parent's heart;  
My God, on whom my hopes depend,  
Will be my Father, and my Friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,  
On God, with sacred courage, wait;  
His hand shall life and strength afford;  
Ye trembling saints, wait on the Lord.

### 323. HYMN (430.) L. M. D.

#### *Calvary. Ward.*

The Christian dismissing every Fear.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!  
Let fear in me no more have place;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear;  
He hides the brightness of his face.  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!  
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The withering fig tree droop and die,  
The field elude the tiller's toil,  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race;  
Yet, I will triumph in the Lord!  
The God of my salvation praise!

3 Away, each unbelieving fear!  
Let fear to cheering hope give place;  
My Saviour will at length appear,  
And show the brightness of his face:  
Though now my prospects all be crossed,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see;  
Still will I in my Jesus trust,  
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope—believing against hope—  
 His promised mercy will I claim :  
 His gracious word shall bear me up,  
 To seek salvation in his name ;  
*di* Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh !  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world, and sin, behind.

### 324. HYMN (514.) L. M.

*Hebron. Alfreton.*

The Trials of the Christian.

*an* **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,  
 And made his truth and mercy known  
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.

*m* 2 Through this wild wilderness I roam,  
 Far distant from my blissful home ;

*di* Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
 And guard me in this dangerous way.

*af* 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,  
 And sins and snares my peace destroy ;  
 My earthly joys are from me torn,  
 And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tost,  
 Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed  
 Sees every day new straits attend,  
 And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road  
 Which leads us to the mount of God ?  
 Are these the toils thy people know,  
 While in this wilderness below ?

*an* 6 'Tis even so ; thy faithful love,  
 Doth all thy children's graces prove ;  
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
 That Jesus may be all in all.

**325.** HYMN (270.) C. M.*St. Martin's. Barby.*

Courage and Fortitude of the Christian Soldier.

- an*    **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
           A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
           Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
       On flowery beds of ease?  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
       And sailed through bloody seas!
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
       Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this dark world a friend to grace,  
       To help me on to God?
- f*    *di*    4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :  
       Increase my courage, Lord!  
*cr*        I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
           Supported by thy word.
- al*    5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
       Shall conquer though they die;  
       They see the triumph from afar,  
       And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
       And all thine armies shine,  
*f*        In robes of victory through the skies,  
*ff*        The glory shall be thine!

**326.** HYMN (288.) L. M.*Morton. Newry.*

Struggling against Doubts and Fears.

- m*    **W**HEN darkness long has veiled my  
           mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,



Then, my Redeemer, then I find,  
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

*di* 3 O! let me then at length be taught,  
What I am still so slow to learn,  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth! and easy to repeat;  
But when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,

*dim* Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

*an* 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee,  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
*p* And thy rebellious worm is still.

*an* 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;

*f* Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
*dim* Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

### 327. HYMN (93.) C. M

*Buckingham. Crowley.*

Sinning and repenting.

*af* **WHY** is my heart so far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee—no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetness be,  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The savour of thy grace,

My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
The flatt'ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,  
With fair deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul,  
That I should leave thee so :  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,  
And I am drowned in grief ;  
But my dear Lord returns again,  
He flies to my relief :

dl 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,  
He draws with loving bands ;  
Divine compassion in his eyes,  
And pardon in his hands.

af 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus  
In chase of false delight !  
Let me be fastened to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.

an 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.

**328.** HYMN (324.) C. M

*Elgin. Burford.*

The Backslider restored.

af **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord !

How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?

My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?

And shall a pardoned rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love?

*al* 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power  
How glorious, how divine!

That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.

*di* 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore;

O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

### 329. HYMN (325.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Resignation.*

The same.

*af* **A**LAS! by nature how depraved,  
How prone to every ill!

Our lives to Satan how enslaved!  
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restored,  
Such rebels reconciled?

Can grace itself the means afford  
To make a foe a child?

*al* 3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means  
Which shall effectual prove,

To cleanse us from our countless sins,  
And teach our hearts to love.

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,  
And dies that we may live;

His blood a full atonement makes,  
And cries aloud, "Forgive!"

*m* 5 The Holy Spirit must reveal  
The Saviour's work and worth :  
*cr* Then the hard heart begins to feel  
A new and heavenly birth.

*an* 6 Thus, bought with blood, and born again,  
Redeemed and saved by grace,  
Rebels in God's own house obtain  
A son's and daughter's place.

**330.** HYMN (341.) C. M.

*Burford. Burstal.*

The Christian repenting of his Backslidings.

*di* O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh ;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn ;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
Hast thou not said—Return ?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet ?  
O let not this dear refuge fail !  
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !  
Without one cheering ray ;  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way !

5 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine !  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

**331.** HYMN (433.) 7, 6, 8.*Mendon.**The Backslider repenting.**di*

**J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye  
 Call back a wandering sheep;  
 False to thee, like Peter, I  
 Would fain like Peter weep;  
 Let me be by grace restored,  
 On me be all its freeness shown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart:  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of thy love unknown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die:  
 Life, and happiness, and love,  
 Smile in thy gracious eye;  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let thy mercy melt me down;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye  
 Was closed that we might live;  
 "Father (at the point to die,  
 My Saviour gasped,) Forgive!"  
 Surely with that dying word, [done!"  
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis  
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,  
 This breaks my heart of stone.

**332.** HYMN (495.) L. M.

*Armley. Accomack.*

The Backslider's Return.

- THY** piercing eye, O God, surveys  
 The various windings of our ways :  
 Teach us their tendency to know,  
 And judge the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been !  
 A maze of foolishness and sin !  
 With all the light we vainly boast,  
 Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,  
 So fatally our feet had strayed,  
 Stern justice had us prisoners led  
 Down to the chambers of the dead.
- 4 O turn us back to thee again,  
 Or we shall search our ways in vain ;  
 Shine, and the path of life reveal,  
 And bear us on to Zion's hill.
- 5 Roll on, ye swift revolving years,  
 And end this round of sins and cares ;  
 No more a wanderer would I roam,  
 But near my Father fix my home.

**333.** HYMN (114.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Bedford.*

Love to the Creature dangerous.

- HOW** vain are all things here below !  
 How false, and yet how fair !  
 Each pleasure has its poison too,  
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
 Give but a flattering light ;  
 We should suspect some danger nigh,  
 Where we possess delight.

- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
 The partners of our blood,  
 How they divide our wavering minds,  
 And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
 How strong it strikes the sense!  
 Thither the warm affections move,  
 Nor can we call them thence.
- di* 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be  
 My soul's eternal food;  
 And grace command my heart away  
 From all created good.

### 334. HYMN (150.) C. M.

*Georgia. Buckingham.*

Confessing Hardness of Heart.

- af* MY heart, alas! how hard it is!  
 How heavy here it lies!  
 Heavy and cold within my breast,  
 Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
 Upon this flinty throne,  
 And every grace lies buried deep  
 Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
 Or taste the joys above!  
 This mountain presses down my faith,  
 And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,  
 With all its heavenly charms,  
 This stubborn, this relentless thing,  
 Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word  
 Rebellious I have stood;  
 My heart, it shakes not at the wrath  
 And terrors of a God.



6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
 In thine own crimson sea!  
 None but a bath of blood divine  
 Can melt the flint away.

**335.** HYMN (454.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's.*

The Christian bewailing his present Condition.

- S**WEET was the time, when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood,  
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
 His praises tuned my tongue;  
 And when the evening shades prevailed  
 His love was all my song.
- 3 (In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
 The world no more could charm;  
 I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,  
 And leaned upon his arm.)
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
 And saw his glory shine;  
 And when I read his holy word,  
 I called each promise mine.
- 5 But now—when evening shade prevails,  
 My soul in darkness mourns;  
 And when the morn the light reveals,  
 No light to me returns.
- 6 My prayers are now a chattering noise,  
 For Jesus hides his face;  
 I read—the promise meets my eyes—  
 But will not reach my case.
- 7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—  
 O make my soul thy care;  
 I know thy mercy cannot fail,  
 Let me that mercy share.

**336.** HYMN (21.) L. M.*Breuer. Gilgal.*

The Christian courageous in the Heavenly Race.

*al*

**A**WAKE, our souls, (away our fears,  
 Let every trembling thought be gone,  
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
 But they forget the mighty God  
 That feeds the strength of every saint;

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
 Is ever new and ever young,  
 And firm endures, while endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;

*m*

While such as trust their native strength

*dim*

Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

*al.f*

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

**337.** HYMN (95.) C. M.*St. Stephen's. China.*

The Christian rousing from Sloth.

*m*

**M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
 Awake, my sluggish soul!  
 Nothing has half thy work to do,  
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain  
 Labour, and tug, and strive;  
 Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,  
 How negligent we live!

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above :
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And laboured for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so slothful still,  
And never act our parts ?  
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill,  
And wake, and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise ;  
With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
We'll fly and take the prize.

**338.** HYMN (137.) L. M.*German Air. Antigua.*

The Christian Warfare.

- St* **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armour on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What though the prince of darkness rage,  
And waste the fury of his spite ?  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thy inward lusts rebel ;  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

**339**

HYMN. L. M.

*Accomack. Poland.*

Prayer for the Spirit.

- af* **STAY**, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received!  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved
- 3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of the great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 This only wo I deprecate;  
This only plague I pray remove;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of love.

**340.**

HYMN (337.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Uxbridge.*

Christian Activity and Zeal.

- an* **NOW** let our souls, on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time;  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
 Why should we grovel here on earth?  
 Why grasp at transitory toys,  
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
 When we are walking back to God?  
 For strangers into life we come,  
 And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
 That sets our longing souls at large;  
 Unbinds our chain, breaks up our cell,  
 And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above;  
 And the sweet expectation now,  
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

**341.** HYMN (455.) 7's, 6's.

*Amsterdam.*

Aspiring after Heaven.

- R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Towards heaven, thy native place:  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove:  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God,  
 Pants to view his glorious face;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

*p* 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
*cr* Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return,  
*f* Triumphant in the skies.  
*m* Yet a season, and, you know,  
*cr* Happy entrance will be given;  
 All our sorrows left below,  
*f* And earth exchanged for heaven.

### 342. HYMN (242.) C. M.

*Liverpool. St. Martin's.*

The Christian trusting in God.

*m* **O** THOU, my light, my life, my joy,  
 My glory, and my all;  
 Unsent by thee, no good can come,  
 Nor evil can befall.  
 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,  
 And methods of thy grace,  
 That I may safely trust in thee,  
 Through all the wilderness.  
 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm  
 Upholds me in the way;  
 And thy rich bounty well supplies  
 The wants of every day.  
 4 For such compassions, O my God!  
*cr* Ten thousand thanks are due;  
 For such compassions, I esteem  
*le* Ten thousand thanks too few.

### 343. HYMN (329.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Foundling.*

Trust in God in Time of Trouble.

*m* **T**HOUGH trouble springs not from t  
 dust,  
 Nor sorrow from the ground;  
*do* Yet ills on ills, by heaven's decree,  
 In man's estate are found.

- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,  
 So man, the child of wo,  
 Is doomed to endless cares and toils,  
 Through all his life below.
- an* 3 But with my God I leave my cause,  
 From him I seek relief;  
 To him in confidence of prayer,  
 Unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumbered are his wondrous works,  
 Unsearchable his ways;  
 'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,  
 The bowed down to raise.

### 344. HYMN (244.) L. M.

*Moreton. Calvary.*

Self-dedication.

- di* COME, Saviour Jesus, from above!  
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace;  
 Empty my heart of earthly love,  
 And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
 And set my longing spirit free,  
 Which pants to have no other will,  
 But day and night to feast on thee!
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
 Of any other love but thine.
- 4 Henceforth, may no profane delight  
 Divide this consecrated soul;  
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 5 Nothing on earth do I desire,  
 But thy pure love within my breast;  
 This, only this, will I require,  
 And freely give up all the rest.



## 345.

HYMN. C. M.

*St. Stephen's. China.*

Light in Darkness.

*af*

○ THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
 We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes, are flown;  
 And he who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.

3 O! who could bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy wing of love  
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
 Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray;  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day.

## 346.

HYMN (18.) L. M.

*Uxbridge. Ward.*

Prayer for Deliverance answered.

*di*

IN thine own ways, O God of love,  
 We wait the visits of thy grace!  
 Our soul's desire is to thy name,  
 And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee  
 Mid the black shades of lonesome night;  
 My earnest cries salute the skies,  
 Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look, how rebellious men deride  
 The tender patience of my God:  
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.

- al.f 4 Hark! the eternal rends the sky,  
A mighty voice before him goes,  
p A voice of music to his friends,  
f Of threatening thunder to his foes.
- p 5 "Come, children, to your Father's arms,  
Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
And my revenging fury cease.
- f 6 "My sword shall boast its thousands slain,  
And drink the blood of haughty kings,  
p While heavenly peace around my flock  
pp Stretches its soft and shady wings."

### 347. HYMN (338.) C. M.

*Resignation. St. Stephen's.*

The Christian hoping in Prayer.

- i **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- f 3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail!  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Through prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?

*an* 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer :

*di* O may I ever find access,  
To breathe my sorrows there !

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still :  
Here let my soul retreat ;  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

### 348. HYMN (120.) C. M.

*Melody. Carr's-lane.*

God's Presence inspires the Christian with Joy.

*an* **M**Y God ! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights !

The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun !  
He is my soul's bright morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am his !

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,

*al* Run up with joy the shining way,  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

*f* 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;

*p* The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
*f* Should bear me conqueror through.

### 349. HYMN (342.) C. M.

*Marlow. Clarendon.*

Christians rejoicing in their Pilgrimage.

*al* **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing ;

Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.

3 The garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While labouring up the hill.

### 350. HYMN (395.) C. M.

*Chester. Paradise.*

Joy in the Prospect of Heaven.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

4 On all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;

- cr*      Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
           Are felt and feared no more.
- di*    6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
           And be for ever blest?  
           When shall I see my Father's face,  
           And in his bosom rest?
- al*    7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
           Would here no longer stay;  
           Though Jordan's waves should round me  
                   roll,
- f*      Fearless I'd launch away.

### 351.            HYMN (135.)    C. M.

*Carr's-lane. St. John's.*

The beatific Vision of Christ.

- al*    **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
           And run eternal rounds,  
           Beyond the limits of the skies,  
           And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
       Shall death itself outbrave;  
       Leave dull mortality behind,  
       And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blest Redeemer reigns,  
       In heaven's unmeasured space,  
       I'll spend a long eternity  
       In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wandering eyes  
       Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
       And endless ages I'll adore  
       The glories of thy love.
- dl*    5 Dear Saviour! every smile of thine  
           Shall fresh endearments bring;  
           And thousand tastes of new delight  
           From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, bear my soul  
Up to thy blest abode!  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour and my God.

**352.** HYMN (94.) L. M.

*Castle-street. Quito.*

The Christian longing after Heaven.

- n.p* **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
*r* And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things:
- h* 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- el* 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- f* 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
*p* The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- al* 5 O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- li* 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

**353.** HYMN (110.) L. M.*Portugal. Blendon.*

A Sight of Heaven renders Earth insignificant.

- m*     **O** MIGHT I once mount up and see  
           The glories of th' eternal skies!
- p*     What little things these worlds would be  
*an*    How despicable to my eyes!
- 2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
           Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;  
*p*     Vanish, as though I saw them not,  
*dim*   As a dim candle dies at noon.
- an*    3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave  
           I should perceive the noise no more  
*p*     Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
*ff*    While rattling thunders round us roar.
- di*    4 Great All in All! eternal King!  
           Let me but view thy lovely face,  
           And all my powers shall bow, and sing  
           Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

**354.** HYMN (131.) C. M.*Newmark. Barby.*

The Christian longing for Heaven.

- di*    **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see  
           The place of thine abode;  
           I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
           Up to thy seat, my God!
- m*    2 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;  
           In shining ranks they move,  
           And drink immortal vigour in,  
           With wonder and with love.
- p*    3 Then at thy feet with awful fear  
           Th' adoring armies fall;  
*dim*   With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,  
           Before th' eternal All.



- f* 4 There I would vie with all the host  
In duty and in bliss ;  
*p* While *less than nothing* I could boast,  
And *vanity* confess.
- m* 5 The more thy glories strike my eyes,  
*p* The humbler I shall lie ;  
*f* Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise  
Immeasurably high.

### 355. HYMN (380.) C. M.

*Marlow. Chester.*

Longing after Heaven.

- m.p* **JERUSALEM!** my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
*f* Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- m.p* 3 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
*cr* Where congregations ne'er break up,  
*f* And Sabbaths have no end?
- dl* 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
*f* Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.
- an* 5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?  
Or feel, at death, dismay?  
*cr* I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
*f* And realms of endless day.
- dl* 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
 My soul still pants for thee ;  
 Then shall my labours have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

cr

**356.** HYMN (48.) C. M.

*Colchester. Tweed.*

The Christian not ashamed of Christ.

*an* I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his cause,  
 Maintain the honour of his word,  
 The glory of his cross.

*di* 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,  
 His name is all my trust ;  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.

*f* 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands,  
 Till the decisive hour:

*al* 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

**357.** HYMN (334.) L. M.

*Timsbury. Moreton.*

Not ashamed of Christ.

*di* JESUS ! and shall it ever be  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
*cr* Whose glories shine through endless days

*an* 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star ;

He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

### 358. HYMN (335.) L. M.

*Litchfield. Pilesgrave.*

The true Glory.

**T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal state:  
O'er all the earth his power extends,  
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,  
And mercy all his empire guides;  
Mercy and truth are his delight,  
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;  
No more, ye strong, your valour trust;  
No more, ye rich, survey your store,  
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,  
 'That God, your God, to you is known;  
 That you have owned his sovereign sway,  
 That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find  
 In our Jehovah all combined;  
 On him we fix our roving eyes,  
 And all our souls in raptures rise.

*p* 6 All else, which we our treasure call,  
 May in one fatal moment fall;  
*cr* But what their happiness can move,  
 Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love.

### 359. HYMN (370.) L. M.

*Alfreton. St. Peter's.*

Jesus the Christian's Glory.

*m* **F**AREWELL, ye transitory things,  
 The wealth of kingdoms and of kings,  
*al* A nobler object far than you  
 Appears to my enraptured view.

*di* 2 Jesus! in whom all glories meet,  
 Holy and just, and good and great;  
 Ever compassionate and kind,  
 My Saviour, Advocate, and Friend.

3 His blood redeemed my guilty soul,  
 On him I all my burdens roll;  
 From him I seek, in him possess,  
*cr* Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness.

*al.f* 4 His praise shall all my powers employ,  
 My present hope, my future joy;  
 For him I count my gain but loss,  
 And glory only in his cross.

**360.** HYMN (366.) C. M.*St. Martin's. Marlow.*

Jesus the Sun of Righteousness.

- di* **R**ISE, glorious Sun, supremely bright,  
 Diffuse thy rays abroad ;  
 Scatter the shades of gloomy night,  
 And show the heavenly road.
- 2** With healing in thy wings, arise  
 On this dark soul of mine ;  
 O pour thy glories from the skies,  
 And give me life divine.
- 3** Though thorns and briers, pits and snares,  
 Beset the path I go,  
*cr* One ray of thine dispels my fears,  
*f* And guides me safely through.

**361.** HYMN (367.) L. M.*Calvary. Nazareth.*

For Divine Instruction.

- di* **C**OME, Jesus, heavenly teacher, come,  
 Convey thine own instructions home ;  
 While men thy sacred truth impart,  
 'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.
- 2** Whene'er I read or hear thy word,  
 Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford ;  
 To me thy holy will reveal,  
 Unfold the book, and loose the seal.
- 3** Call me, O call me to thy feet,  
 And there transported may I sit ;  
 With joy thy heavenly features trace,  
 And feast upon thy richest grace.

**362.** HYMN (368.) L. M.*Bath. Moreton.*

Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.

- di* **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,  
 Send down thy Spirit from above;  
 Let me his sacred influence feel,  
 To quicken, purify, and heal.
- 2 May he these stubborn lusts subdue,  
 And form my nature all anew;  
 To thee my grovelling spirit raise,  
 Excite to humble prayer and praise.
- 3 He is the source of every grace,  
 Of light, and life, and holiness;  
 By him alone may I be taught,  
 And all my works in him be wrought.
- 4 O let thy Holy Spirit come,  
 And make my heart his constant home;  
 There his abundant grace display,  
 And lead me in a perfect way.

**363.** HYMN (369.) C. M.*Walsal. Bangor.*

The same.

- af* **G**REAT God, before thy mercy-seat  
 Abased, in dust I fall;  
 My crimes of complicated guilt  
 Aloud for judgment call.
- 2 I own my ways to be corrupt,  
 My duties stained with sin;  
 Make thou my broken spirit whole,  
 My burdened conscience clean.
- di* 3 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,  
 Implant a holy fear;  
 And through thine all-abounding grace,  
 Bring thy salvation near.

4 On my distressed benighted soul,  
 O cause thy face to shine ;  
 Make me to hear thy pardoning voice,  
 And tell me I am thine.

**364.** HYMN (436.) 8, 7.

*Love Divine. M<sup>r</sup> Kendree.*

The same.

*dr.* **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown :  
 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every longing heart !

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promised rest :  
 Take away the love of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 End of faith as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us now thy life receive !  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temple leave !  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thine hosts above ;  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation ;  
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
 Let us see our whole salvation  
 Perfectly secured by thee !



Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place;  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

**365.** HYMN (239.) L. M.

*Hebron. Sterling.*

Prayer for the Divine Presence through Life.

- di* **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
 The darkness shineth as the light,  
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;  
 O burst those bonds, and set it free!
- 2** If in this darksome wild I stray,  
 Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;  
 No foes nor violence I fear,  
 Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- p* **3** When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
*dim* When sinks my heart in waves of wo;  
*di* Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
*cr* And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- di* **4** Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
*f* Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:  
*di* O let thy hand support me still,  
 And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 5** If rough and thorny be the way,  
 My strength proportion to my day;  
*p* Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

**366.** HYMN (240.) C. M.

*Newmark. Bedford.*

The same.

- di* **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,  
 Obedient to thy call;  
 To seek the presence of thy grace,  
 My strength, my life, my all.

- 2 All I can wish, is thine to give:  
My God, I ask thy love,  
That greatest bliss I can receive,  
That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;  
O for a quickening ray,  
To wake and warm my faint desires,  
And cheer the tiresome way!
- 4 The path to thy divine abode  
Through a wild desert lies;  
A thousand snares beset the road,  
A thousand terrors rise.
- 5 Satan and sin unite their art  
To keep me from my Lord;  
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,  
And guide me by thy word.
- 6 My guardian, my almighty Friend,  
On thee my soul would rest;  
On thee alone my hopes depend,  
Be near, and I am blest.

**367.** HYMN (373.) C. M.*Barby. Edgeware.*

Longing for close Communion with Christ.

**JESUS**, my Saviour, bind me fast  
In cords of heavenly love;  
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,  
Nor let me thence remove.

2 Draw me from all created good,  
Myself, the world, and sin;  
To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
And make me pure within.

3 O lead me to thy mercy-seat,  
Attract me nearer still;  
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,  
To sit and learn thy will.

4 O draw me by thy providence,  
 Thy Spirit and thy word,  
 From all the things of time and sense,  
 To thee, my gracious Lord.

**368.** HYMN (294.) L. M.

*Pilesgrove. Litchfield.*

The Presence of God the Christian's Joy.

*an* **T**HE God of my salvation lives;  
 My nobler life he will sustain;  
*f* His word immortal vigour gives,  
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.  
*dl* 2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,  
 Though every earthly comfort die;  
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,  
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.  
 3 O let me hear thy blissful voice,  
 Inspiring life and joy divine!  
 The barren desert shall rejoice;  
 'Tis paradise, if thou art mine!

**369.** HYMN (295.) C. M.

*Foundling. Newmark.*

Prayer for quickening Grace.

*m* **O** COULD our thoughts and wishes fly  
 Above these gloomy shades,  
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!  
*dl* 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Or reason's feeble ray,  
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
 Unconscious of decay.  
*di* 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
 To guide our upward aim!  
 With one reviving touch of thine  
 Our languid hearts inflame.

- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
 Our ardent wishes rise,  
 To those bright scenes where pleasures  
 spring,  
 Immortal in the skies.

**370.** HYMN (296.) L. M.

*Calvary. Submission.*

The same.

- O** SUN of righteousness divine,  
 On us with beams of mercy shine;  
 Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
 And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,  
 And asking mercy in thy name,  
 Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,  
 And be our advocate with God.
- 3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,  
 And guide us through this wilderness;  
 Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,  
 And lead us onward to the skies.

**371.** HYMN (252.) L. M.

*Accomack. Munich.*

The same.

- O** FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
 To take this stubborn stone away!  
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
 This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
 The sea can roar; the mountains shake;  
 Of feeling all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;

- But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,  
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- an* 5 But power divine can do the deed,  
And much to feel that power I need;
- di* Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

### 372. HYMN (237.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Dundee.*

Prayer for the Protection of Providence.

- di* **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
*f* And thou shalt be our chosen God  
And portion evermore.

**373.** HYMN (372.) L. M.*Armley. Wiltshire—Minor.*

Prayer for Protection and Guidance through Life.

**A**LMIGHTY God, we cry to thee,  
 From Egypt's bondage set us free  
 And lead us through the wilderness,  
 To Canaan's land, the land of peace.

2 Be thou our guard by night and day,  
 Amidst the dangers of the way;  
 Let heavenly manna crown our board,  
 The flinty rock its streams afford.

3 May we obey thy righteous laws,  
 Defend thy truth, maintain thy cause;  
 And show in thought, in word, and deed,  
 That we are Abraham's chosen seed.

*Major.*

4 Then shall the Lord delight to bless,  
 And grant us his divine increase;  
 Shall lead us to the land above,  
 Where we shall feast upon his love.

**374.** HYMN (230.) C. M.*Dundee. Alexandria.*

Prayer for Submission.

**F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
My life and death attend;  
*er* Thy presence through my journey shine,  
*f* And crown my journey's end!"

**375.** HYMN (231.) C. M.

*Resignation. St. Stephen's.*

The same.

*di* **O** LORD, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize, to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

**376.** HYMN (243.) L. M.

*Submission. Ward.*

Christian praying for Conformity to Christ.

*di* **J**ESUS, my Saviour, let me be  
More perfectly conformed to thee;  
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,  
And form my temper like thine own.



- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,  
Share in his grief, supply his need ;  
The haughty frown may I not fear,  
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,  
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,  
Excite no feelings in my breast,  
But such as Jesus once expressed.
- 4 To others let me always give  
What I from others would receive ;  
Good deeds for evil ones return,  
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair  
The precepts of the gospel are ;  
And God himself, the God of love,  
His own resemblance will approve.

### 377. HYMN (439.) L. M.

#### *Hebron. Seasons.*

Prayer for Peace of Conscience.

*SWEET* peace of conscience, heavenly guest!

Come fix thy mansion in my breast,  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,  
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;  
Still let your presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thòu God of hope, and peace divine,  
O, make these sacred pleasures mine !  
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.

*al* 4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear  
 See death, with all his terrors, near,  
*f* My heart should then in death rejoice,  
 And raptures tune my faltering voice.

**378.** HYMN (484.) L. M.

*Kent. Evening Hymn.*

Prayer for stronger Faith.

*m* **W**HERE is my God? does he retire  
 Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
*p* Are these weak breathings of desire  
 Too languid to ascend the skies?  
*an* 2 No, Lord! my breathings of desire,  
 My weak petitions, if sincere,  
 Are not forbidden to aspire,  
 But reach to thy all-gracious ear.  
*al* 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
 See where the great Redeemer stands:  
 The glorious Advocate on high,  
 With precious incense in his hands.  
*p* 4 He smiles on every humble groan,  
 He recommends each broken prayer;  
*cr* Recline thy hope on Him alone,  
 Whose power and love forbid despair.  
*di* 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
 With stronger faith to call thee mine;  
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
*f* My Father, God, with joy divine.

**379.** HYMN (293.) C. M.

*Barby. Colchester.*

The same.

*an* **G**RANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only Friend

- 2 No good in creatures can be found,  
But all is found in thee;  
I must be blessed and abound,  
While thou art God to me.
- 3 O, that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil,  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose words can never fail!
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
I triumph and adore;  
Henceforth my great concern shall be,  
To love and please thee more.

**380.** HYMN (494.) C. M.

*Burstal. Georgia.*

Prayer for Perfection.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek;  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak;  
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Holy, and right, and pure, and good—  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

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THE CHURCH.

**381.** HYMN (15.) C. M.

*Clarendon. St. John's.*

Believers' Prayer for the final Establishment of the Kingdom of Christ.

**L**O, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.

*f* 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King!

4 “The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode;  
Men the dear objects of his love,  
And he their gracious God.

*p* 5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;

*le* And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
fears,  
And death itself shall die.”

*di* 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay!

*al* Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

### 382. HYMN (127.) L. M.

*German Air. Pilesgrave.*

God the Glory and Defence of the Church.

*al* **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace;  
Thy holy courts are his abode,  
Thou earthly palace of our God.

*f* 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;  
 Against his throne in vain they rage;  
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,  
 That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
 Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;  
 His arms embrace this happy ground  
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;  
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

**383.** HYMN (218.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Mear.*

Prayer for the universal Spread of the Gospel.

**G**REAT God! the nations of the earth  
 Are by creation thine;  
 And in thy works, by all beheld,  
 Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
 Thy gospel to mankind;  
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
 Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread  
 The spacious earth around,  
 Till every tribe, and every soul,  
 Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons  
 Enjoy the heavenly word,  
 And vassals, long enslaved, become  
 The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutored Indian tribes,  
 A dark bewildered race,  
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
 And learn and feel his grace?

6 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt  
 To spread the gospel's rays,  
 And build on sin's demolished throne  
 The temple of thy praise.

**384.** HYMN (219.) H. M.

*Southbury. Lenox.*

The Year of Jubilee.

*al* **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow;  
 The gladly solemn sound  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound:  
 The year of Jubilee is come!  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,  
 The sin-atoning Lamb:  
*f* Redemption in his blood  
 To all the world proclaim:  
 The year, &c.

*m* 3 Ye who have sold for naught  
 Your heritage above,  
 Come, take it back unbought,  
*cr* The gift of Jesus' love:  
 The year, &c.

*f* 4 The gospel trumpet sounds,  
 Let all the nations hear,  
 And earth's remotest bounds  
 Before the throne appear:  
 The year, &c.

**385.** HYMN (220.) 8, 7, 4.

*Love Divine.*

Prayer for the universal Triumph of the Gospel.

*m* **O'**ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
*pp* Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;

- cr* All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace :  
*f* Blessed Jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- di* 2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
*cr* May the morning chase the night;  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- al* 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
*f* Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,  
 Multiply, and still increase!  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

### 386. HYMN (262.) S. M.

*St. Thomas. Durham.*

Brotherly Love, or Prayer for the Amalgamation of Sects.

- an* **L**ET party names no more  
 The Christian world o'erspread :  
*cr* Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ, their Head.
- an* 2 Among the saints on earth  
 Let mutual love be found :  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will.  
 Be banished far away ;  
 And all in Christian bonds unite,  
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above ;  
 Where no discordant sounds are heard,  
 But all is peace and love.



**387.** HYMN (265.) L. M.*Old Hundred. Ward.*

Prayer for the universal Diffusion of the Spirit.

- di* **O** SPIRIT of the living God!  
 In all thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;  
 Confusion, order, in thy path;  
 Souls without strength inspire with might,  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
 The triumphs of the cross record;  
 The name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till every kindred call him Lord.
- an* 4 God from eternity hath willed  
 All flesh shall his salvation see;  
*cr* So be the Father's love fulfilled, [thee.  
 The Saviour's sufferings crowned through

**388.** HYMN (266.) C. M.*Harleigh. Clarendon.*

The Deliverance and Triumph of the Church.

- al* **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
 Exalt thy fallen head;  
*cr* Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
*f* He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
 Thy beautiful array;  
 The day of freedom dawns at length,  
 Th' Lord's appointed day.
- 3 They come, they come:—thine exiled bands,  
 Where'er they rest or roam,  
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
 And hasten to their home.

4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
 And God his works destroy,  
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,  
 And everlasting joy.

**389.** HYMN (285.) L. M.

*German Air. Winchester.*

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

**B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
 And permanent as his control :

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come ;  
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
 Shall, at his brightness, flee away,  
 The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,  
 Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,  
 And Antichrist, on every shore,  
 Fall from his throne to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,  
 In pure devotion, at thy feet ;  
 And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
 Her fulness, and her glory too.

5 O ! that from Zion now might shine  
 This heavenly light, this truth divine !  
 Till the whole universe shall be  
 But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

**391.** HYMN (353.) L. M.

*Brewer. Meineke.*

The Triumphs of the Gospel.

**S**HOUT, for the great Redeemer's reigns,  
 Through distant lands his triumphs  
 spread,

And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,  
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

*m* 2 God's sons and daughters from afar,  
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;  
Those who were dead in sin before,  
*f* By sovereign grace are made alive.

*di* 3 O may his conquests still increase,  
And every foe his power subdue !

*cr* While angels celebrate his praise,  
*f* And saints his growing glory show.

*al.f* 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above ;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

### 392. HYMN (354.) S. M.

*Thatcher. Fairfield.*

Prayer for the Conquests of Grace.

*di* **O** LORD our God, arise,  
The cause of truth maintain ;  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,  
Nor let thy glory cease ;  
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand thy quickening wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.

*an.f* 4 All on the earth, arise,  
To God, the Saviour, sing,  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring !

**393.** HYMN (355.) L. M.*Old Hundred. St. Peter's.*

The same.

- an.f* **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,  
 And spread thy glories all abroad :  
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
 And be thou known the gracious God
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,  
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- m* 3 O let the kingdoms of this world  
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;  
*cr* Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
*f* Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

**394.** HYMN (413.) L. M.*Hebron. Blendon.*

The same.

- an* **S**OVEREIGN of worlds, display thy  
 power,  
 Be this thy Zion's favoured hour ;  
 Bid the bright morning star arise,  
 And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,  
 On western wilds, and heathen plains ;  
 Far let the gospel's sound be known,  
 And be the universe thine own.
- al.f* 3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice,  
 Speak—and the nations shall rejoice ;  
 Scatter the shades of moral night  
 With the blest beams of heavenly light.

## 395. HYMN (450.) L. M.

*Pilesgrove. Winchester.*

The same.

- an.f* **G**REAT God! thy everlasting praise  
 Demands a flaming seraph's tongue;  
 Yet we our humbler notes would raise,  
 To join the never-ending song.
- 2 Praise, glorious God, to thee be paid,  
 And never-ceasing honours given,  
 That thou the way hast open laid,  
 To guide our upward feet to heaven.
- m* 3 Yet while we see the heavenly light  
 Of gospel truth around us shine,  
 May others learn to know aright  
 Thy love and glory so divine.
- 4 Let Jew, and Greek, and bond, and free,  
 Sing the great wonders of thy love,  
 Till every tribe and tongue shall be  
 Ripe for immortal songs above.
- 5 And may the wandering sailors, Lord,  
 Look from their ocean home to thee;  
 And humbly bow to Him, whose word  
*p* Can calm the tumults of the sea.
- m* 6 Then, when to other lands they bear  
 The glorious gospel of thy Son,  
*cr* They'll be a living witness there,  
 To truths their happy souls have known.
- di* 7 And O! when life's rough storms are o'er;  
 And dangers past, may they and we  
 Land on the bright and peaceful shore  
 Of ever blessed eternity.

**396.** HYMN (458.) 8's & 7's.*Sicilian Hymn. Bavaria.*

Zion's Strength and Security.

*m.p* **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God!

He whose word cannot be broken

Formed thee for his own abode :

*r* On the rock of ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,

Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

*p* 2 See the streams of living waters,

Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,

And all fear of want remove :

*r* Who can faint, while such a river

Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?

Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,

Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,

See the cloud and fire appear!

For a glory and a covering,

Showing that the Lord is near :

Thus deriving from their banner,

Light by night, and shade by day;

Safe they feed upon the manna

Which he gives them, when they pray.

**397.** HYMN (5.) C. M.*Oldham. Axbridge.*

The Glory and Safety of the Church.

*l* **H**OW glorious is the sacred place,  
 Where we adoring stand!

Zion the joy of all the earth,

The beauty of the land.

- f* 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- al.f* 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of your King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace;  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears:  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.
- an.f* 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,  
His arm shall bring them low;  
Low as the caverns of the grave,  
Their lofty heads shall bow.

**398.** HYMN (438.) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

*Gospel Jubilee.*

The Gospel Jubilee.

- al.p* **H**ARK, the solemn trumpet sounding,  
Loud proclaims the jubilee:
- cr* 'Tis the voice of grace abounding
- f* Grace to sinners rich and free;
- m* Ye who know the joyful sound,
- f* Publish it to all around.
- p* 2 Is the name of Jesus precious?  
Does his love your spirits cheer?  
Do you find him kind and gracious,  
Still removing doubt and fear?
- cr* Think that what he is to you,  
Such he'll be to others too.



- p 3 Were you once at awful distance,  
 Wandering from the fold of God?  
 Could no arm afford assistance,  
 Nothing save but Jesus' blood?  
 ad Think how many still are found,  
 Strangers to the joyful sound.  
 m 4 Brethren, join in supplication,  
 Join to plead before the Lord :  
 cr 'Tis his arm that brings salvation,  
 f He alone can give the word :  
 di Father, let thy kingdom come,  
 Bring thy wandering outcasts home.

### 399. HYMN (145.) C. M.

*Arbridge. Carr's-lane.*

Salvation.

- al **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound;  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.  
 nf 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay;  
 cr But we arise by grace divine  
 To see a heavenly day.  
 al.f 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

### 400. HYMN (307.) 7's & 6's.

*Missionary Hymn.*

Missionary Hymn.

- m **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand :

From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

*p* 2 What, though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

*an* 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?

*al* Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,—  
 And you, ye waters, roll,—  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

#### 401. HYMN (397.) L. M.

*Moreton. Old Hundred.*

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

**THY** people, Lord, who trust thy word,  
 And wait the smilings of thy face,  
 Assemble round thy mercy-seat,  
 And plead the promise of thy grace.

- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,  
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;  
And feel some animating hope,  
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,  
To be a light to Gentile lands?  
To open the benighted eye,  
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?
- 4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea,  
His vast dominion shall extend?  
That every tongue shall call him Lord,  
And every knee before him bend?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,  
The time to favour Zion come;  
Send forth thy heralds far and near,  
To call thy banished children home.

**402.** HYMN (398.) L. M.

*Sterling. Ward.*

Prayer at sending out of Missionaries.

- I**NDULGENT God, to thee we pray,  
Be with us on this solemn day;  
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,  
By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,  
And love unite our hearts in one;  
Let all we have and are, combine  
To aid this glorious work of thine.
- 3 Point us to men of upright mind,  
Devoted, diligent, and kind;  
With grace be all their hearts endowed,  
And light to guide them in the road.
- 4 With cheerful steps may they proceed,  
Where'er thy providence shall lead;  
Let heaven and earth their works befriend,  
And mercy all their paths attend.

- 5 Great let the bands of those be found,  
 Who shall attend the gospel sound ;  
 And let barbarians, bond and free,  
 In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 6 Where pagan altars now are built,  
 And brutal blood, or human, spilt,  
 There let the bleeding cross be reared,  
 And God, our God, alone revered.
- 7 Where captives groaned beneath their chain,  
 Let grace, and love, and concord reign ;  
 The aged and the infant tongue  
 Unite in one harmonious song.

**403.** HYMN (399.) L. M.

*Calvary. Bath.*

The same.

- di* **A**RISE, in all thy glory, Lord,  
 Let power attend thy gracious word ;  
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,  
 And show the riches of thy grace.
- 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,  
 And be thou known th' almighty God ;  
 Make bare thine arm, thy power display,  
 While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.
- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,  
 Make Satan's reign and empire cease ;  
 Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,  
 That all the world thy power may own.
- 4 Though darkness now the earth pervades,  
 And men are placed in dismal shades,  
 Our God will soon arise, and shine  
 On Zion with a light divine.
- 5 Then nations, with his grace replete,  
 Shall spread their trophies at his feet ;  
 Clothed with immortal bliss, to prove  
 The power and greatness of his love.

6 O may the triumphs of thy grace,  
Abound, while righteousness and peace,  
In mild and lovely forms, display  
The glories of the latter day.

**404.** HYMN (400.) S. M.

*Fairfield. Cambridge*

Address to Missionaries.

**Y**E messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey;  
Arise! and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail  
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's name;  
And tell his matchless grace,  
To the most guilty and depraved  
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you in his name  
The most divine success;  
Assured that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavours bless.

6 When you from us depart,  
To cross the boisterous main;  
We then will bear you on our hearts,  
And hope to meet again.

## 405. HYMN (414.) L. M.

*Portugal. Newry.*

The same.

- an* **T**RUSTING in Christ, go, heralds! rear  
 The gospel standard, void of fear;  
 Go seek with joy your destined home,  
 And preach a Saviour, there unknown.
- 2 Yes, Christian heroes, go, proclaim  
 Salvation in Immanuel's name;  
 To distant climes the tidings bear,  
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 3 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—  
 With flaming zeal your hearts inspire;  
*p* Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
*pp* And calm the savage breast to peace.
- m* 4 And when our labours all are o'er,  
 Then shall we meet to part no more;  
*cr* Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
*f* And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

## 406. HYMN (485.) L. M.

*Hebron. Seasons.*

Prayer for the Heathen.

- di* **G**REAT God of glory, show thy face,  
 And crown our efforts with thy grace;  
 In heathen lands thy gospel bless,  
 And here secure its large increase.
- 2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,  
 Embrace salvation, Lord, by thee;  
 While those who now in darkness dwell,  
 Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.
- 3 Millions behold, on heathen ground,  
 Who never heard the gospel's sound;  
 O, send it forth, and let it run,  
 Swift and reviving as the sun.

- 4 O, look on those, who stand to tell  
The way that leads from death and hell :  
Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite ;  
Teach them to act as in thy sight.
- 5 To those who give, do thou impart  
A generous, wise, and tender heart ;  
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,  
That in thy grace they all may share.
- 6 Let many stand around thy throne,  
From different climes ;—let many own,  
The banner of the cross unfurled,  
Has saved from hell a ruined world.

# 407. HYMN (510.) H. M.

*Warsaw. Southbury.*

Rejoicing in the Triumph of Christ.

**R**EJOICE, the Lord is king,  
Your God and king adore ;  
Mortals give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore ;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above ;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given ;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.



- 4 He all his foes shall quell;  
 Shall all our sins destroy;  
 And every bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy:  
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come,  
 And take his servants up  
 To their eternal home;  
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;  
*ff* The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

**408.** HYMN (339.) C. M.

*Bedford. Langdon.*

The Church humbled, and praying for the Spirit.

- di* **W**ITH pity, Lord, our languor view,  
 As in the dust we lie;  
 Nor, while we raise our plaintive voice,  
 Disdain the broken cry.
- 2 Fain would we mount on eagles' wings  
 With ardency and love;  
 But cumbrous weights still drag us down;  
 How heavily we move!
- 3 Thy living word has wonders wrought;  
 These wonders here renew,  
 And pour fresh vigour through our souls,  
 While we its glories view.
- 4 Thy quickening energy diffuse,  
 O'er all our inmost frame;  
 And animate our lips and lives  
 To glorify thy name.
- 5 From thee, great ever-flowing Spring,  
 Let vital streams descend;  
 And cheer our hearts to sing those songs  
 Which death shall never end.

## 409. HYMN (276.) L. M.

*Windham. Accomack.*

Encouragement to Pray.

an

**WHAT** various hinderances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when, through weariness, they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear,  
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## 410. HYMN (461.) 7's.

*Fairfax. Norwich.*

Humble and importunate Prayer.

**LORD**, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;

O do not our suit disdain!

Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;  
 In compassion now descend ;  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
 Lord, we know not how to go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let the time of joy return ;  
 Those who are cast down lift up,  
 Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find  
 Thee a God supremely kind :  
 Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

**411.** HYMN (472.) C. M.

*Bangor. Plymouth.*

The Church humbled, in View of prevailing Crimes.

- af* **SEE**, gracious God, before thy throne,  
 Thy mourning people bend !  
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,  
 Thy dreadful power display ;  
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 What numerous crimes increasing rise  
 Through this apostate land !  
 What land so favoured of the skies,  
 Yet thoughtless of my hand ?

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame!  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasures they require;  
And sink with gay indifference down  
To everlasting fire.

6 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By rich and sovereign grace;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God our God is near.

**412.** HYMN (476.) L. M.

*Limehouse. Munich.*

Humiliation before God, in View of a prevalent Drought.

**G**REAT God, we view thy chastening  
hand,

That turns to brass our fertile land;  
The clouds withhold their rich supplies,  
And parched nature faints and dies.

2 Revive our withering fields with rain,  
Let fruitful showers descend again;  
On thee alone our hopes rely,  
Lord, hear our humble, earnest cry.

3 Then shall the withering corn arise,  
And wave its homage to the skies;  
And with loud praises we will own  
Our hopes depend on thee alone.

# REPENTING AND CONFESSING HER SINS.

**413.** HYMN (188.) C. M.

*Walsal. Burford.*

Confessing Unfaithfulness.

*af* **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord;  
 But still how weak my faith is found,  
 And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
 And hear almost in vain;  
 How small a portion of thy grace  
 Can my false heart retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!  
 How negligent my fear!  
 How low my hope of joys above!  
 How few affections there!

*di* 4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart  
 To give thy word success;  
 Write thy salvation in my heart,  
 And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way  
 That leads to joys on high;  
 There knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

**414.** HYMN (340.) C. M.

*Burstal. Buckingham.*

The Church repenting.

*af* **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts recal.  
 The wonders of thy grace;  
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,  
 And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?  
 Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!

By earth's low cares, detained, betrayed,  
 From Jesus to depart—

- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace, and rest:  
 When absent from the Lord, I live  
 Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores;  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word  
 With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,  
 Rejoice to seek thy face;  
 And grateful own how kind! how sweet!  
 Thy condescending grace.
- 

## PRAYING FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

**415.** HYMN (223.) L. M. 6 lines.

*Eutan. Bridgeport.*

The Church's Prayer for Children.

- C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To whom we for our children cry;  
 The good desired and wanted most,  
 Out of thy richest grace supply!  
 The sacred discipline be given,  
 To train and bring them up to heaven.
- 2 Error and ignorance remove,  
 Their blindness both of heart and mind;  
 Give them the wisdom from above,  
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:  
 In knowledge pure their minds renew,  
 And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 3 Father, accept them through thy Son,  
 And ever by thy Spirit guide!

Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
 Thy name confessed and glorified;  
 Thy power and love diffused abroad,  
 Till all the earth be filled with God.

**416.** HYMN (224.) C. M.

*Alexandria. St. John's.*

Parents renewing the Dedication of their Children to God.

- m.p* **SEE** Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
 With all-engaging charms;  
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
 And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name;  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands  
 And yield them up to thee;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:  
 Ye children, seek his face;  
 And fly with transports to receive  
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy guardian care we trust;  
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
 If weeping o'er the dust.

**417.** HYMN (259.) C. M.

*St. Stephen's. Mear.*

Prayer for Youth.

- di* **BESTOW**, dear Lord, upon our youth,  
 The gift of saving grace;  
 And let the seed of sacred truth  
 Fall in a fruitful place.



- 2 Grace is a plant, whene'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root :  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign love !  
Your youth is stained with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone  
Within the youngest breast ;  
Or half the crimes which you have done  
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,  
O join the public prayer !  
For you the secret tear is shed,  
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's power to teach ;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

**418.** HYMN (351.) L. M.

*Wells. Bath.*

Prayer for the Children of the Church.

- G**REAT Saviour, who didst condescend  
Young children in thine arms t'embrac  
Still prove thyself the infant's friend,  
Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.
- 2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,  
Be thou their guardian and their guide,  
That they, directed by thy truth,  
May never from thy precepts slide.
- 3 To love thy word their hearts incline,  
To understand it, light impart ;  
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,  
Take full possession of their heart.

## PRAYING FOR A SICK PASTOR.

## 419. HYMN (249.) L. M.

*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

Church praying for a sick Pastor.

- af* **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne  
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,  
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,  
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou knowest the anxious cares we feel,  
 And all our trembling lips would tell;  
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,  
 And give our aching hearts relief.
- 3 With power benign thy servant spare,  
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;  
 Avert thy swift-descending stroke,  
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 4 Restore him sinking to the grave,  
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save  
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,  
 And bid our friend and father live.
- 5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,  
 In every breast his image lies;  
 Thy pitying aid, O Gōd, impart,  
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 6 Yet if our supplications fail,  
 And prayers and tears can naught avail,  
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
 And guide him safe to endless day.

## PRAYING FOR A REVIVAL.

## 420. HYMN (201.) L. M.

*Sterling. Ward. Evening Hymn.*

Prayer for the Success of the Word.

- di* **W**ITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,  
 In glorious majesty appear;

- Make this a place of thine abode,  
And shed thy choicest blessings here.
- 2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, to us impart;  
And let thy gospel's joyful sound  
With power divine reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,  
Here give the broken spirit rest;  
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,  
Enthroned in every yielding breast.
- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy  
And humble supplication rise,  
Till higher strains our tongues employ,  
In realms of bliss beyond the skies.

**421.** HYMN (297.) 8, 7, 4.

*Kershaw.*

Prayer for a Revival.

- S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again;  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteemed thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
 And begin from this good hour  
 To revive thy work afresh.  
 Lord, revive us ;  
 All our help must come from thee.

**422.** HYMN (298.) L. M.  
*Accomack. Limehoise.*

The same.

- di* **C**OME, sacred Spirit, from above,  
 And fill the coldest heart with love ;  
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
 And let thy Godlike power be known.
- 2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes  
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;  
 While all their glowing souls are borne  
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 O, let a holy flock await,  
 Numerous around thy temple gate ;  
 Each pressing on, with zeal, to be  
 A living sacrifice to thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,  
 Give us to see thy church arise ;  
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,  
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

**423.** HYMN (299.) L. M.  
*Poland. Windham.*

The same.

- di* **O** SUN of righteousness, arise,  
 With gentle beams on Zion shine ;  
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,  
 And souls awake to life divine.
- 2 On all around let grace descend,  
 Like heavenly dew, or copious showers ;  
 That we may call our God our friend ;  
 That we may hail salvation ours.

**424.** HYMN (301.) L. M.*Armley. Munich.*

Prayer for refreshing Grace.

**L**ORD, in the temples of thy grace  
 Thy saints behold thy smiling face;  
 And oft have seen thy glory shine,  
 With power and majesty divine.

- 2 But soon, alas! thy absence mourn,  
 And pray, and wish thy kind return;  
 Without thy life-inspiring light,  
 'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 3 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry;  
 Our graces droop, our comforts die;  
 Return, and let thy glories rise  
 Again, to our admiring eyes;
- 4 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,  
 Thy courts below, like those above,  
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,  
 And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

**425.** HYMN (303.) C. M.*China. St. Stephen's.*

Prayer for the Spirit.

**I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come  
 To worship at thy feet;  
 O pour thy Holy Spirit down  
 On all that now shall meet.

- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
 To hear the Saviour's voice;  
 Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,  
 Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear  
 And understand thy word;  
 To feel thy blissful presence near,  
 And trust our living Lord.

- 4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,  
 And saints rejoice in thee ;  
 Let rebels be subdued by love,  
 And to the Saviour flee.

**426.** HYMN (326.) L. M.

*Hebron. Calvary.*

Longing for Times of refreshing.

- an* **B**LEST Jesus, source of grace divine,  
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine !  
*di* O bring these healing waters nigh,  
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die !  
 2 No traveller through desert lands,  
 Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
 More needs the current to obtain,  
 Or to enjoy refreshing rain.  
 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
 "Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;  
 To an abundant river flow,  
 And cheer this thirsty land below."  
 4 May this blest river, near my side,  
 Through all the desert gently glide ;  
*er* Then in Immanuel's land above,  
 Spread to a sea of joy and love !

**427.** HYMN (348.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Dundee.*

Praying for the Spirit.

- di* **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
 And make thy glory known ;  
 Now let us all thy presence feel,  
 And soften hearts of stone !  
 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
 And plead a Saviour's name ;  
 For all that we can call our own  
 Is vanity and shame.

- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more;  
That sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.

**428.** HYMN (389.) C. M.

*Burford. Georgia.*

The Church fasting and praying for a Revival.

- R**ETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,  
And leave us with the Lord;  
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,  
Nor lasting bliss afford.
- 2 Blest Jesus! come thou gently down,  
And fill this hallowed place;  
O! make thy glorious goings known,  
Diffuse around thy grace.
- 3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,  
Disperse the gloom of night;  
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,  
And turn the shades to light.
- 4 Behold, and pity from above  
Our cold and languid frame;  
O! shed abroad thy quickening love,  
And we'll adore thy name.
- 5 All glorious Saviour! Source of grace!  
To thee we raise our cry;  
Unveil the beauties of thy face  
To every waiting eye.
- 6 Revive, O God! desponding saints,  
Who languish, droop, and sigh;



Refresh the soul that tires and faints,  
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

- 7 Make known thy power, victorious King,  
Subdue each stubborn will;  
Then, sovereign grace we'll join to sing  
On Zion's sacred hill.

**429.** HYMN (391.) L. M.

*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

Ministers' and People's Prayer.

- di* **G**REAT Lord of all thy churches, hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;  
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise  
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 May every pastor from above  
Be new inspired with zeal and love,  
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,  
And sow with care the precious seed.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace,  
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;  
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,  
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness;  
And when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,  
And weeping sow the seed of praise,  
In humble hope that thou wilt hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

**430.** HYMN (442.) L. M. 6 lines.*Eutan. Granby.*

Address to the Spirit.

**E**TERNAL Spirit, Source of light,  
 Enlivening, consecrating fire,  
 Descend, and with celestial heat,  
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;  
 Our souls refine, our dross consume!  
 Come, descending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark  
 Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,  
 Nor let us wander in the dark,  
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still:  
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come,  
 And make our hearts thy constant home!

3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise;  
 Let every pious passion glow;  
 O let the raptures of the skies  
 Kindle in our cold hearts below!  
 Come, condescending Spirit, come,  
 And make our souls thy constant home.

**431.** HYMN (489.) L. M.*Munich. Armley—Minor.*

Vision of the dry Bones.

*di* **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;  
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
 And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?  
 And can these perished bones revive?  
 That, mighty God, to thee is known;  
 That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain  
 To prophesy upon the slain;  
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

*Major.*

- an* 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
*al* Life spreads through all the realms of death,  
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;  
*cr* They move, they waken, they rejoice.  
*mæ* 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound  
 Shall shake the heavens, and rend the  
 ground,  
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

**432.** HYMN (493.) C. M.*Burstal. Burford.*

Prayer for a Revival.

- di* **FATHER**, behold, with gracious eyes,  
 The souls before thy throne!  
 Who now present their sacrifice,  
 And seek thee in thy Son.
- 2 Well pleased in him thyself declare,  
 Thy pardoning love reveal;  
 The peaceful answer of our prayer  
 To every conscience seal.
- 3 On me, on all, some gift bestow;  
 Some blessing now impart;  
 The seed of life eternal sow  
 In every waiting heart.
- 4 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,  
 And speak our sins forgiven;  
 And haste throughout the lump to spread  
 The sanctifying leaven.
- 5 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower  
 Of graces from above;  
 Till all receive the heartfelt power  
 Of everlasting love.
- 6 Kindle the flame of love within,  
 Which may to heaven ascend;

And now the work of grace begin  
Which shall in glory end.

**433.** HYMN (214.) S. M.

*Aylesbury. Kersall.*

Invocation of the Spirit.

- di* **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open thou our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith;  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The gracious love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

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REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

**434.** HYMN (20.) C. M.

*Arlington. Marlow.*

Christians rejoicing in God's Care of his Church.

- al* **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill  
 Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
 And solemn oaths have bound his love  
 To shower salvation down.
- m* 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
 Suspensions, and complaints?  
 Is he a God, and shall his grace  
 Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget  
 The infant of her womb,  
 And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts  
 Her suckling have no room?
- an* 5 "Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,  
 And mothers monsters prove,  
*cr* Sion still dwells upon the heart  
 Of everlasting love."
- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands  
 I have engraved her name :  
*f* My hand shall raise her ruined walls,  
 And build her broken frame."

**435.** HYMN (46.) L. M.

*Seasons. Effingham.*

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

- al* **WHO** can describe the joys that rise  
 Through all the courts of Paradise,  
 To see a prodigal return,  
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love ;  
 The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
 The holy soul he formed anew !  
 And saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King.

## 436. HYMN (304.) C. M.

*Georgia. Burstal.*

Address to young Converts.

*af* **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
That leads to Zion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,  
Your pious march to join ;  
And spread the sentiments you feel,  
Of faith and love divine.

3 O, come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favour there ;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent prayer !

4 O, come, and join your souls to God,  
In everlasting bands ;  
Accept the blessings he bestows,  
With thankful hearts and hands.

## 437. HYMN (305.) L. M.

*Evening Hymn. Uxbridge.*

Prayer for the Triumphs of Grace.

*m* **T**HOUGH now the nations sit beneath  
The darkness of o'erspreading death,  
*al* God will arise with light divine,  
On Zion's holy towers shine.

2 That light shall glance on distant lands,  
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,  
Come with exulting haste, to prove  
The power and greatness of his love.

*di* 3 Lord, may the triumphs of thy grace  
Abound, while righteousness and peace,  
*p* In mild and lovely forms, display  
*f* The glories of the latter day.

**438.** HYMN (306.) L. M.*Antigua. Hamilton.*

The same.

- an* **B**EHOLD, th' expected time draw near,  
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear;  
 Behold, the wilderness assume  
 The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know,  
 The joy the gospel will bestow;  
 The exiled captive, to receive  
 The freedom Jesus has to give.
- cr* 3 Come, let us with a grateful heart,  
 In the blest labour, share a part;  
 Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
- f* To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Invite the world to come and prove  
 A Saviour's condescending love;  
 And humbly fall before his feet,
- p* Assured they shall acceptance meet.
- cr*

**439.** HYMN (313.) C. M*Pennsylvania. Marlon.*

Exhortation to praise Christ.

- m* **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
 And joy to make it known;
- cr* The sovereign of your heart proclaim,  
*f* And bow before his throne.
- an* 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned  
 With glories all divine;  
 And tell the wondering nations round,  
 How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power and boundless grace  
 In him unite their rays:  
 Ye that have e'er beheld his face,  
 Can ye forbear his praise?



4 When in his earthly courts we view  
 The glories of our King,  
 We long to love as angels do,  
 And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
 Lord, teach our songs to rise :  
 Thy love can animate the strain,  
 And bid it reach the skies.

*al* 6 O happy period! glorious day!  
 When heaven and earth shall raise,  
*f* With all their powers, the raptured lay,  
 To celebrate thy praise!

**440.** HYMN (327.) L. M.

*Uxbridge. Effingham.*

Rejoicing in the Visits of the Spirit.

*af* **A**ND will th' offended God again  
 Return and dwell with sinful men?  
 Will he within this bosom raise  
 A living temple to his praise?

*al* 2 The joyful news transports my breast,  
 All hail! all hail! thou heavenly guest!  
 Lift up your heads, ye powers within,  
 And let the King of glory in.

*m.f* 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train,  
 Here live, and here for ever reign;  
 Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,  
 Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,  
 And pay their homage at thy feet;  
 No idol god shall hold a place  
 Within this temple of thy grace.

## 441. HYMN (328.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Berlin.*

The same.

- m* **D**EAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest  
 In such a wretched heart as mine?  
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!  
 Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
 For ever dwell, O God of love,  
 And light and heavenly peace impart,  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

## 442. HYMN (443.) C. M.

*Bridgeport. Marlow.*

Prayer for increasing Conversions.

- al* **H**AIL, mighty Jesus, how divine  
 Is thy victorious sword!
- f* The stoutest rebel must resign,  
 At thy commanding word.
- m* 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,  
 They pierce the hardest heart;
- p* Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
 And joy succeeds to smart.
- f* 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,  
 Ride with majestic sway;  
 Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,  
 And make thy foes obey.
- m* 4 And when thy victories are complete,  
 And all the chosen race  
 Shall round the throne of mercy meet,  
 To sing thy conquering grace—
- di* 5 O may my humble soul be found,  
 Among that favoured band;
- cr* And I, with them, thy praise will sound,  
*f* Throughout Immanuel's land.

**443.** HYMN (444.) C. M.

*Arlington. St. John's.*

Welcoming the Spirit's Visitation.

- al* **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne  
And every voice a song.
- 2** On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts his sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3** He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held,  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4** He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the inward sight;  
And on the eyes obscured by sin,  
To pour celestial light.
- 5** He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- f* **6** Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
*ff* And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

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THE SACRAMENTS.—BAPTISM.

**444.** HYMN (24.) L. M.

*Newry. Bernard.*

Baptism.

- m* **'T**WAS the commission of our Lord,  
*cr* "Go teach the nations, and baptize."  
The nations have received the word,  
Since he ascended to the skies.

- an* 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,  
 With grace and pardon in his hands,  
 And sends his covenant with the seals,  
 To bless the distant Christian lands.
- 3 "Repent and be baptized," he saith,  
 "For the remission of your sins ;"  
 And thus our sense assists our faith,  
 And shows us what the gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
 As water makes the body clean ;  
 And the good Spirit from our God  
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
 And seal our covenant with the Lord ;  
*di* O may the great eternal Three  
 In heaven our solemn vows record !

#### 445. HYMN (55.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Greensburg.*

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.

- an* **H**OW large the promise, how divine,  
 To Abraham and his seed !  
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
 Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love  
 From age to age endure ;  
 The angel of the covenant proves,  
 And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms  
 To our great fathers given ;  
 He takes young children to his arms,  
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- cr* 4 Our God ! how faithful are his ways !  
 His love endures the same ;  
 Nor from the promise of his grace  
 Blots out the children's name.

## 446. HYMN (56.) C. M.

*Winter. Troy.*

Children included in the Covenant.

- m*    **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong  
       To the wild olive wood ;  
*cr*    Grace takes us from the barren tree,  
       And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows  
       The Gentile and the Jew :  
       If pure and holy be the root,  
       Such are the branches too.
- 3 Now let the children of the saints  
       Be dedicate to God !
- di*    Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,  
       And wash them in thy blood.
- al*    4 Thus to the parents and their seed  
       Shall thy salvation come,  
*cr*    And numerous households meet at last  
*f*        In one eternal home

## 447. HYMN (350.) S. M.

*Shirland. Thatcher.*

Prayer at the Baptism of a Child

- di*    **G**REAT God, now condescend  
       To bless our rising race ;  
       Soon may their willing spirits bend,  
       The subjects of thy grace.
- dl*    2 O what a pure delight  
       Their happiness to see !  
       Our warmest wishes all unite  
       To lead their souls to thee.
- di*    3 Now bless, thou God of love,  
       This ordinance divine ;  
       Send thy good Spirit from above,  
       And make these children thine.

## 448. HYMN (387.) C. M.

*Alexandria. St. John's.*

The Love of Christ for Infants.

*m.p* **B**EHOLD, what matchless tender love  
 Doth Christ to babes display!  
 He bids each parent bring them near,  
 Nor turns the least away.

2 The parents' hearts with transport filled,  
 Bring their young children near,  
 That they his blessing may partake,  
 And in his favour share.

*dl* 3 See how he takes them in his arms,  
 With smiles upon his face;  
 And says his kingdom is of such  
 By free and sovereign grace.

*an* 4 "Forbid them not," whom Jesus calls,  
 Nor dare the claim resist,  
 Since his own lips to us declare  
 Heaven will of such consist.

*af* 5 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,  
 We give them up to thee;  
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,  
 Thine may they ever be!

## 449. HYMN (388.) C. M.

*Rochester. Foundling.*

The same.

*m.p* **B**EHOLD, what condescending love  
 Jesus on earth displays!  
 To babes and sucklings he extends  
 The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
 To our forefathers given;  
 Young children in his arms he takes,  
 And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
 The Lord of angels came."

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,  
 And yield them up to thee ;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be.

*di* 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,  
 And form his soul for God ;  
 Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,  
 And wash him in thy blood.

6 Thus to the parents and their seed,  
 Let thy salvation come ;  
 And numerous households meet at last  
 In one eternal home.

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

**450** HYMN (27.) L. M.

*Newry. Luton.*

Praise for redeeming Love.

*an* **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know  
 The wonders of his dying love,  
*p* Be humble honours paid below,  
*f* And strains of nobler praise above.

*al* 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
 And washed us in his richest blood ;  
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
 And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,  
 To Jesus our exalted King,  
 Be everlasting power confessed,  
 And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,  
 And every eye shall see him move ;



*p* Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
*f* Then he displays his pardoning love.  
*do* 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
*al* While we rejoice to see the day;  
*di* Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

**451.** HYMN (28.) C. M.

*Devizes. Oldham.*

The same.

*al* COME let us join our cheerful songs,  
 With angels round the throne :  
*cr* Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;  
*f* But all their joys are one.  
 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus :"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 "For he was slain for us."  
 3 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise.  
 4 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

**452.** HYMN (29.) L. M.

*German Air. Litchfield.*

The same.

*m* WHAT equal honours shall we bring  
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
 When all the notes that angels sing  
 Are far inferior to thy name!  
*al* 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
*ad* The Prince of peace, that groaned and  
 died,

- al*     Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
           At his almighty Father's side.
- f*     3 Power and dominion are his due,  
*p*       Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;  
*f*       Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
*le*      Though he was charged with madness here
- f*     4 All riches are his native right,  
*p*       Yet he sustained amazing loss ;  
*f*       To him ascribe eternal might,  
           Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,  
*p*       Instead of scandal and of scorn ;  
*cr*      While glory shines around his head,  
*f*       And a bright crown without a thorn.
- al.f* 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
           Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
           Let angels sound his sacred name,  
*ff*      And every creature say—Amen.

### 453.            HYMN (31.)    L. M.

*Moreton. Hebron.*

Longing after Communion with Christ.

- di*     **T**HOU whom my soul admires above  
           All earthly joy, and earthly love,  
           Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
           Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
           That from the sun defends thy flock ?  
           Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
           Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
           That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
           My constant feet would never rove,  
           Would never seek another love.

**454.** HYMN (32.) L. M.*Seasons. Uxbridge.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

*m* **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
 What beauties in my Saviour dwell;  
 Where he is gone they fain would know,  
 That they may seek and love him too.

*dl* 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne  
 On hills of light in worlds unknown;  
 But he descends, and shows his face  
 In the young gardens of his grace.

*di* 3 O may my spirit daily rise  
 On wings of faith above the skies,  
 Till death shall make my last remove,  
 To dwell for ever with my love.

**455.** HYMN (68.) L. M.*Alfreton. Portugal.*

Religion false without Love.

*an* **C**OME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell  
 By faith and love in every breast;  
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,  
 Make our enlarged souls possess,  
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
 Of thine immeasurable grace.

*al* 3 Now, to the God whose power can do  
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
*f* Be everlasting honours done,  
 By all the church, through Christ his Son.

**456.** HYMN (74.) S. M.*Little Marlborough. Orange.*

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

*af* **L**IKE sheep we went astray,  
 And broke the fold of God,

Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour,  
Upon the Shepherd's head !

*al* 3 How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustained the stroke !  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.

*do* 4 His honour and his breath  
Were taken both away ;  
Joined with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.

*al.f* 5 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.

# 457. HYMN (80.) L. M.

*Newry. Wareham.*

Praise to Christ in the Recollection of his Sorrows.

*m* **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder  
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul, [roll  
And read my Maker's broken laws,  
Repaired and honoured by thy cross ;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,  
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine ;  
And see the Man that groaned and died  
Sit glorious by his Father's side ;

*al* 3 My passions rise and soar above,  
I'm winged with faith, and fired with love ;  
Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

*p* 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,  
For want of their immortal strains ;

And in such humble notes as these,  
Must fall below thy victories.

- m* 5 Well, the kind minute must appear  
When we shall leave these bodies here,  
*cr* These clogs of clay; and mount on high  
To join the songs above the sky.

**458.** HYMN (81.) L. M.

*Calvary. Ward.*

The Christian clinging to the Cross.

- di* **H**ERE, at thy cross, incarnate God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.
- an* 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
Resolved (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die.
- di* 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim;  
*f* Hosanna to my Saviour God,  
And my best honours to his name.

**459.** HYMN (85.) C. M.

*Coleshill. Burford.*

Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

- af* **A**LAS, and did my Saviour bleed!  
And did my Sovereign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,  
And bathed in its own blood,  
While all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious Sufferer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died,  
For man, the rebel's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- an* 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
*di* Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

**460.** HYMN (98.) C. M.  
*Arlington. Pennsylvania.*

Praise for redeeming Love.

- al* **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue will bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood:
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints, to feel his grace.

**461.** HYMN (149.) C. M.*Bangor. Plymouth.*

Repentance in view of Christ's Sufferings.

- af* **I**NFINITE grief! amazing wo!  
 Behold my bleeding Lord!  
 Hell and the Jews conspired his death,  
 And used the Roman sword.
- 2 O the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
 My dear Redeemer bore!  
 When knotty whips, and ragged thorns  
 His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
 In vain do I accuse;  
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
 And the more spiteful Jews:
- 4 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
 His chief tormentors were;  
 Each of my crimes became a nail,  
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twas you that pulled the vengeance down  
 Upon his guiltless head:  
 Break, break, my heart! O burst, mine eyes,  
 And let my sorrows bleed.
- di* 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
 Till melting waters flow,  
 And deep repentance drown my eyes  
 In undissembled wo.

**462.** HYMN (190.) L. M.*Sterling. Ward.*

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- do* **'T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
 When powers of earth and hell arose,  
 Against the Son of God's delight,  
 And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- m* 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;



- p* What love through all his actions ran !  
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin ;  
 Receive and eat the living food ;"  
 Then took the cup, and blest the wine ;  
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- do* 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;  
 And justice poured upon his head  
 Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt  
 To buy the pardon of our guilt ;  
 When for black crimes, of biggest size,  
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- an* 6 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end,  
 In memory of your dying friend ;  
 Meet at my table, and record  
 The love of your departed Lord."
- di* 7 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate,  
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
 Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

**463.** HYMN (191.) C. M.

*Bedford. Barby.*

Christ's dying Love.

- m.p* **H**OW condescending and how kind  
 Was God's eternal Son !  
 Our misery reached his heavenly mind,  
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provoked,  
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,  
 He gave his soul up to the stroke,  
 Without a murmuring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
 To raise us to his throne ;  
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
 But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great ;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor lets his saints forget.

*af* 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

**464.** HYMN (192.) L. M.

*Ward. Alfreton.*

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

*m* **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.

*p* 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
*f* And earth grow less in our esteem ;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

*m* 4 While he is absent from our sight,  
*cr* 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
*f* That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

**465.** HYMN (193.) C. M.

*Alexandria. Mear.*

Self-dedication to God in the Lord's Supper.

*m* " **T**HE promise of my Father's love  
Shall stand for ever good ;"  
*ad* He said, and gave his soul to death,  
*le* And sealed the grace with blood.

- m* 2 To this dear covenant of thy word,  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- an* 3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,  
And endless bliss be mine;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my powers are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own,  
Which Jesus did bequeath;  
*le* 'Twas purchased with a dying groan,  
And ratified in death.
- dl* 5 Sweet is the memory of his name,  
Who blest us in his will,  
And to his testament of love,  
*le* Made his own blood the seal.

**466.** HYMN (194.) L. M.

*Carey. Pilesgrove.*

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

- m* **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- di* 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- af* 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- al* 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

**467.** HYMN (195.) L. M.

*Ward. Luther's Hymn.*

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

- an* **N**ATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;  
*cr* And every labour of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God.  
*f* 2 But in the grace that rescued man,  
His brightest form of glory shines;  
*ad.p* Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood and crimson lines.  
3 Here I behold his inmost heart,  
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchased blessings mine.  
*al* 4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour loved and died!  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.  
5 I would for ever speak his name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown:  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

**468.** HYMN (196.) C. M.

*Bedford. Dundee.*

Divine Love making a Feast.

- an.p* **H**OW sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!  
2 Here every bowel of our God  
With soft compassion rolls:  
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.  
*f* 3 While all our hearts in this our song  
Join to admire the feast,

- m* Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,  
*di* "Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
 And enter while there's room;  
 When thousands make a wretched choice,  
 And rather starve than come?"
- an* 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
 That sweetly forced us in :  
*ad* Else we had still refused to taste,  
 And perished in our sin.
- di* 6 Pity the nations, O our God !  
 Constrain the earth to come ;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
 That all the chosen race  
*cr* May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
*f* Sing thy redeeming grace.

**469.** HYMN (197.) L. M.  
*Alfreton. Angel's Hymn.*

The Christian not ashamed of Christ.

- m* **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,  
 Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
 Thy love has spread the sacred board,  
 To feed the faith of every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
 And trusts for life in one that died ;  
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
 From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
 And fling their scandals on thy cause ;  
 We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
 And make our triumphs in his cross.
- an* 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
 He that was dead hath left his tomb ;  
 He lives above their utmost rage,  
 And we are waiting till he come.

470.

HYMN (199.) C. M.

*Barby. Edgware.*

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

*m*

**S**ITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath;  
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise;  
The sinner views th' atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procure us heavenly crowns:  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,  
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 O! 'tis impossible that we,  
Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

471.

HYMN (275.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Bedford.*

Invitation to the Lord's Table.

*an*

**T**HIS is the feast of heavenly wine,  
And God invites to sup:  
The juices of the living vine  
Were pressed, to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
With royal dainties fed;  
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,  
For Jesus is the bread.

*cr*

*m* 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
*cr* Ye trembling souls, appear!  
The righteous in their own esteem  
Have no acceptance here.

*an* 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you;

*p* Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
*cr* Then I may venture too.



*m* 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
 And may obtain a place,  
*cr* Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
 And I shall see his face.

**472.** HYMN (310.) L. M.

*Hamilton. Litchfield.*

*Praise to Christ.*

*an.f* **NOW** let us raise our cheerful strains,  
 And join the blissful choir above;  
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,  
 O may we feel the sacred flame;  
 And every heart and every tongue  
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

*m* 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree

*dim* In agonizing pains expired;

*m* Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!

*an.f* How bright! how lovely! how admired!

*di* 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,  
 Died in the wretched traitor's place:—

O, what returns can mortals give,  
 For such immeasurable grace.

*an* 5 Were universal nature ours,  
 And art with all her boasted store;  
 Nature and art, with all their powers,  
 Would still confess the offer poor.

6 Yet though for bounty so divine,  
 We ne'er can equal honours raise,

*cr* Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,

*f* And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

**451.** HYMN (311.) L. M.

*German Air. Antigua.*

*The same.*

*al* **HAIL** to the Prince of life and peace,  
 Who holds the keys of death and hell;  
 The spacious world unseen is his,  
 And sovereign power becomes him well.



- do* 2 In shame and torment once he died ;  
*an* But now he lives for evermore :  
*p* Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,  
 And ye, angelic bands, adore.
- al.f* 3 Now live for ever, glorious Lord,  
 To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends,  
 While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
 That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
 Guided by wisdom, and by love ;  
 Worthy to rule with sovereign power  
 O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- m* 5 When death thy servants shall invade,  
 When powers of hell thy church annoy,  
*cr* Controlled by thee, their rage promotes  
 The cause they labour to destroy.
- al.f* 6 For ever reign, victorious King !  
 Wide through the earth thy name be known ;  
 And call my longing soul to sing  
 Sublimar praises near thy throne.

# 474. HYMN (376.) C. M.

*Bangor. Burstal.*

Prayer at the Lord's Table.

- di* **TOGETHER** with these symbols, Lord,  
 Thy blessed self impart ;  
 And let thy holy flesh and blood  
 Feed the believing heart.
- 2 Let us from all our sins be washed  
 In thy atoning blood ;  
 And let thy Spirit be the seal  
 That we are born of God.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love  
 Prepare us for this feast ;  
 O let us banquet with our Lord,  
 And lean upon his breast.

**475.** HYMN (404.) L. M.*Bath. Hebron.*

Prayer for the Success of the Word.

*di* **NOW** while the gospel net is cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own :  
From numerous disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much favoured hour,  
To souls in Satan's bondage led ;  
O clothe thy word with sovereign power,  
To break the rocks and raise the dead !

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine ;  
Let poor backsliders be restored,  
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 O hear our prayer, and give us hope,  
That, when thy voice shall call us home,  
Thou still wilt raise a people up  
To love and praise thee in our room.

**476.** HYMN (406.) C. M.*Barby. Mear.*

Surrender, of the Heart to Christ at his Table.

*m* **HERE** at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine :  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies ;  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endured  
Upon the shameful cross,  
For us, his welcome guests, procured  
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body, torn with rudest hands,  
Becomes the choicest bread ;  
And, with the blessing he commands,  
Our noblest hopes are fed.

- 5 Sure there was never love so free,  
 Dear Saviour, so divine!  
 Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,  
 Which owes so much to thine.
- 6 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
 My soul, my strength, my all;  
 With life itself I'll freely part,  
 My Jesus, at thy call.

**477.** HYMN (448.) L. M.

*China. Hebron.*

Grateful Praise around the Table of the Lord.

- al* **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
 (Dear name, by heaven and earth adored!)  
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- m* 2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
*dim* Are weak, and languishing, and low;  
*cr* Far, far above our humble songs:  
*f* The theme demands immortal tongues.
- m* 3 Yet, while around his board we meet,  
 And humbly worship at his feet,  
*di* O let our warm affections move  
 In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid  
 To see thy wondrous love displayed;  
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
 Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble, penitential wo,  
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow;  
 And thy forgiving love impart  
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

**478.** HYMN (513.) L. M.

*Kingsbridge. Armley.*

Covenanting with God.

- di* **L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
 With full consent thine I would be,  
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,  
I yield to thee beyond recall;  
Accept thine own, so long withheld—  
Accept what I so freely yield!
- 3 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 4 Thine would I live—thine would I die—  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is passed beyond repeal;  
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 5 Be thou the witness of my vow—  
Angels and men attest it too,  
That to thy board I now repair,  
And seal the sacred contract there.
- 6 Here at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God;  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 7 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

## FUNERALS.

479. HYMN (79.) C. M.

*China. Mear.*

Burial of Friends.

m

**WHY** do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?

Nor should we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head ?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

*m.f* 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise :  
Awake, ye nations, under ground ;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

# **480.** HYMN (248.) L. M.

## *Ward.*

The Death of the Righteous.

*dl* **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !  
When sinks a weary soul to rest ;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

*pp* 2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
*dim* So dies a wave along the shore.

*p* 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

*cr* 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears ;  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

*m* 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
*le* "How blest the righteous when he dies !"

## 481. HYMN (126.) C. M.

*Funeral Thought. Bangor.*

A funeral Thought.

- an* **H**ARK! from the tombs, a doleful sound,  
 Mine ears attend the cry;  
 "Ye living men, come view the ground  
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 In spite of all your towers:  
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
 Must lie as low as ours."
- af* 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure?  
 Still walking downward to our tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

## 482. HYMN (281.) C. M.

*Walsal. Georgia.*

At the Death of a Youth.

- m* **W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity must demand.
- af* 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth, imprest  
 With awful power—I too must die—  
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more;  
 Behold the gaping tomb;  
 It bids us seize the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.
- m* 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
 Let every heart obey;



Nor be the heavenly warning vain  
Which calls to watch and pray.

**483.** HYMN (407.) L. M.  
*Calvary. Submission.*

A funeral Hymn.

- m* **T**HE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When righteous persons fall around,—  
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought.  
Should with our mourning passions blend,  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' almighty ever-living Friend.
- cr* 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- di* 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one;  
On thee we cast our every care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father God, to thee we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;  
And on thy covenant love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

**484.** HYMN (356.) L. M.  
*Newry. Nazareth.*

Prayer at the Settlement of a Pastor.

- m* **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep  
With constant care thy humble sheep;  
By thee inferior pastors rise,  
To feed our souls, and cheer our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
Modelled by thy own gracious heart;  
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
Men may attest, and God approve.



- 3 Fed by their active tender care,  
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear;  
 And, by their fair example led,  
 The way to Sion's pasture tread.
- 4 Completely heal each former stroke,  
 And bless the shepherd and the flock;  
 Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
 And own this tribute of our praise.

**485.** HYMN (496.) C. M.

*St. Martin's. Barby.*

The ministerial Trust.

- an* **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' alarm they give;  
 Now let them from the mouth of God  
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The pastor's care demands;  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls for which the **Lord**  
 Did heavenly bliss forego;  
 For souls, which must for ever live  
*le* In raptures, or in wo.
- al* 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
 Th' account to render there;  
*af* And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
 Lord, how should we appear?
- an* 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see;  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

**486.** HYMN (59.) C. M.

*Marlow. London.*

The Means of ministerial Success.

- al* **C**HRISt and his cross is all our theme:  
 The mysteries that we speak

Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.

*al* 2 But souls enlightened from above,  
With joy receive the word;  
They see what wisdom, power, and love,  
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name  
Restores their fainting breath,  
*m* But unbelief perverts the same  
*dim* To guilt, despair, and death.

*m* 4 Till God diffuse his graces down  
Like showers of heavenly rain,  
*le* In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

**487.** HYMN (63.) L. M.  
*Old Hundred. Sterling.*

*The Apostle's Commission.*

*an.f* "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,  
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;  
He shall be saved who trusts my word;  
He shall be damned that don't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,  
Go, cast out devils in my name;  
Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.  
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted in my hands,  
I can destroy, and can defend."

*mæ* 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:

*an* They to the furthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

## 488. HYMN (7.) S. M.

*Camberwell. Hants.**The Blessedness of the Gospel Ministry.*

*al* **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
 Who stand on Zion's hill;  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal!

*dl* 2 How charming is their voice!  
 How sweet their tidings are!

*al* "Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears  
 That hear this joyful sound,  
*le* Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found!

*al* 4 How blessed are our eyes  
 That see this heavenly light!  
 Prophets and kings desired it long,  
*p* But died without the sight.

*cr* 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
*f* And deserts learn the joy.

## DEDICATION OF CHURCHES.

## 489. HYMN (235.) L. M.

*Wells. Bath.**For the Dedication of a Church.*

*an* **A**ND will the great, eternal God,  
 On earth establish his abode?  
 And will he, from his radiant throne,  
 Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;  
 Long may they echo with thy praise;  
 And thou, descending, fill the place  
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
 With all the graces of his train;

While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

*an* 4 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born for glory here.

**490.** HYMN (274.) C. M.

*Burford. Shields.*

Prayer at the opening of a new Place of Worship.

*di* **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here, we trust, thou art!  
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire,  
In every waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear;  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high  
To make our graces grow!

6 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

**491.** HYMN (357.) C. M.*China. Resignation.*

The same.

- di* **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,  
 Thy presence now display;  
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,  
 Our fainting hope to raise;  
 And pour thy blessing from above,  
 That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
 And love, and concord dwell;  
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
 Enforced by mighty grace,  
 Awaken many sinners round,  
 To come and fill the place.

**492.** HYMN (358.) H. M.*Amherst. Archangels.*

The same.

- al.p* **I**N sweet exalted strains  
 The King of Glory praise;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days:
- mæ* He with a nod the world controls,  
 Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- al* 2 To earth he bends his throne,  
 His throne of grace divine;  
 Wide is his bounty known,  
 And wide his glories shine:
- p* Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,  
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- di* 3 Then, King of glory, come,  
 And with thy favour crown  
 This temple as thy dome,  
 This people as thy own:  
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
 How God can dwell with men below.

- 4 Here may thine ears attend  
 Our interceding cries,  
 And grateful praise ascend  
 All fragrant to the skies :  
 Here may thy word melodious sound,  
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may th' attentive throng  
 Imbibe thy truth and love,  
 And converts join the song  
 Of seraphim above ;  
 And willing crowds surround thy board  
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons  
 And daughters sound thy praise,  
 And shine, like polished stones,  
 Through long succeeding days :  
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
 While temples stand, and men adore.

**493.** HYMN (379.) C. M.

*Dundee. Mear.*

*The same.*

- di* **E**TERNAL Source of every good,  
 Before thy throne we bow,  
 And bless thee for thy gifts bestowed  
 On pilgrims here below.
- 2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined  
 To raise this house of prayer,  
 O may we seek and ever find  
 Thy gracious presence here !
- 3 Lord, may thy heralds long proclaim  
 The wonders of thy grace ;  
 And sinners taught to fear thy name,  
 Abundantly increase.
- 4 Here may thy children sweetly feed  
 On manna sent from heaven,  
 Drink freely at the fountain-head,  
 Whence living streams are given.
- 5 Here let our offspring and their sons  
 Be of the Saviour blest ;

And thus while time its circuit runs,  
Find here a settled rest.

6 To the eternal sacred Three,  
The great mysterious One,  
Now may this house devoted be  
To thee, and thee alone.

## THANKSGIVING.

**494.** HYMN (104.) C. M.

*Colchester. Abridge.*

*Praise for Creation and Redemption.*

*m* **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace;  
*f* But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.

*ff* 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne;  
All glory to th' United Three,  
The Undivided One.

*an* 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
That formed us by a word;  
*cr* 'Tis he restores our ruined frame:  
*f* Salvation to the Lord!

*ff* 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound;  
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

**495.** HYMN (415.) L. M.

*Seasons. Effingham.*

*A thanksgiving Hymn.*

*an* **G**OD of the passing year, to thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise—  
With swelling heart, and bending knee,  
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 We bless thy name, almighty God,  
For all the kindness thou hast shown  
To this fair land our fathers trod,  
This land we fondly call our own.



- or* 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray,  
For thou our country's arms didst guide,  
And led them on their conquering way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds;  
Scatters the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- f*  
*dim* 5 When foes without, and foes within,  
With threatening ills our land have pressed,  
*di* Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,  
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.
- 6 O God! preserve us in thy fear,  
In troublous times our helper be;  
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,  
And may we worship only thee.

# 496. HYMN (462.) L. P. M.

*Newcourt. Martin's-lane.*

Praise to God for national Prosperity.

- an* SAY, should we search the globe around,  
Where can such happiness be found,  
As dwells in this much favoured land!
- p* Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds  
Her choicest blessings on our heads:
- f* By God supported, still we stand.
- an* 2 Here commerce spreads her ample store,  
Which comes from every foreign shore;  
Science and arts their charms display:  
Religion teaches us to raise  
Our voices in our Maker's praise,  
As truth and conscience point the way.
- di* 3 These are thy gifts, Almighty King!  
From thee our matchless blessings spring;  
Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies,  
The raptures liberty bestows,  
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,  
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

- al* 4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,  
To God we raise united songs;  
His power and mercy we proclaim;  
And still, through every age, shall own  
Jehovah here hath fixed his throne,  
*f* And triumph in his mighty name.
- di* 5 Long as the moon her course shall run,  
Or man behold the circling sun,  
Do thou amidst our nation reign;  
Still crown her counsels with success,  
With peace and joy her borders bless,  
And all her sacred rights maintain.

# 497. HYMN (467.) 7's.

*Alma. Hart's.*

Praise to the Almighty King.

- al.f* **SWELL** the anthem, raise the song;  
Praises to our God belong;  
Saints and angels join to sing  
Praise to heaven's Almighty King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand  
Poured around this happy land;  
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,  
Hail the bright triumphant day.
- m.p* 3 Now to thee our joys ascend,  
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:  
Guarded by thy mighty power,  
Peace and freedom bless our shore.
- 4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey;  
*cr* Never feel a tyrant's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.
- p* 5 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
*le* And the heavenly notes prolong.

## 498. HYMN (473.) L. M.

*Ward. Sterling.*

Praise for the Blessings of Life.

- al* **A**LMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,  
 To thee let songs of gladness rise;  
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,  
 And every voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,  
 Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow;  
 The daily good thy creatures share,  
 Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,  
 The harvest waving o'er the fields,  
 The cheering light, refreshing shower,  
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.
- 4 At thy command the vernal bloom  
 Revives the world from winter's gloom  
 The summer's heat the fruit matures,  
 And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 5 From thee proceed domestic ties,  
 Connubial bliss, parental joys;  
 On thy support the nations stand,  
 Obedient to thy high command.
- an.f* 6 Let every power of heart and tongue,  
 Unite to swell the grateful song;  
 While age and youth in chorus join,  
 And praise the Majesty Divine.

## THUNDER STORM.

## 499. HYMN (437.) C. M.

*Colchester. Abridge.*

The Majesty of God displayed in the Tempest.

- an.f* **T**HE Lord descended from above,  
 And bowed the heavens most high;  
 And underneath his feet he cast  
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on seraphim .  
 Full royally he rode;

- al* And on the wings of mighty winds,  
Came flying all abroad.
- p* 3 He sat serene upon the floods  
Their fury to restrain ;
- cr* And he, as sovereign Lord and King,  
*f* For evermore shall reign.

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W A R.

**500.** HYMN (401.) L. M.

*Bath. Wells.*

Prayer in Time of War.

- di* **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare  
Look up to thy divine abode ?  
Or offer their imperfect prayer  
Before a just, a holy God ?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,  
And dazzling glories veil thy face ;  
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,  
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,  
May Jesus plead our humble claim,  
While thy protection we implore,  
In his prevailing, glorious name !
- 4 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,  
Let thy right hand our cause maintain ;  
Till war's destructive rage subside,  
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 5 O when shall time the period bring  
When raging war shall waste no more ;  
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing  
Round the wide earth from shore to shore ?
- 6 When shall the gospel's healing ray,  
(Kind source of amity divine !)  
Spread o'er the world celestial day ?  
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine ?

## DEATH OF A MINISTER.

## 501. HYMN (250.) C. M.

*Burford. Plymouth.*

The Church looking to Christ at the Death of a Pastor.

- m* **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,  
 And all our tears be dry;  
 Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,  
 Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death  
 Does God's own house invade?  
 What though the prophet and the priest  
 Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
 The aged and the young,  
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
 And mute th' instructive tongue?
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart;  
 His eye still guides us, and his voice  
 Still animates our heart.
- an* 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;  
 "My church shall safe abide:  
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
 This promise is our trust;  
*cr* And this shall be our children's song,  
*dim* When we are cold in dust.

## 502. HYMN (374.) C. M.

*Bangor. Walsal.*

Confession and Prayer at the Death of a Pastor.

- af* **E**NWRAPT in thickest shades of night,  
 O Lord, thy ways appear;  
 But yet we own they all are right,  
 Though seemingly severe.
- 2 Now we lament our errors past,  
 With sighs, and groans, and tears;  
 The numerous moments run to waste  
 Amidst perplexing cares.

- 3 The labours of thy servant, Lord,  
By us were misimproved ;  
Too little have we read thy word,  
Too much the world have loved.
- 4 Thy visitation now is come,  
Our pastor is no more ;  
We meet within thy sacred dome,  
And here our loss deplore.
- 5 Great God, while in our widowed state,  
O leave us not alone ;  
Help us to watch, and pray, and wait,  
Till thou in love return.
- 6 Let not the candlestick remove  
From this thine own abode ;  
But let our supplications prove  
That we prevail with God.
- 7 O send a messenger of peace,  
A pastor of thy choice ;  
Bid all our sighs and sorrows cease,  
And cause us to rejoice.
- 

SOCIAL WORSHIP AND CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

**503.** HYMN (102.) C. M.

*Peterborough. Marlow.*

The blessed Society of Heaven.

- al* **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run  
Through every heavenly street,  
And say, there's naught below the sun  
That's worthy of thy feet.
- dl* 2 There, on a high majestic throne,  
Th' almighty Father reigns,  
And sheds his glorious goodness down  
On all the blissful plains.
- 3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,  
And spreads eternal noon ;  
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,  
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever-shining skies,  
Behold the sacred Dove,  
While banished sin and sorrow flies  
From all the realms of love.

5 The glorious tenants of the place  
Stand bending round the throne,  
And saints and seraphs sing and praise  
The infinite Three-One.

*di* 6 Jesus! O when shall that dear day,  
That joyful hour appear,  
When I shall leave this house of clay  
To dwell amongst them there?

**504.** HYMN (215.) L. M.

*Armley. Kingsbridge.*

Invocation of the Spirit.

*di* COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
O kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
O! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

**505.** HYMN (222.) L. M.

*Wiltshire. Limehouse.*

Longing for a Visit of Love from God.

*di* RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no  
more;

Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep recess,



In these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;  
'Till every grace shall join to prove  
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

**506.** HYMN (225.) 8's & 7's.

*Bavaria. M'Kendree.*

Grateful Recollections.

*al* COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

*di* 3 O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee!  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;  
Seal it from thy courts above.

## 507. HYMN (227.) C. M.

*Burstal. Georgia.*

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

- af* **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return!  
 Sweet messenger of rest!  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- an.p* 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

## 508. HYMN (234.) S. M.

*Shirland. Mornington.*

Christian Fellowship, a Hymn for Friends when called to part.

- an.p* **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love!  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

## 509. HYMN (247.) L. M.

*Armley. Averno.*

Prayer for the Spirit.

*di* COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above,  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

**510.** HYMN (302.) C. M.*St. Stephen's. Resignation.*

Prayer for reviving.

*di* **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
Our hearts adore thy name.3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heaven on earth appear.**511.** HYMN (346.) 7's.*Nuremburg. Harts.*

The Delights of social Worship.

*dl* **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,  
E'en on earth thy temples are:  
Here thy waiting people see  
Much of heaven, and much of thee.2 From thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes;  
While thy Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.3 Here we supplicate thy throne,  
Here thou makest thy glories known;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.4 Thus with sacred songs of joy  
We our happy lives employ;  
Love, and long to love thee more,  
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

**512.** HYMN (490.) L. M.*Evening Hymn. Ward.*

The Communion of Saints.

- m* **B**RETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,  
 A hearty welcome here receive;  
 May we together now partake  
 The joys which he alone can give!
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
 Send his good Spirit from above,  
 Make our communications sweet,  
 And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
 When thus we meet to pray and praise;  
 We only wish to speak of him,  
 And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
 His suffering and his dying love,  
 The path he marked for us to tread,  
 And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
*cr* Then hasten on, the glorious day,  
*f* When we shall meet to part no more.

**513.** HYMN (524.) C. M.*Alexandria. St. John's.*

The same.

- an.p* **C**OME, let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtained the prize;  
 And, on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below his praises sing,  
 With those to glory gone;  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In heaven and earth, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,  
 One church above, beneath;  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,  
 To his commands we bow;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home  
 This solemn moment fly;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.
- di* 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid the cold waves of death divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

514. HYMN (89.) S. M.

*St. Thomas. Murray.*

Hymn for the Lord's Day.

- al* **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints to-day;  
 Here we may sit, and see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
 Where my dear Lord hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this;  
 And sing, until she soar away  
 To everlasting bliss.

515. HYMN (90.) L. M.

*Seasons. Rothwell.*

The Christian's Delight in Ordinances.

- m* **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be-  
 Let my religious hours alone; [gone;  
*di* Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,  
And kindle there a pure desire :  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

*dl* 3 The trees of life immortal stand,  
In fragrant rows, at thy right hand ;  
And, in sweet murmurs, by their side  
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,  
And spread the table of thy grace ;  
Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thy entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

**516.** HYMN (91.) L. M.

*Blendon. Effingham.*

The same.

*al.p* **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame !  
Lord ! how we love thy charming name !

*m* 2 When I can say my God is mine,  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
*f* I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.

*al* 3 While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,  
*p* Here we could sit, and gaze away  
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;  
*f* Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.

*di* 5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land ;  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.



**517.** HYMN (103.) C. M.*Georgia. Burstal.*

Invocation of the Spirit.

*di* **C**OME, Holy Spirit, from above,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

*af* 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise,  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
*dim* And our devotion dies.

*di* 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate;  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

**518.** HYMN (158.) C. M.*Melody. Warwick.*

Access to the Throne of Grace.

*an.p* **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
 Up to the courts above,  
 And smile to see our Father there  
 Upon a throne of love.

2 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
 That calmed his frowning face,  
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
 And turned the wrath to grace.

3 Now we may bow before his feet,  
 And venture near the Lord;  
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
 Nor double flaming sword.

4 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
*cr* High let us raise our notes of praise,  
*f* And reach th' eternal throne.

5 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
*le* And glory to the Almighty King  
That lays his fury by.

**519.** HYMN (166.) L. M.

*Alfreton. Submission.*

Retirement and Meditation.

*di* MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

*an* 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
*p* Let noise and vanity be gone;  
*pp* In secret silence of the mind,  
*cr* My heaven, and there my God, I find.

**520.** HYMN (167.) L. M.

*Portugal. Newry.*

The Benefit of public Worship.

*an* AWAY from every mortal care,  
Away from earth, our souls retreat;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy feet.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace  
We see thy feet, and we adore;

We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,  
United groans ascend on high;  
And prayer brings back a quick return  
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,  
Here we receive some cheering word;  
We gird the gospel armour on,  
To fight the battles of the Lord.

*p* 5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,  
(Our conscience pained with inward stings,)  
*cr* Here doth the righteous Sun arise,  
With healing beams beneath his wings.

*di* 6 Father! my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side;  
But if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

**521.** HYMN (300.) L. M.  
*Calvary. Submission.*

Prayer for the Success of a preached Gospel.

*di* **THY** presence, gracious God, afford;  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we, in true faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.

**522.** HYMN (347.) S. M.  
*Shirland. Peckham.*

Joy in public Worship.

*dl* **HOW** charming is the place,  
Where my Redeemer God

Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!

*an* 2 Not the fair palaces  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.

*dl* 3 Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit  
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries  
All humbled souls present;  
He listens to the broken sighs,  
And grants them all they want.

5 To them his sovereign will  
He graciously imparts;  
And in return accepts, with smiles,  
The tribute of their hearts.

*di* 6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

## 523. HYMN (352.) C. M.

*St. John's. Alexandria.*

Public Praise.

*m* COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,  
Our humble strains attend;  
While with our praises and complaints,  
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,  
And all thy sufferings trace,  
*p* What sweetly awful scenes appear!  
*cr* What rich unbounded grace!

*an* 3 How should our songs, like those above,  
With warm devotion rise!

*f* How should our souls, on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies!

*an* 4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise  
Our hearts adore thy name.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwelling here,  
*f* Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
And heaven on earth, appear.

## 524. HYMN (408.) 7's.

*"Safely through," &c. Turin.*

Hymn at the Commencement of Worship.

*an* SAFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day;  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face,  
Take away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we're come thy name to praise;  
Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound;  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

## 525. HYMN (440.) L. M.

*German Air. Stonefield.*

Praise to Christ in view of both Worlds.

- m.f* **Y**E sons of men, with joy record  
 The various wonders of the Lord;  
 And let his power and goodness sound  
 Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
 And stars that shine from pole to pole.
- an.p* 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed,  
 Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;  
 Peopled with life of various forms,  
 Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
 And think how wide its Maker reigns:  
 That band remotest nations joins,  
 And on each wave his goodness shines.
- cr* 5 But O that brighter world above,  
 Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!  
 God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
- dim* For man a bleeding victim made.
- cr* 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,  
 There, in the world of praise, adore;  
 This theme demands an angel's lay,
- f* Demands an everlasting day.

## 526. HYMN (465.) 6, 4.

*St. Clement's. Bermondsey.*

Worthy the Lamb.

- al* **G**LORY to God on high!  
 Let earth and skies reply,  
 Praise ye his name;

- His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore :  
Sing loud for evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
Bore sin's tremendous load,  
Praise ye his name ;  
Tell what his arm hath done,  
What spoils from death he won :  
Sing his great name alone,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name ;  
Those who have felt his blood  
Sealing their peace with God,  
Sound his dear fame abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our holy Lord to bless ;  
Praise ye his name ;  
In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 What though we change our place,  
Yet we shall never cease  
Praising his name :  
To him our songs we bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And, without ceasing, sing  
Worthy the Lamb.
- 6 Then let the hosts above,  
In realms of endless love,  
Praise his dear name :  
To him ascribed be  
Honour and majesty,  
Through all eternity,  
Worthy the Lamb.



## 527. HYMN (474.) H. M.

*Warsaw. Amherst.*

Sabbath Morning.

- al*      **A**WAKE, our drowsy souls,  
             Shake off each slothful band;  
             The wonders of this day  
             Our noblest songs demand:
- cr*      Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,  
             Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.
- m*      2      At thy approaching dawn,  
             Reluctant death resigned  
             The glorious Prince of life,  
*dim*      In dark domains confined:
- cr*      Th' angelic host around him bends,  
*f*      And, midst their shouts, the God ascends.
- 3      All hail, triumphant Lord,  
             Heaven with hosannas rings;  
*p*      While earth, in humble strains,  
             Thy praise responsive sings:
- cr*      Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,  
*f*      Through endless years to live and reign.
- m, f*    4      Gird on, great God, thy sword,  
             Ascend thy conquering car,  
             While justice, truth, and love,  
             Maintain the glorious war:
- cr*      Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread!  
*f*      And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5      Make bare thy potent arm,  
             And wing th' unerring dart!  
             With salutary pangs,  
             To each rebellious heart:
- p*      Then dying souls for life shall sue,  
*cr*      Numerous as drops of morning dew.

**528.** HYMN (478.) 8's, 7's, & 4.*Greenville. Sicilian Hymn.*

Prayer for the Success of a preached Gospel.

*m* **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
 Bless the sower and the seed:  
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:  
 From the gospel  
 Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing  
 Which thy words design to give;  
 Let us all, thy love possessing,  
 Joyfully the truth receive;  
*cr* And for ever  
*f* To thy praise and glory live.

**529.** HYMN (499.) 8's, 7's, & 4.*Greenville. Sicilian Hymn.*

To be sung after Sermon.

*m* **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message  
 Sent in mercy from above?  
*p* Every sentence, O how tender!  
*pp* Every line is full of love;  
 Listen to it—  
*le* Every line is full of love.

*m* 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel.  
 News from Zion's King proclaim;  
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,  
 Free forgiveness in his name:"  
*cr* How important!  
 Free forgiveness in his name.

*m* 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
 And with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears:  
*p* Tender heralds—  
*dim* Chase away the falling tears.

*m* 4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,  
 Callous hearers of the word,

While the messengers address you,  
Take the warnings they afford;

*an* We entreat you,  
Take the warnings they afford.

*ad* 5 Who hath our report believed?  
Who received the joyful word?  
Who embraced the news of pardon  
Offered to you by the Lord?

*an* Can you slight it,  
*æ* Offered to you by the Lord?

## S A B B A T H.

**530.** HYMN (133.) C. M.

*London. Irish.*

The Resurrection of Christ, a Hymn for Sabbath Morning.

*an* **B**LEST morning, whose first dawning  
light

Beheld our rising God;  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his last abode!

*ad* 2 In the cold prison of a tomb,  
The dear Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.

*an* 3 Hell and the grave unite their force,  
To hold our God, in vain;  
*mæ* The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

*di* 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay,  
*f* And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King;

*ff* Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With loud hosannas ring.

**531.** HYMN (246.) L. M.*Uxbridge. Nazareth.*

Hymn for the Sabbath.

- m* **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
*cr* But there's a nobler rest above;  
*m* To that our longing souls aspire  
*cr* With ardent love and strong desire.
- m* 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be  
 From every mortal trouble free;  
 No groans shall mingle with the songs  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- le* 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
 No cares to break the long repose,  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun;  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- an* 4 O long expected day, begin!  
 Dawn on this world of wo and sin:  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 To sleep in death, and rest in God.

**532.** HYMN (263.) C. M.*London. St. Martin's.*

The same.

- an* **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made  
 Let young and old rejoice:  
 To him be vows and homage paid,  
 Whose service is our choice.
- dim* 2 This is the temple of the Lord;  
*p* How dreadful is this place!  
 With meekness let us hear his word,  
 With reverence seek his face.
- m* 3 This is the homage he requires,—  
 The voice of praise and prayer,  
 The soul's affections, hopes, desires,  
 Ourselves, and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,  
 Propitious from the skies,  
 The Lord, the Maker of them all,  
 Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son  
 From sin he grants release;

According to their faith 'tis done,  
He bids them go in peace.

**533.** HYMN (405.) S. M.

*Jeshurun. St. Thomas.*

The Sabbath, commemorative of Christ's Resurrection.

- m.f* **T**O-DAY the Saviour rose;  
Our Jesus left the dead;  
He conquered our tremendous foes,  
And Satan captive led.
- p* 2 He left his glorious throne  
To make our peace with God;  
Blessings for ever on his name,  
He bought us with his blood.
- 3 For us, his life he paid;  
For us, the law fulfilled;  
On him our loads of guilt were laid;  
We by his stripes are healed.
- r* 4 Ye saints, adore his name,  
Who hath such mercy shown;  
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,  
And make his praises known.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

**534.** HYMN (488.) S. M.

*Thatcher. St. Thomas.*

Praise to the Creator.

- A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!  
How wondrous is thy name!  
Thy glories how diffused abroad  
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too;  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.
- i* 4 Create my soul anew,  
Else all my worship's vain;

This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
Until 'tis formed again.

- 5 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God, my soul, ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

---

DISMISSION.

**535.** HYMN (382.) L. M.

*Accomack. Averno.*

Prayer at the Close of a Meeting.

- di* **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live:  
2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

**536.** HYMN (463.) 8, 7, 4.

*Greenville. Sicilian Hymn.*

The same.

- di* **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O refresh us!  
Travelling through this wilderness.  
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.  
3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away;  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
May we, ready,  
Rise, and reign in endless day!

## DOXOLOGIES.

537. HYMN (498.) H. M.

*Bethesda. Southbury.*

Praise to the Triune God.

al

**W**E give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And all our hopes above;  
 He sent his own eternal Son  
 To die for sins that man had done.

dim  
cr

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who saved us by his blood  
 From everlasting wo:  
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise  
 And endless worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live:  
 His work completes the great design,  
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

an

cr

4 Almighty God! to thee  
 Be endless honours done;  
 The sacred Persons Three,  
 The Godhead only One:  
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

C. M.

al

**N**OW let the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit be adored,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.



## C. M.

- al* **T**HE God of mercy be adored,  
 Who calls our souls from death;  
 Who saves by his redeeming Word,  
 And new-creating Breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, all divine,  
 The One in Three, and Three in One,  
 Let saints and angels join.

## L. M.

- al* **T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

## S. M.

- al* **G**IVE to the Father praise,  
 Give glory to the Son,  
 And to the Spirit of his grace  
 Be equal honour done.

## 7's.

- al* **S**ING we to our God above,  
 Praise eternal as his love;  
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H. M.

- al* **T**O God the Father's throne  
 Perpetual honours raise;  
 Glory to God the Son,  
 To God the Spirit praise:  
 And while our lips their tribute bring,  
 Our faith adores the name we sing.

## H. M.

- al* **T**O Him that chose us first,  
 Before the world began;  
 To Him that bore the curse,  
 To save rebellious man;

To Him that formed our hearts anew,  
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run  
Through our immortal songs ;  
We bring to God the Son  
Hosannas on our tongues :  
Our lips address the Spirit's name  
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One :  
*f* Thus heaven shall raise his honours high,  
*dim* When earth and time grow old and die.

L. P. M.

*al* **N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal power and glory given,  
Through all the worlds where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

L. M.

*al* **H**AIL, Father ! hail, eternal Son !  
Hail, sacred Spirit, Three in One !  
Blessing and thanks, and power divine,  
Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine !

P. M.\*

*al* **S**ING hallelujah ! praise the Lord !  
Sing with a cheerful voice ;  
Exalt our God with one accord,  
And in his name rejoice :  
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
Until, in realms of endless light,  
Your praises shall unite.

---

\* This doxology may be sung to *Sterling*, by slurring two notes in each strain, when a short line occurs.

- 2 There we to all eternity  
 Shall join th' angelic lays,  
 And sing, in perfect harmony,  
 To God our Saviour's praise ;  
 "He hath redeemed us by his blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God.  
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain."  
 Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

S. M.

- al* **T**O the Eternal Three,  
 In will and essence One ;  
 To Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Co-equal honours done.

L. M.

- al* **B**LEST be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joys above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
 From whose dear wounded body rolls  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,  
 Who in our hearts of sin and wo  
 Makes living springs of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, we adore ;  
 That sea of life and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.

CHORUS.

**G**LORY, honour, praise and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever ;  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
 Praise the Lord.

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| Father of peace and God of love            | - | - | - | 312 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss          | - | - | - | 539 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| Firm and unmoved are they                  | - | - | - | 222 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Firm as the earth thy gospel stands        | - | - | - | 352 | "                 |
| Firm was my health, my day was bright      | - | - | - | 47  | "                 |
| Fools in their hearts believe and say      | - | - | - | 24  | "                 |
| For ever blessed be the Lord               | - | - | - | 249 | "                 |
| For ever shall my song record              | - | - | - | 142 | "                 |
| Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound           | - | - | - | 452 | <i>Gibbons.</i>   |
| Fountain of mercy, God of love             | - | - | - | 362 |                   |
| From age to age exalt his name             | - | - | - | 183 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| From all that dwell below the skies        | - | - | - | 198 | "                 |
| From deep distress and troubled thoughts   | - | - | - | 227 | "                 |
| From foes that round us rise               | - | - | - | 93  |                   |
| From Greenland's icy mountains             | - | - | - | 555 | <i>Heber.</i>     |
| From thee, my God, my joys shall rise      | - | - | - | 524 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
|                                            |   |   |   |     |                   |
| Gentiles by nature, we belong              | - | - | - | 587 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Give me the wings of faith to rise         | - | - | - | 398 | "                 |
| Give thanks to God he reigns above         | - | - | - | 182 | "                 |
| Give thanks to God, invoke his name        | - | - | - | 178 | "                 |
| Give thanks to God, most high              | - | - | - | 235 | "                 |
| Give thanks to God, the Sovereign Lord     | - | - | - | 234 | "                 |
| Give to our God immortal praise            | - | - | - | 237 | "                 |
| Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame          | - | - | - | 46  | "                 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken         | - | - | - | 553 | <i>Newton.</i>    |
| Glory to God on high                       | - | - | - | 637 |                   |
| God counts the sorrows of his saints       | - | - | - | 91  | <i>Watts.</i>     |

|                                                  |     |                     |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|---------------------|
| God from his cloudy cistern pours - - -          | 176 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| God in his earthly temple lays - - -             | 138 | "                   |
| God, in the gospel of his Son - - -              | 336 | <i>Beddome.</i>     |
| God is a Spirit just and wise - - -              | 467 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| God is the refuge of his saints - - -            | 72  | "                   |
| God moves in a mysterious way - - -              | 331 | <i>Cowper.</i>      |
| God, my supporter and my hope - - -              | 117 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| God of eternal love - - -                        | 181 | "                   |
| God of my childhood, and my youth - - -          | 114 | "                   |
| God of my life look gently down - - -            | 63  | "                   |
| God of my mercy and my praise - - -              | 187 | "                   |
| God of the morning at whose voice - - -          | 357 | "                   |
| God of the passing year, to thee - - -           | 617 |                     |
| God of our life! thy various praise - - -        | 372 | <i>Heginbotham.</i> |
| God who in various methods told - - -            | 334 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| God is the Lord, the heavenly king - - -         | 103 | "                   |
| Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord - - -       | 612 | "                   |
| Grace, 'tis a charming sound - - -               | 343 | <i>Doddridge.</i>   |
| Gracious Spirit, Love divine - - -               | 326 | <i>Stocker.</i>     |
| Grant, Lord, I may delight in thee - - -         | 542 | <i>Ryland.</i>      |
| Great God, attend to my complaint - - -          | 99  | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| Great God, attend while Zion sings - - -         | 133 | "                   |
| Great God, before thy mercy-seat - - -           | 532 | <i>Beddome.</i>     |
| Great God, how infinite art thou - - -           | 274 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| Great God, how oft did Israel prove - - -        | 127 | "                   |
| Great God, indulge my humble claim - - -         | 98  | "                   |
| Great God, let all my tuneful powers - - -       | 363 | <i>Heginbotham</i>  |
| Great God, now condescend - - -                  | 587 |                     |
| Great God of glory, show thy face - - -          | 560 |                     |
| Great God of providence! thy ways - - -          | 332 | <i>Beddome.</i>     |
| Great God, the heavens' well-ordered frame - - - | 33  | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| Great God, the nations of the earth - - -        | 545 | <i>Gibbons.</i>     |
| Great God thy everlasting praise - - -           | 552 |                     |
| Great God, we sing thy mighty hand - - -         | 374 | <i>Rippon.</i>      |
| Great God, we view thy chastening hand - - -     | 565 |                     |
| Great God, whose universal sway - - -            | 115 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| Great is the Lord, exalted high - - -            | 232 | "                   |
| Great is the Lord; his works of might - - -      | 190 | "                   |
| Great is the Lord our God - - -                  | 74  | "                   |
| Great light of life, thou nature's Lord - - -    | 286 | <i>Hoskins.</i>     |
| Great Lord of all, thy churches hear - - -       | 576 | <i>Kingsbury.</i>   |
| Great Saviour, who didst condescend - - -        | 569 |                     |
| Great Shepherd of thine Israel - - -             | 129 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| Great was the day, the joy was great - - -       | 325 | "                   |
| Guide me, O thou great Jehovah - - -             | 311 | <i>Oliver.</i>      |
| Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews - - -       | 466 | <i>Watts.</i>       |
| Had not the God of truth and love - - -          | 220 | "                   |
| Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine - - -             | 584 | <i>Wallin.</i>      |
| Hail! my ever blessed Jesus - - -                | 455 |                     |
| Hail to the Prince of life and peace - - -       | 603 | <i>Doddridge.</i>   |
| Hail, thou once despised Jesus - - -             | 300 | <i>Wingrove.</i>    |
| Happy is he that fears the Lord - - -            | 191 | <i>Watts.</i>       |

|                                           |   |   |          |                   |
|-------------------------------------------|---|---|----------|-------------------|
| Happy the church, thou sacred place       | - | - | 544      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Happy the city where their sons           | - | - | 249      | "                 |
| Happy the heart where graces reign        | - | - | 487      | "                 |
| Happy the man whose cautious feet         | - | - | 8        | "                 |
| Happy soul, thy days are ended            | - | - | 383      | <i>Wesley.</i>    |
| Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound      | - | - | 609      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes    | - | - | 585      | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Hark, the herald angels say               | - | - | 315      |                   |
| Hark, the solemn trumpet sounding         | - | - | 554      | <i>Kelly.</i>     |
| Hark, the voice of love and mercy         | - | - | 349      |                   |
| Hasten, O sinner, to be wise              | - | - | 428      |                   |
| Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face         | - | - | 168      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Hear what the Lord in vision said         | - | - | 144      | "                 |
| Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims | - | - | 389      | "                 |
| He comes! he comes! the Judge severe      | - | - | 391      |                   |
| He dies, the friend of sinners dies       | - | - | 320      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail        | - | - | 22       | "                 |
| Here at thy cross, incarnate God          | - | - | 594      | "                 |
| Here at thy table, Lord, we meet          | - | - | 605      | <i>Stennett.</i>  |
| He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns   | - | - | 161      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| He that hath made his refuge God          | - | - | 150      | "                 |
| High in the heavens, eternal God          | - | - | 56       | "                 |
| High in yonder realms of light            | - | - | 404      |                   |
| Hosanna to the Prince of light            | - | - | 319      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Hosanna, with a cheerful sound            | - | - | 361      | "                 |
| How awful is thy chastening rod           | - | - | 125      | "                 |
| How beauteous are their feet              | - | - | 613      | "                 |
| How blest the righteous when he dies      | - | - | 608      | <i>Barbault.</i>  |
| How can I sink with such a prop           | - | - | 459, 520 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| How charming is the place                 | - | - | 634      | <i>Stennett.</i>  |
| How condescending and how kind            | - | - | 597      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| How did my heart rejoice to hear          | - | - | 218      | "                 |
| How glorious is the sacred place          | - | - | 553      | "                 |
| How great, how terrible, that God         | - | - | 413      | <i>Davies.</i>    |
| How happy they who know the Lord          | - | - | 500      |                   |
| How heavy is the night                    | - | - | 347      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| How large the promise, how divine         | - | - | 586      | "                 |
| How long, eternal God, how long           | - | - | 121      | "                 |
| How long wilt thou conceal thy face       | - | - | 23       | "                 |
| How oft, alas! this wretched heart        | - | - | 507      | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| How oft have sin and Satan strove         | - | - | 485      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| How pleasant, how divinely fair           | - | - | 132      | "                 |
| How pleased and blest was I               | - | - | 219      | "                 |
| How precious is the book divine           | - | - | 338      | <i>Rippon.</i>    |
| How shall the young secure their hearts   | - | - | 204      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| How short and hasty is our life           | - | - | 377      | "                 |
| How strong thine arm is, mighty God       | - | - | 472      | "                 |
| How sweet and awful is the place          | - | - | 600      | "                 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus sounds        | - | - | 297      | <i>Newton.</i>    |
| How vain are all things here below        | - | - | 511      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
|                                           |   |   |          |                   |
| If God succeed not, all the cost          | - | - | 224      | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| If God to build the house deny            | - | - | 224      | "                 |



|                                         |         |     |                   |
|-----------------------------------------|---------|-----|-------------------|
| I lift my soul to God                   | - - - - | 42  | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| I'll bless the Lord from day to day     | - - - - | 54  | "                 |
| I'll praise my Maker with my breath     | - - - - | 254 | "                 |
| I'll speak the honours of my King       | - - - - | 70  | "                 |
| I love the Lord, he heard my cries      | - - - - | 197 | "                 |
| I love the volumes of thy word          | - - - - | 34  | "                 |
| I love the kingdom, Lord                | - - - - | 239 | "                 |
| I'm not ashamed to own my Lord          | - - - - | 528 | "                 |
| In all my vast concerns with thee       | - - - - | 244 | "                 |
| In anger, Lord, do not chastise         | - - - - | 15  | "                 |
| Indulgent God, to thee we pray          | - - - - | 557 |                   |
| In every trouble, sharp and strong      | - - - - | 287 | <i>Coombes.</i>   |
| Infinite excellence is thine            | - - - - | 295 | <i>Fawcett.</i>   |
| Infinite grief, amazing wo              | - - - - | 596 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| In God's own house pronounce his praise | - - - - | 266 | "                 |
| In Judah, God of old was known          | - - - - | 123 | "                 |
| Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way       | - - - - | 581 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| In sweet, exalted strains               | - - - - | 615 | <i>Francis.</i>   |
| In the sun, and moon, and stars         | - - - - | 392 | <i>Heber.</i>     |
| In thine own ways, O God of love        | - - - - | 520 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| In thy great name, O Lord, we come      | - - - - | 573 | <i>Hoskins.</i>   |
| In vain we lavish out our lives         | - - - - | 425 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| I send the joys of earth away           | - - - - | 447 | "                 |
| I sing my Saviour's wondrous death      | - - - - | 312 | "                 |
| I sing th' almighty power of God        | - - - - | 276 | "                 |
| Is there ambition in my heart           | - - - - | 228 | "                 |
| Is this the kind return                 | - - - - | 491 | "                 |
| It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand      | - - - - | 170 | "                 |
| I waited patient for the Lord           | - - - - | 63  | "                 |
| I will extol thee, Lord, on high        | - - - - | 47  | "                 |
|                                         |         |     |                   |
| Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light      | - - - - | 154 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Jehovah reigns, enthroned on high       | - - - - | 278 | "                 |
| Jehovah's tribes from bondage freed     | - - - - | 180 | "                 |
| Jerusalem! my happy home                | - - - - | 527 |                   |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be             | - - - - | 528 | <i>Gregg.</i>     |
| Jesus! delightful, charming name        | - - - - | 310 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| Jesus, full of all compassion           | - - - - | 434 | <i>Turner.</i>    |
| Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory         | - - - - | 320 |                   |
| Jesus! how bright his glory shines      | - - - - | 288 | <i>Medley.</i>    |
| Jesus, I love thy charming name         | - - - - | 488 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Jesus is gone above the skies           | - - - - | 598 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Jesus, let thy pitying eye              | - - - - | 510 |                   |
| Jesus, lover of my soul                 | - - - - | 438 | <i>Wesley.</i>    |
| Jesus, my great high priest             | - - - - | 307 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Jesus, my Lord, my soul's delight       | - - - - | 292 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| Jesus, my Saviour, bind me fast         | - - - - | 535 | "                 |
| Jesus, my Saviour, let me be            | - - - - | 540 | "                 |
| Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne      | - - - - | 188 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun      | - - - - | 116 | "                 |
| Jesus, thou art the living bread        | - - - - | 309 | <i>Fawcett.</i>   |
| Jesus, with all thy saints above        | - - - - | 595 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Join all the glorious names             | - - - - | 304 | "                 |



|                                         |   |   |     |                  |
|-----------------------------------------|---|---|-----|------------------|
| Join all who love the Saviour's name    | - | - | 294 | <i>Medley.</i>   |
| Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord  | - | - | 364 |                  |
| Joy to the world, the Lord is come      | - | - | 164 | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Judge me, O God, and plead my cause     | - | - | 68  | "                |
| Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways     | - | - | 44  | "                |
| Judges who rule the world by laws       | - | - | 92  | "                |
| Just are thy ways, and true thy word    | - | - | 30  | "                |
| Laden with guilt and full of fears      | - | - | 334 | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Let all the earth-born race             | - | - | 259 | "                |
| Let all the earth their voices raise    | - | - | 160 | "                |
| Let all the heathen writers join        | - | - | 206 | "                |
| Let children hear the mighty deeds      | - | - | 126 | "                |
| Let earth, with every isle and sea      | - | - | 162 |                  |
| Let earth and ocean know                | - | - | 261 | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Let every creature join                 | - | - | 263 | "                |
| Let every mortal ear attend             | - | - | 424 | "                |
| Let every tongue thy goodness speak     | - | - | 252 | "                |
| Let God arise in all his might          | - | - | 106 | "                |
| Let me but hear my Saviour say          | - | - | 353 | "                |
| Let others boast how strong they be     | - | - | 329 | "                |
| Let party names no more                 | - | - | 547 | <i>Beddome.</i>  |
| Let sinners take their course           | - | - | 90  | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Let them neglect thy glory, Lord        | - | - | 617 | "                |
| Let the whole race of creatures lie     | - | - | 330 | "                |
| Let Zion and her sons rejoice           | - | - | 169 | "                |
| Let Zion in her King rejoice            | - | - | 73  | "                |
| Let Zion praise the mighty God          | - | - | 256 | "                |
| Let Zion's watchmen all awake           | - | - | 611 | <i>Doddridge</i> |
| Life and immortal joys are given        | - | - | 407 | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Life is the time to serve the Lord      | - | - | 354 | "                |
| Lift up your eyes to th' heavenly seats | - | - | 298 | "                |
| Like ship we went astray                | - | - | 592 | "                |
| Lo, he comes, with clouds descending    | - | - | 390 | <i>Oliver.</i>   |
| Lo, I behold the scattering shades      | - | - | 389 |                  |
| Long as I live, I'll bless thy name     | - | - | 251 | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Long have I sat beneath the sound       | - | - | 566 | "                |
| Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye     | - | - | 577 | <i>Steele.</i>   |
| Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing      | - | - | 644 | <i>Rippon.</i>   |
| Lord, hear my voice, my prayer attend   | - | - | 96  | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Lord, how secure and blest are they     | - | - | 493 | "                |
| Lord, how secure my conscience was      | - | - | 430 | "                |
| Lord, how shall wretched sinners        | - | - | 621 | <i>Steele.</i>   |
| Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove   | - | - | 28  | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Lord, I am thine, entirely thine        | - | - | 606 | <i>Davies.</i>   |
| Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin       | - | - | 83  | <i>Watts.</i>    |
| Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes          | - | - | 16  | "                |
| Lord, I esteem thy judgments right      | - | - | 206 | "                |
| Lord, if thine eyes survey our faults   | - | - | 149 | "                |
| Lord, I have made thy word my choice    | - | - | 207 | "                |
| Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear    | - | - | 14  | "                |
| Lord, in the temples of thy grace       | - | - | 573 | <i>Steele.</i>   |
| Lord, I will bless thee all my days     | - | - | 53  | <i>Watts.</i>    |

|                                              |   |   |     |                   |
|----------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|-------------------|
| Lord, I would spread my sore distress        | - | - | 85  | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Lord of every land and nation                | - | - | 286 | <i>Robinson.</i>  |
| Lord of hosts, how lovely, fair              | - | - | 628 | <i>Turner.</i>    |
| Lord of the worlds above                     | - | - | 135 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Lord, thou hast called thy grace             | - | - | 136 | "                 |
| Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry        | - | - | 199 | "                 |
| Lord, thou hast planted with thy hands       | - | - | 129 | "                 |
| Lord, thou hast scourged our guilty land     | - | - | 94  | "                 |
| Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through | - | - | 242 | "                 |
| Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere         | - | - | 29  | "                 |
| Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray          | - | - | 13  | "                 |
| Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand         | - | - | 153 | "                 |
| Lord, we adore thy vast designs              | - | - | 330 | "                 |
| Lord, we come before thee now                | - | - | 563 | <i>Hammond.</i>   |
| Lord, we confess our numerous faults         | - | - | 341 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Lord, we have heard thy works of old         | - | - | 68  | "                 |
| Lord, what a feeble piece                    | - | - | 150 | "                 |
| Lord, what a heaven of saving grace          | - | - | 631 | "                 |
| Lord, what a thoughtless wretch              | - | - | 118 | "                 |
| Lord, what a wretched land is this           | - | - | 356 | "                 |
| Lord, what is man, poor feeble man           | - | - | 249 | "                 |
| Lord, what is man, that he should prove      | - | - | 279 | <i>Rowe.</i>      |
| Lord, what is man when made at first         | - | - | 18  | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Lord, when I count my mercies o'er           | - | - | 245 | "                 |
| Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll      | - | - | 593 | "                 |
| Lord, when our raptur'd thought surveys      | - | - | 332 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| Lord, when thy vine in Canaan grew           | - | - | 130 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Lord, when thou didst ascend on high         | - | - | 107 | "                 |
| Lo, the destroying angel flies               | - | - | 301 | "                 |
| Lo, the stone is rolled away                 | - | - | 315 | <i>Scott.</i>     |
| Loud hallelujahs to the Lord                 | - | - | 262 | "                 |
| Love divine, all love excelling              | - | - | 533 | <i>Whitfield.</i> |
| Lo! what a glorious corner-stone             | - | - | 202 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Lo, what a glorious sight appears            | - | - | 543 | "                 |
| Lo! what an entertaining sight               | - | - | 230 | "                 |
| Maker and sovereign Lord                     | - | - | 9   | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Mercy and judgment are my song               | - | - | 166 | "                 |
| Mighty Redeemer! set me free                 | - | - | 444 | "                 |
| Mine eyes and my desire                      | - | - | 43  | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven         | - | - | 467 | "                 |
| Monarchs of wide command                     | - | - | 265 | "                 |
| Mortals, awake, with angels join             | - | - | 282 | <i>Medley.</i>    |
| My days, my weeks, my months                 | - | - | 379 | "                 |
| My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so            | - | - | 514 | "                 |
| My God, accept my early vows                 | - | - | 246 | "                 |
| My God, assist me while I raise              | - | - | 450 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| My God, consider my distress                 | - | - | 210 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| My God, how endless is thy love              | - | - | 359 | "                 |
| My God, how many are my fears                | - | - | 11  | "                 |
| My God, in whom are all the springs          | - | - | 92  | "                 |
| My God, my everlasting hope                  | - | - | 113 | "                 |

|                                           |     |            |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|------------|
| My God, my King, thy various praise       | 250 | Watts.     |
| My God, my life, my love                  | 494 | "          |
| My God, my portion, and my love           | 495 | "          |
| My God, permit me not to be               | 633 | "          |
| My God, permit my tongue                  | 98  | "          |
| My God! the spring of all my joys         | 522 | "          |
| My God, the steps of pious men            | 59  | "          |
| My God, thy long delay to save            | 248 | "          |
| My God, what gentle cords are thine       | 457 | Doddridge. |
| My God, what inward grief I feel          | 244 | Watts.     |
| My heart, alas! how hard it is            | 512 | "          |
| My heart rejoices in thy name             | 49  | Watts.     |
| My never-ceasing song shall show          | 142 | "          |
| My refuge is the God of love              | 21  | "          |
| My righteous Judge, my gracious God       | 247 | "          |
| My Saviour, my almighty friend            | 113 | "          |
| My Shepherd is the living Lord            | 38  | "          |
| My Shepherd will supply my need           | 39  | "          |
| My soul, come, meditate the day           | 378 | "          |
| My soul, how lovely is the place          | 134 | "          |
| My soul lies cleaving to the dust         | 213 | "          |
| My soul, repeat his praise                | 173 | "          |
| My spirit looks to God alone              | 96  | "          |
| My spirit sinks within me, Lord           | 67  | "          |
| My soul, thy great Creator praise         | 175 | "          |
| My thoughts on awful subjects roll        | 411 | "          |
| My thoughts surmount those lower skies    | 405 | "          |
| My times of sorrow and of joy             | 482 | Beddome.   |
| My trust is in my heavenly friend         | 16  | Watts.     |
| Naked as from the earth we came           | 356 | Watts.     |
| Nature with open volume stands            | 600 | "          |
| No, I shall envy them no more             | 119 | "          |
| No more, my God, I boast no more          | 432 | "          |
| Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard       | 395 | "          |
| No sleep nor slumber to his eyes          | 229 | "          |
| Not all the blood of beasts               | 459 | "          |
| Not all the outward forms on earth        | 351 | "          |
| Not by the laws of innocence              | 431 | "          |
| Not from the dust affliction grows        | 480 | "          |
| Not the malicious or profane              | 447 | "          |
| Not to condemn the sons of men            | 349 | "          |
| Not to the terrors of the Lord            | 398 | "          |
| Not to our names, thou only just and true | 195 | "          |
| Not to ourselves, who are but dust        | 194 | "          |
| Not with our mortal eyes                  | 455 | "          |
| Now begin the heavenly theme              | 422 | Rippon.    |
| Now be my heart inspired to sing          | 70  | Watts.     |
| Now for a tune of lofty praise            | 284 | "          |
| Now, from the roaring lion's rage         | 36  | "          |
| Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal      | 574 | Newton.    |
| Now, in the heat of youthful blood        | 367 | Watts.     |
| Now let our cheerful eyes survey          | 321 | Doddridge. |

|                                       |   |   |   |     |              |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|--------------|
| Now let our lips, with holy fear      | - | - | - | 110 | Watts.       |
| Now let our mournful songs record     | - | - | - | 37  | "            |
| Now let our mourning hearts revive    | - | - | - | 622 | Doddridge.   |
| Now let our souls on wings sublime    | - | - | - | 516 | Gibbons.     |
| Now let the Lord my Saviour, smile    | - | - | - | 492 | Watts.       |
| Now let us raise our cheerful strains | - | - | - | 603 | Steele.      |
| Now may the God of power and grace    | - | - | - | 35  | Watts.       |
| Now shall my inward joys arise        | - | - | - | 579 | "            |
| Now shall my solemn vows be paid      | - | - | - | 105 | "            |
| Now to the Lord a noble song          | - | - | - | 281 | "            |
| Now to the Lord that makes us know    | - | - | - | 589 | "            |
| Now to the power of God supreme       | - | - | - | 342 | "            |
| Now while the gospel net is cast      | - | - | - | 605 | Newton.      |
| O all ye nations, praise the Lord     | - | - | - | 198 | Watts.       |
| O bless the Lord, my soul             | - | - | - | 173 | "            |
| O blessed souls are they              | - | - | - | 50  | "            |
| O could our thoughts and wishes fly   | - | - | - | 536 | Steele.      |
| O'er the gloomy hills of darkness     | - | - | - | 546 | P. Williams. |
| Of all the joys we mortals know       | - | - | - | 488 | Watts.       |
| Of justice and of grace I sing        | - | - | - | 167 | "            |
| O for a closer walk with God          | - | - | - | 626 | Cowper.      |
| O for a glance of heavenly day        | - | - | - | 537 | Hart.        |
| O for an overcoming faith             | - | - | - | 388 | Watts.       |
| O for a heart to praise my God        | - | - | - | 543 | Wesley.      |
| O for a shout of sacred joy           | - | - | - | 73  | Watts.       |
| O for a sweet inspiring ray           | - | - | - | 400 | Steele.      |
| O God, my refuge, hear my cries       | - | - | - | 88  | Watts.       |
| O God of Bethel! by whose hand        | - | - | - | 538 | Logan.       |
| O God of grace and righteousness      | - | - | - | 13  | Watts.       |
| O God of mercy, hear my call          | - | - | - | 86  | "            |
| O God of my salvation, hear           | - | - | - | 141 | "            |
| O God to whom revenge belongs         | - | - | - | 156 | Watts        |
| O happy man whose soul is filled      | - | - | - | 225 | "            |
| O how I love thy holy law             | - | - | - | 205 | "            |
| O how I love thy holy word            | - | - | - | 449 | "            |
| O Lord, how many are my foes          | - | - | - | 12  | "            |
| O Lord, I would delight in thee       | - | - | - | 496 | "            |
| O Lord, my best desire fulfil         | - | - | - | 540 | Cowper.      |
| O Lord our God, arise                 | - | - | - | 550 | "            |
| O Lord, our heavenly King             | - | - | - | 17  | Watts.       |
| O Lord, our languid souls inspire     | - | - | - | 614 | Newton.      |
| O might I once mount up and see       | - | - | - | 526 | Watts.       |
| Once more, my soul, the rising day    | - | - | - | 359 | "            |
| One there is above all others         | - | - | - | 291 | Newton.      |
| On Jordan's stormy banks I stand      | - | - | - | 523 | Stennett.    |
| On Sion, his most holy mount          | - | - | - | 421 | Gibbons.     |
| Opprest with fear, opprest with grief | - | - | - | 480 | Steele.      |
| O Spirit of the living God            | - | - | - | 548 | Montgomery.  |
| O Sun of Righteousness, arise         | - | - | - | 572 | "            |
| O Sun of Righteousness divine         | - | - | - | 537 | "            |
| O that the Lord would guide my ways   | - | - | - | 209 | Watts.       |

|                                               |     |                    |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|--------------------|
| O that thy statutes every hour - - -          | 212 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| O the delights, the heavenly joys - - -       | 397 | "                  |
| O thou, before whose gracious throne - - -    | 570 |                    |
| O thou eternal glorious Lord - - -            | 409 | <i>Medley.</i>     |
| O thou, my light, my life, my joy - - -       | 518 |                    |
| O thou that hearest the prayer of faith - - - | 437 | <i>Toplady.</i>    |
| O thou that hear'st when sinners cry - - -    | 84  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| O thou to whose all-searching sight - - -     | 534 |                    |
| O thou who dry'st the mourner's tears - - -   | 520 |                    |
| O thou whose grace and justice reign - - -    | 220 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| O thou whose hand the kingdom sways - - -     | 112 | "                  |
| O thou whose justice reigns on high - - -     | 90  | "                  |
| O thou whose tender mercy hears - - -         | 509 | <i>Steele.</i>     |
| Our days, alas ! our mortal days - - -        | 355 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Our God ! how firm his promise stands - - -   | 485 | "                  |
| Our God, our help in ages past - - -          | 148 | "                  |
| Our journey is a thorny maze - - -            | 486 | "                  |
| Our land, O Lord, with songs of praise - - -  | 36  |                    |
| Our life is ever on the wing - - -            | 369 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Our Lord's ascended high - - -                | 10  | "                  |
| Our sins, alas ! how strong they be - - -     | 396 | "                  |
| Out of the deeps of long distress - - -       | 226 | "                  |
| O what a stiff rebellious house - - -         | 126 | "                  |
| O where shall rest be found - - -             | 410 | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand - - -     | 384 | <i>Doddridge.</i>  |
| People of the living God - - -                | 442 | <i>Montgomery.</i> |
| Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face - - -       | 534 | <i>Steele.</i>     |
| Plunged in a gulf of dark despair - - -       | 302 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Praise, everlasting praise, be paid - - -     | 273 | "                  |
| Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee - - -    | 102 | "                  |
| Praise ye the Lord ; all nature join - - -    | 267 | "                  |
| Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name - - -      | 232 | "                  |
| Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join - - - | 253 | "                  |
| Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise - - -  | 255 | "                  |
| Prepare a thankful song - - -                 | 306 | <i>Newton.</i>     |
| Prepare me, gracious God - - -                | 381 |                    |
| Preserve me, Lord, in time of need - - -      | 26  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Prisoners of sin and Satan - - -              | 427 | <i>Hoskins.</i>    |
| Protect us, Lord, from fatal harm - - -       | 245 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Quickly my days have passed away - - -        | 372 | <i>Beddome.</i>    |
| Raise thee, my soul, fly up, and run - - -    | 623 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Raise your triumphant songs - - -             | 419 | "                  |
| Rejoice, the Lord is king - - -               | 561 | <i>Rippon.</i>     |
| Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord - - -      | 51  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Religion is the chief concern - - -           | 428 | <i>Fawcett.</i>    |
| Remember, Lord, our mortal state - - -        | 146 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Retire, vain world ! awhile retire - - -      | 575 | "                  |
| Return, my roving heart, return - - -         | 624 | <i>Doddridge.</i>  |
| Return, O God of love, return - - -           | 149 | <i>Watts.</i>      |

|                                            |   |   |     |                   |
|--------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|-------------------|
| Rise, glorious Sun, supremely bright       | - | - | 531 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings       | - | - | 517 | <i>Whiefield.</i> |
| Rock of ages, shelter me                   | - | - | 436 | <i>Toplady.</i>   |
| Safely through another week                | - | - | 636 | <i>Newton.</i>    |
| Saints, at your heavenly Father's word     | - | - | 481 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Salvation, O the joyful sound              | - | - | 555 | "                 |
| Salvation is for ever nigh                 | - | - | 137 | "                 |
| Save me, O God, the swelling floods        | - | - | 108 | "                 |
| Saviour, visit thy plantation              | - | - | 571 | <i>Newton.</i>    |
| Say, should we search the globe            | - | - | 618 |                   |
| Say, sinner, hath a voice within           | - | - | 414 |                   |
| See, gracious God, before thy throne       | - | - | 564 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand         | - | - | 568 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| See th' eternal Judge descending           | - | - | 417 |                   |
| See what a living stone                    | - | - | 201 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Shall man, O God of light and life         | - | - | 139 | <i>Dwight.</i>    |
| Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep         | - | - | 610 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine           | - | - | 105 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns       | - | - | 549 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive           | - | - | 82  | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord          | - | - | 104 | "                 |
| Sing to the Lord aloud                     | - | - | 130 | "                 |
| Sing to the Lord, Jehovah's name           | - | - | 157 | "                 |
| Sing to the Lord, that built the skies     | - | - | 271 | "                 |
| Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands         | - | - | 159 | "                 |
| Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord              | - | - | 522 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Sin hath a thousand treacherous arts       | - | - | 408 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Sin, like a venomous disease               | - | - | 408 | "                 |
| Sinner, art thou still secure              | - | - | 415 | <i>Newton.</i>    |
| Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown         | - | - | 427 |                   |
| Sinners, behold the Lamb of God            | - | - | 298 | <i>Hoskins.</i>   |
| Sinner, the voice of God regard            | - | - | 426 | <i>Fawcett.</i>   |
| Sinners, will you scorn the message        | - | - | 640 | <i>Allen.</i>     |
| Sitting around our Father's board          | - | - | 602 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| So let our lips and lives express          | - | - | 466 | "                 |
| Songs of immortal praise belong            | - | - | 189 | "                 |
| Soon as I heard my Father say              | - | - | 45  | "                 |
| Sovereign grace hath power alone           | - | - | 343 | <i>Newton.</i>    |
| Sovereign of life, I own thy hand          | - | - | 483 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Sovereign of worlds, display thy power     | - | - | 551 |                   |
| Sprinkled with reconciling blood           | - | - | 437 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears     | - | - | 515 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay           | - | - | 116 | <i>Wesley.</i>    |
| Stern winter throws his icy chains         | - | - | 364 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise | - | - | 375 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Strait is thy way, the door is strait,     | - | - | 470 | "                 |
| Stretched on the bed of grief              | - | - | 138 | "                 |
| Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies   | - | - | 314 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| Sure the blest Comforter is nigh           | - | - | 469 | "                 |
| Sure, there's a righteous God              | - | - | 118 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Sweet is the memory of thy grace           | - | - | 251 | "                 |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my King         | - | - | 152 | "                 |



|                                           |       |     |                    |
|-------------------------------------------|-------|-----|--------------------|
| Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest | -     | 541 | <i>Heginbotham</i> |
| Sweet was the time, when first I felt     | - -   | 513 | <i>Newton.</i>     |
| Swell the anthem, raise the song          | - - - | 619 |                    |
| Teach me the measure of my days           | - - - | 62  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| That awful day will surely come           | - - - | 412 | "                  |
| Th' Almighty reigns, exalted high         | - - - | 162 | "                  |
| The day of wrath, that dreadful day       | - - - | 393 | <i>Scott.</i>      |
| The earth for ever is the Lord's          | - - - | 40  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| Thee we adore eternal name                | - - - | 393 | "                  |
| Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength     | - - - | 28  | "                  |
| The God Jehovah reigns                    | - - - | 164 | "                  |
| The God of glory sends his summons        | - - - | 81  | "                  |
| The God of love will sure indulge         | - - - | 610 | <i>Scott.</i>      |
| The God of my salvation lives             | - - - | 536 | <i>Steele.</i>     |
| The God of our salvation hears            | - - - | 100 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The heavens declare thy glory, Lord       | - - - | 33  | "                  |
| The hour of my departure's come           | - - - | 386 |                    |
| The King of saints, how fair his face     | - - - | 71  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The lands that long in darkness lay       | - - - | 296 | "                  |
| The law by Moses came                     | - - - | 407 | "                  |
| The law commands and makes us know        | - - - | 315 | "                  |
| The Lord appears my helper now            | - - - | 199 | "                  |
| The Lord declares his will                | - - - | 344 | "                  |
| The Lord descended from above             | - - - | 620 | <i>Sternhold.</i>  |
| The Lord, descending from above           | - - - | 345 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The Lord, how fearful is his name         | - - - | 275 |                    |
| The Lord, how wondrous are his ways       | - - - | 172 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The Lord is come, the heavens proclaim    | - - - | 161 | "                  |
| The Lord Jehovah reigns                   | - - - | 155 | "                  |
| The Lord my Saviour, is my light          | - - - | 502 | <i>Steele.</i>     |
| The Lord, my shepherd, is                 | - - - | 39  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The Lord of earth and sky                 | - - - | 375 | <i>Wesley.</i>     |
| The Lord of glory is my light             | - - - | 44  | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns       | - - - | 154 | "                  |
| The Lord, the Judge, before his throne    | - - - | 78  | "                  |
| The Lord the Judge his churches warns     | - - - | 80  | "                  |
| The Lord, the sovereign King              | - - - | 174 | "                  |
| The man is ever blest                     | - - - | 8   | "                  |
| The mighty frame of glorious grace        | - - - | 322 | "                  |
| The praise of Zion waits for thee         | - - - | 100 | "                  |
| The promise of my Father's love           | - - - | 598 | "                  |
| There is a fountain filled with blood     | - - - | 291 | <i>Cowper.</i>     |
| There is a house not made with hands      | - - - | 490 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| There is a land of pure delight           | - - - | 395 | "                  |
| There was an hour when Christ rejoiced    | - - - | 340 | "                  |
| The righteous Lord, supremely great       | - - - | 529 | <i>Doddridge.</i>  |
| The Saviour calls, let every ear          | - - - | 423 | <i>Steele.</i>     |
| The Saviour, O what endless charms        | - - - | 306 | "                  |
| The spacious firmament on high            | - - - | 328 | <i>Addison.</i>    |
| The Spirit breathes upon the word         | - - - | 323 | <i>Cowper.</i>     |
| The true Messiah now appears              | - - - | 300 | <i>Watts.</i>      |
| The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought   | - - - | 55  | "                  |



|                                          |   |   |     |                   |
|------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|-------------------|
| Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love    | - | - | 642 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Think, mighty God, on feeble man         | - | - | 146 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| This God is the God we adore             | - | - | 296 | <i>Hart.</i>      |
| This is the day the Lord hath made, P    | - | - | 200 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| This is the day the Lord hath made, H    | - | - | 642 | <i>Montgomery</i> |
| This is the feast of heavenly wine       | - | - | 602 | <i>Cowper.</i>    |
| This is the word of truth and love       | - | - | 335 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| This spacious earth is all the Lord's    | - | - | 41  | "                 |
| This world's a dreary wilderness         | - | - | 354 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| Thou art gone to the grave               | - | - | 387 | <i>Heber.</i>     |
| Thou art my portion, O my God            | - | - | 204 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Thou God of love, thou ever blest        | - | - | 215 | "                 |
| Though now the nations sit beneath       | - | - | 581 |                   |
| Though trouble springs not from the dust | - | - | 518 |                   |
| Thou lovely Source of true delight       | - | - | 336 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| Thou whom my soul admires above          | - | - | 591 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Thrice happy man who fears the Lord      | - | - | 190 | "                 |
| Through all the changing scenes of life  | - | - | 52  | "                 |
| Through all the downward tracts of time  | - | - | 483 | <i>Hervey.</i>    |
| Through every age, eternal God           | - | - | 147 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Thus far my God hath led me on           | - | - | 504 | <i>Fawcett.</i>   |
| Thus far the Lord hath led me on         | - | - | 358 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| Thus God, th' eternal Father, spake      | - | - | 188 | "                 |
| Thus I resolved before the Lord          | - | - | 61  | "                 |
| Thus saith the high and lofty One        | - | - | 271 | "                 |
| Thus saith the Lord, the spacious fields | - | - | 79  | "                 |
| Thus saith the Lord, your work is vain   | - | - | 64  | "                 |
| Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord       | - | - | 208 | "                 |
| Thy name, almighty Lord                  | - | - | 199 | "                 |
| Thy piercing eye, O God, surveys         | - | - | 511 | <i>Doddridge.</i> |
| Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word     | - | - | 556 | <i>Voke.</i>      |
| Thy presence, gracious God, afford       | - | - | 634 | <i>Fawcett.</i>   |
| Thy works of glory, mighty Lord          | - | - | 184 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| 'Tis by the faith of joys to come        | - | - | 461 | "                 |
| 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand | - | - | 102 | "                 |
| 'Tis faith supports my feeble soul       | - | - | 462 | <i>Beddome.</i>   |
| 'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried      | - | - | 313 | <i>Stennett.</i>  |
| To-day the Saviour rose                  | - | - | 643 | <i>Hoskins.</i>   |
| Together with these symbols, Lord        | - | - | 604 |                   |
| To God I cried, with mournful voice      | - | - | 124 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| To God I made my sorrows known           | - | - | 246 | "                 |
| To God, my Saviour and my King           | - | - | 457 | <i>Stennett</i>   |
| To God, the great, the ever blest        | - | - | 181 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| To God, the only wise                    | - | - | 473 | "                 |
| To heaven I lift my waiting eyes         | - | - | 216 | "                 |
| To Jesus, our exalted Lord               | - | - | 606 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| To our almighty Maker, God               | - | - | 163 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| To our Redeemer's glorious name          | - | - | 475 | <i>Steele.</i>    |
| To thee, before the dawning light        | - | - | 203 | <i>Watts.</i>     |
| To thee, most high and holy God          | - | - | 122 | "                 |
| To thee, O God of truth and love         | - | - | 48  | "                 |
| To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries        | - | - | 46  | "                 |
| Trusting in Christ, go, heralds! rear    | - | - | 560 |                   |

|                                        |        |     |                 |
|----------------------------------------|--------|-----|-----------------|
| 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord     | - -    | 449 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night | - -    | 596 | "               |
| 'Twas the commission of our Lord       | - -    | 585 | "               |
| Unshaken as the sacred hill            | - - -  | 221 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| Up from my youth, may Israel say       | - - -  | 225 | "               |
| Up to the hills I lift mine eyes       | - - -  | 216 | "               |
| Up to the Lord that reigns on high     | - - -  | 272 | "               |
| Upward I lift my eyes                  | - - -  | 217 | "               |
| Vain are the hopes the sons of men     | - -    | 351 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| Vast are thy works, almighty Lord      | - -    | 177 | "               |
| Vital spark of heavenly flame          | - -    | 386 | <i>Pope.</i>    |
| Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will      | - -    | 482 | <i>Beddome.</i> |
| We bless the Lord, the just, the good  | - -    | 107 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| We bless the prophet of the Lord       | - -    | 303 | "               |
| We give immortal praise                | - - -  | 645 | "               |
| Welcome, sweet day of rest             | - - -  | 630 | "               |
| Well, the Redeemer's gone              | - - -  | 302 | "               |
| We sing the majesty of God             | - - -  | 277 | <i>Beddome.</i> |
| What equal honours shall we bring      | - - -  | 590 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| What is our God, or what his name      | - - -  | 277 | "               |
| What scenes of horror and of dread     | - - -  | 384 | <i>Fawcett.</i> |
| What shall I render to my God          | - - -  | 197 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| What various hinderances we meet       | - - -  | 563 | <i>Cowper.</i>  |
| What various lovely characters         | - - -  | 289 | <i>Beddome.</i> |
| When all thy mercies, O my God         | - - -  | 475 | <i>Addison.</i> |
| When any turn from Zion's way          | - - -  | 462 | <i>Newton.</i>  |
| When blooming youth is snatched away   | - 379, | 609 | <i>Steele.</i>  |
| Whence do our mournful thoughts        | - -    | 490 | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| When Christ to judgment shall descend  | - -    | 79  | "               |
| When darkness long has veiled my mind  | - -    | 505 | <i>Cowper.</i>  |
| When death appears before my sight     | - -    | 382 | <i>Steele.</i>  |
| When gathering clouds around I view    | - -    | 293 |                 |
| When God is nigh, my faith is strong   | - -    | 27  | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| When God restored our captive state    | - -    | 222 | "               |
| When God revealed his gracious name    | - -    | 223 | "               |
| When I can read my title clear         | - -    | 486 | "               |
| When in the light of faith divine      | - -    | 448 | "               |
| When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand | - -    | 193 | "               |
| When I survey the wondrous cross       | - -    | 599 | "               |
| When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay        | - -    | 290 | <i>Gibbons.</i> |
| When languor and disease invade        | - -    | 498 | <i>Toplady.</i> |
| When musing sorrow weeps the past      | - -    | 385 | <i>Noel.</i>    |
| When on the cross my Saviour died      | - -    | 492 | <i>Beddome</i>  |
| When overwhelmed with grief            | - -    | 95  | <i>Watts.</i>   |
| When pain and anguish seize me, Lord   | - -    | 214 | "               |
| When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints   | - -    | 179 | "               |
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